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(WITH SUPPLEMENT PLATE OF BALL TOILETTES.)

Vol. XVII., No. 1.] [January 1st, 1891.

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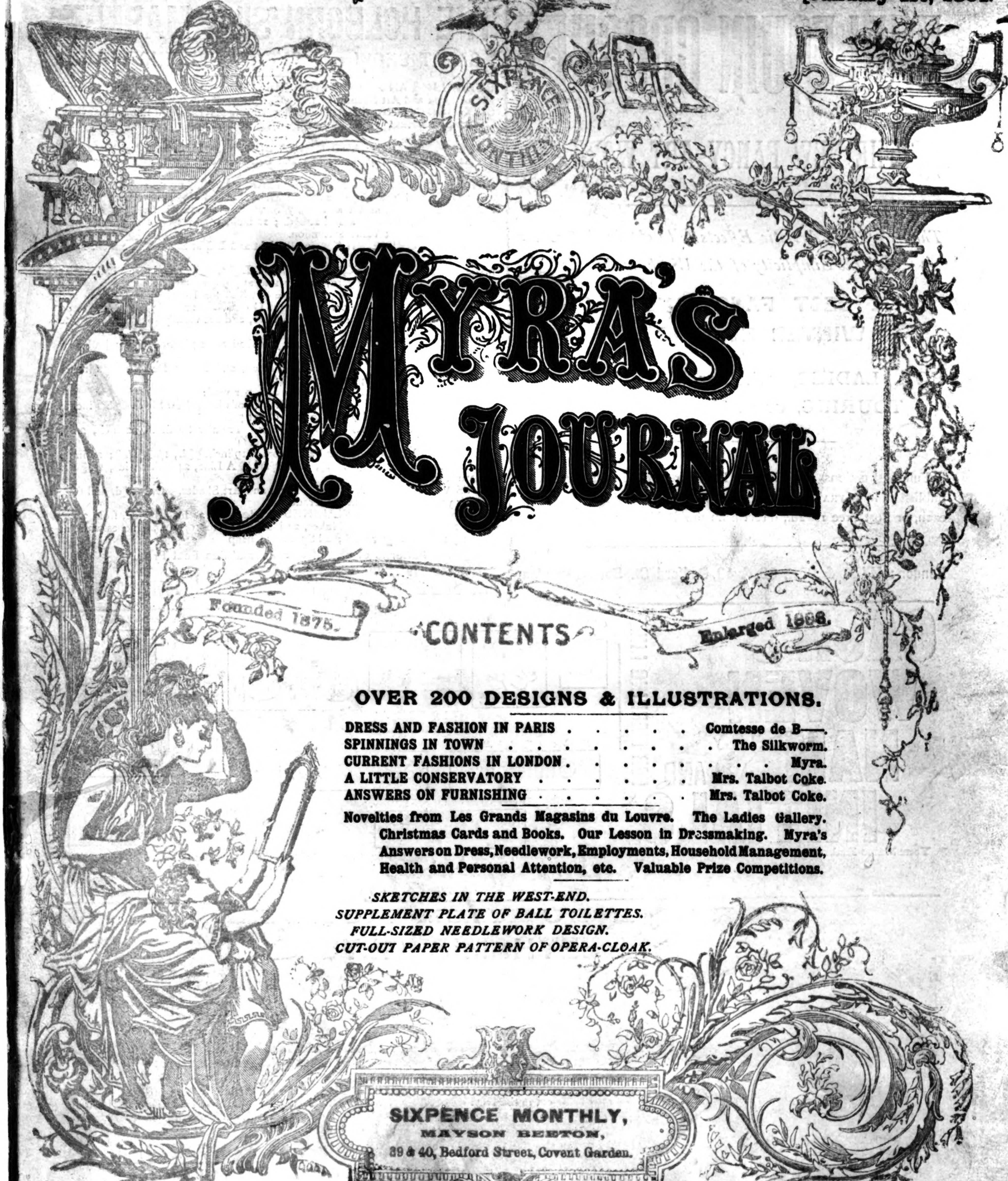

MYRA'S JOURNAL

Founded 1875.

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CURRENT FASHIONS IN LONDON . . . . Myra.
A LITTLE CONSERVATORY . . . . . . Mrs. Talbot Coke.
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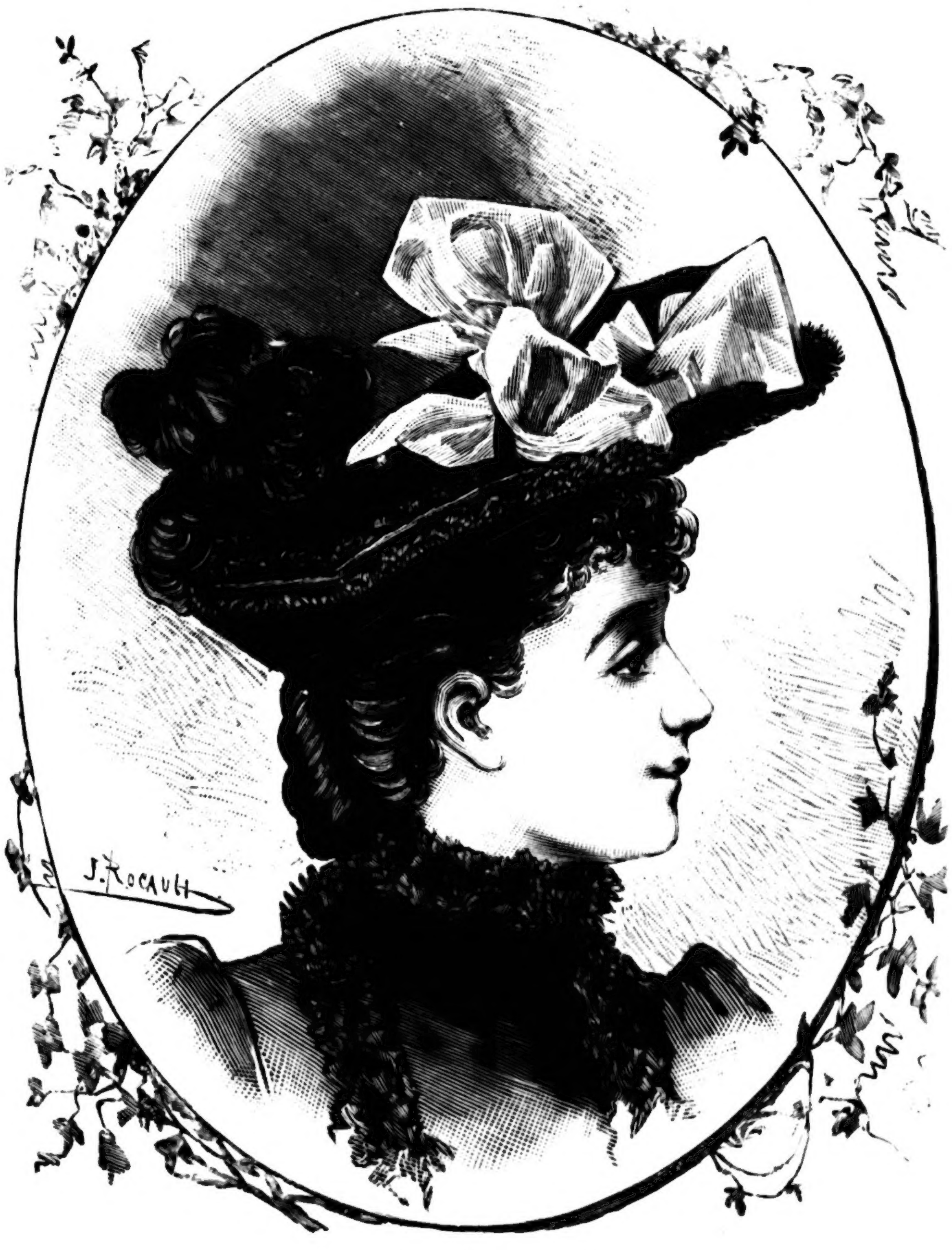
DRESS AND FASHION IN PARIS.

THE most fashionable felt hats are those in black and soft neutral tints of grey and beige. These are worn with dresses of all colours, the hat matching the costume being no longer *de rigueur*, although when coloured ornaments are added, which is not a very common case, these must correspond with the dress. The hats are in large, wide-brimmed shapes, and are trimmed with feathers, wings, and bows. Brims are bent in every direction, sometimes in front, at other times on one or on both sides; fluted brims, in even and rather close flutings, or in vague, wave-like undulations, are very fashionable; a black felt hat with brim of this latter description has the under part of the brim trimmed with three twisted rolls of black velvet, one at the edge of the brim, one resting on the head, and the third halfway between the two. The trimming consists of loops of black velvet and a handsome plume of black feathers.

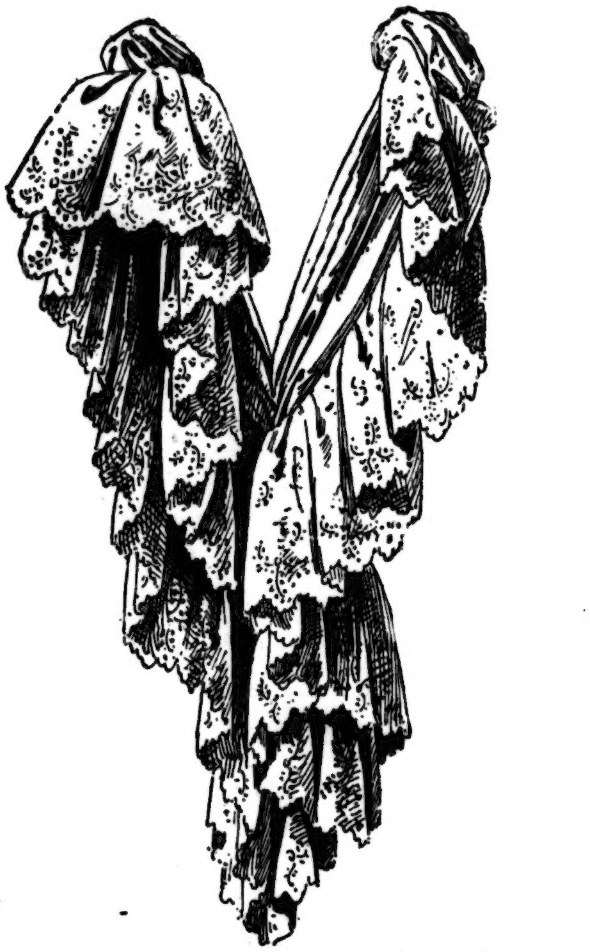
A more dressy hat in beige felt has the brim lined with bronze velvet, and the crown embroidered all over with turquoises; the feathers and aigrette are beige, matching the felt. Plush and beaver felt hats are also much worn, and are trimmed with velvet draperies and feathers.



No. 1. The Marquise Hat.

Much lighter and brighter colours prevail in capotes; many of these are made of turquoise-blue, amethyst, and still lighter coloured velvets embroidered with gold and coloured beads, and trimmed with black feathers. A very pretty capote in amethyst velvet has a band of pale pink feathers on the brim, and is ornamented with a diadem in silver and amethysts; a star to correspond rises above the feather in front. These ornaments, taking the form of a star or a crescent, are very fashionable and effective; they are so lightly mounted that they appear to be independent of the coronet that really supports them. A less graceful ornament, although it is likely to become fashionable, is the small serpent brought into vogue by the play of *Cleopatra*, in which Sarah Bernhardt is now acting.

A curious kind of pattern met with on the broché woollens employed for mantles is in zig-zag lines, like lightning. An effective model is a long mantle in a thick hairy woollen, in dark flax blue, with the lightning pattern in a much lighter shade. The yoke, which has three points, is in dark flax blue velvet, embroidered with gold and jet, and round this is mounted with gathers a



No. 2. Garniture for Evening Toilette.

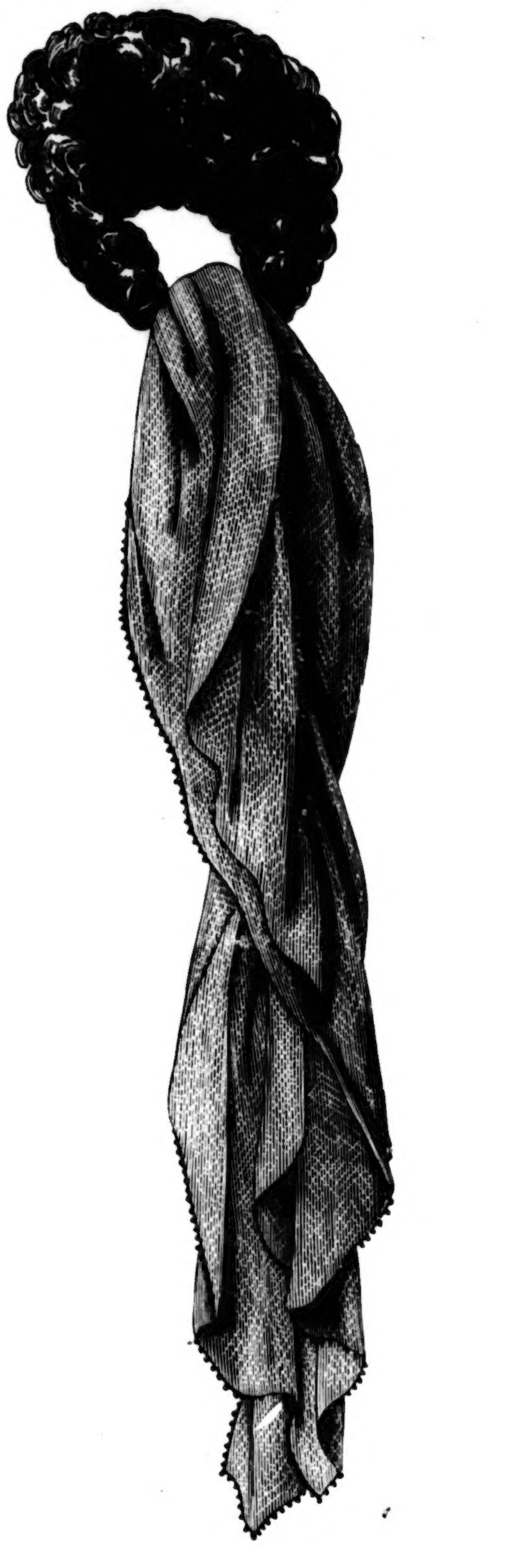
cape of blue gros-grain, pinked out at the edge. The large sleeve, puffed at the shoulder like an exaggerated gigot sleeve, is also of the gros-grain, with a deep cuff of embroidered velvet; a band at the edge of the mantle, the pointed waistband, and the Medici collar, are also of the embroidered velvet.

Another stylish model is a redingote of dull red cloth, with a waistcoat of astrakan; the sleeves, Medici collar, and a band edging the skirt are all of the astrakan, and as a relief to this sombre colouring, a little fine embroidery in gold and pale blue follows the line of the fur border round the edge, and is also used to ornament the fronts.

Gold, silver, steel, beads, and silk embroidery are to be seen on all the most stylish vêtements, many of which are made of coloured cloth. A good example of a mantle of fine cloth is in a dull pale beige shade, trimmed with a curiously made fringe of bronze wool mixed with gold thread and ends of wool in the same colour as the cloth. The plastron of bronze velvet embroidered with gold is framed by a row of the fringe ending in a point at the waist, and a row of the fringe is carried down the open fronts and back of the skirt and round the wide sleeves. As a contrast to the colouring of the cloth and velvet, the cloak is lined with pink silk.

Long jackets are more fashionable than popular; still, many ladies, while protesting against them, adopt them for want of another style equally new and more becoming. In some of the best models the basque is not an addition, but is cut in one with the corsage, which opens in front over a long waistcoat. A very handsome jacket is thus made, of dull blue cloth, with a waistcoat of white cloth embroidered with coloured silks and gold. The Medici collar is lined with black feathers, and the embroidered white cloth cuffs are also edged with feather bordering.

For indoor wear the long jacket is decidedly becoming more fashionable, especially



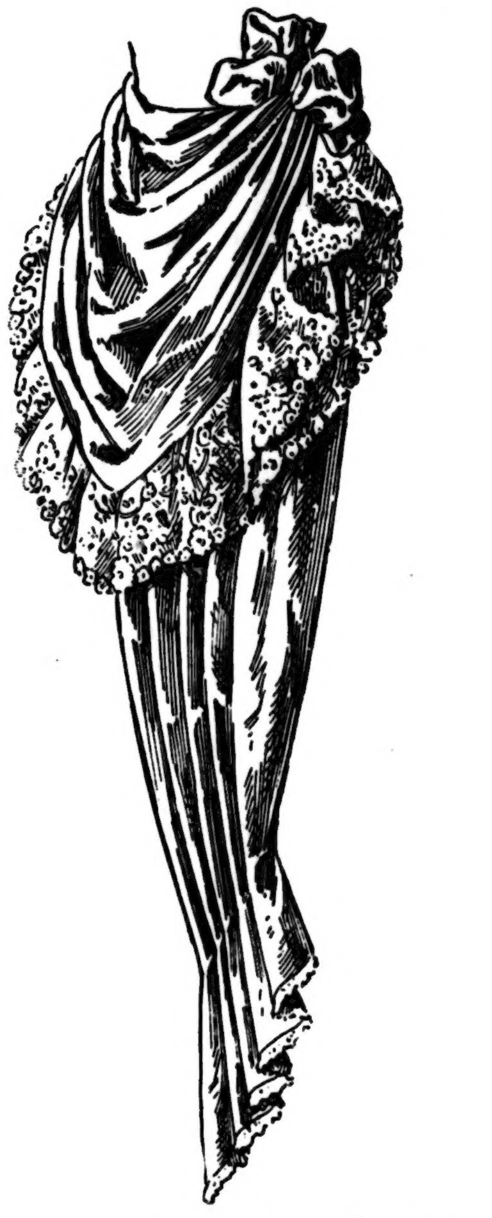
No. 3. Feather Collar.

for reception dresses. It is often made of the same material as the skirt, faille or bengaline, and ornamented with revers and gauntlet cuffs of velvet; the waistcoat is of broché corresponding with a panel on one side of the skirt; the front of the overskirt is draped a little over this and turned back with a velvet revers. The waistcoat is made high or cut in heart shape over a lace chemisette, and long jabot or cravat.

Louis XV. casaques are also made distinct from the dress in very light coloured silk or velvet; they are finished off with lace jabots and sometimes ornamented with jewelled galon, and are then charming for dinner and evening wear.

The reaction against perfectly plain dresses is now well started, and every week sees some fresh innovation in the form of paniers, flounces, or draperies; as yet these are principally reserved for dinner and evening dresses, walking costumes being still very plain and simple in style as a rule.

Handsome exceptions are to be found however, especially at this season, when rich visiting dresses are in great demand. A stylish dress of this description is composed of black and yellow brocaded satin; the princess front is cut low over an underbodice of yellow satin closely braided with black; both fronts are pleated, but the right side crosses over the left, and the three pleats are secured by three black and gold buttons. The back is in princess shape also, with fan pleated skirt, and narrow panels of yellow satin braided with black begin under the arms and are continued down to the edge of the skirt, widening gradually from the waist downwards. The puffed sleeves are mounted under deep cuffs of braided yellow satin.



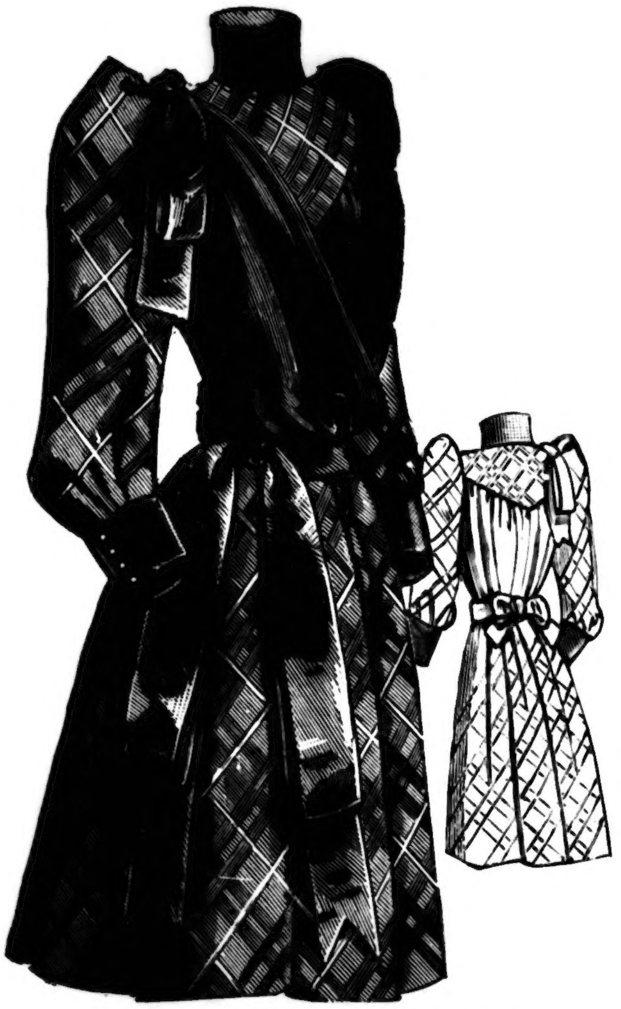
No. 4. Draped Plastron.

Comtesse de B.

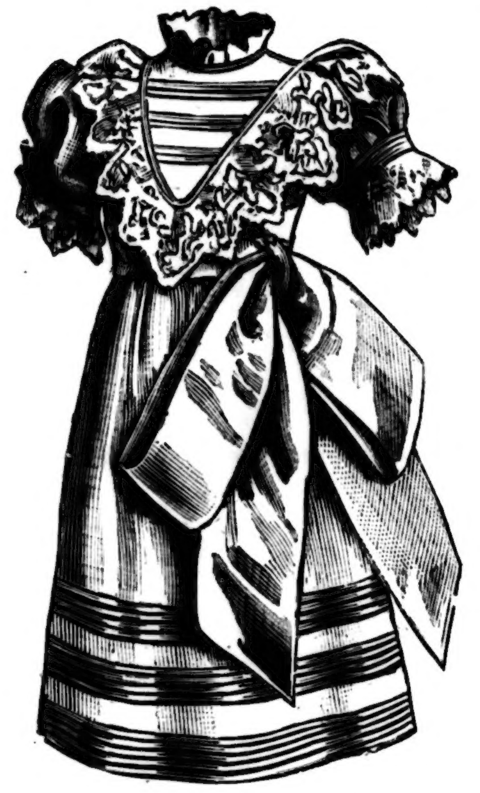
Current Modes for Children.

CLOTH is a favourite material for children's walking and indoor dresses, being more suitable to youthful figures than the very large checks, spots, and other patterns now in vogue. Exceptions are made, however, in favour of plaids and tartans, for the variety of colours and the number of crossing lines in these patterns seem to lessen the large size of the check. Very often the two materials, plain and plaid, are combined together; indeed, dresses made of plaid material only are very rare, and combinations—such as that in the dress for a girl of ten, illustrated at No. 5—are the rule.

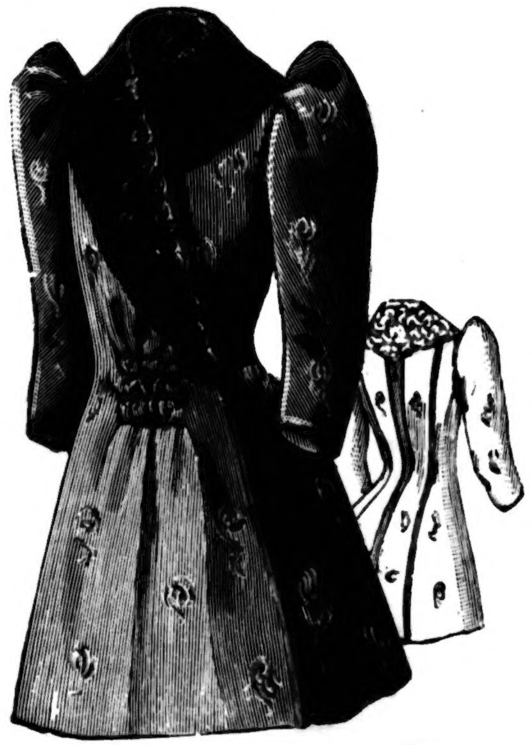
In this model the whole of the skirt is made of the plaid material, cut on the cross, and mounted with pleats. The bodice is of fine beige cloth; the full back is gathered on to a pointed yoke of the plaid; the front is made in the same way, and is completed by a kind of scarf drapery, pleated up on the right shoulder, crossing to the left side, and falling over the band in front in blouse fashion. The bodice is fastened under this drapery; the sash, with a small bow at the back and long loops and ends on the right side, and the bow fastening up the drapery on the right shoulder, are of ribbon matching the plain material. The full, bias cut sleeves are of the plaid, the buttoned cuffs and the collar of velvet matching the predominating shade in the plaid.


No. 5. Dress for Girl of Ten.

Dresses of plain cloth are trimmed with braid, a little passementerie, embroidered galon, or embroidered cloth. No. 8 shows a very pretty dress for a girl of ten, made of plain green cloth. The front of the skirt is mounted flat, and framed on each side by a panel of the cloth, embroidered with silk in a lighter shade. The bodice is very pretty, and is made with Greek draperies from the shoulders, over an under-bodice of the embroidery. In front the draperies are arranged to form folds on each side of a draped plastron; the fastening is on the left side, under the drapery and down the shoulder seam. The sleeve is very full at the shoulder and plain at the wrist; the folded sash, loosely knotted behind the arm on the right side, is of green bengaline fringed at the end.

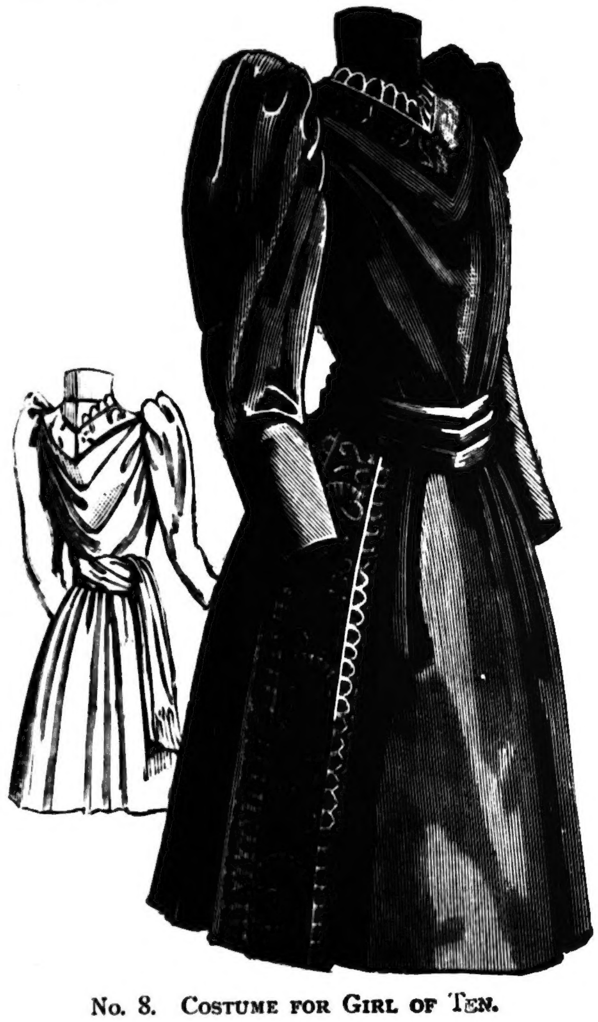

No. 6. Frock for Baby.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.


No. 7. Paletot for Little Girl.

The frock for a baby, No. 6, is of white cashmere; the skirt is ornamented with three groups of very narrow tucks; the bodice is plain, but has a yoke front and back, tucked at intervals, and framed by a flounce of guipure lace, and finished off with a little frill round the neck. The short, puffed sleeves are gathered into a tucked band and trimmed with lace, and a wide sash of white ribbon is tied a little to the left in front.

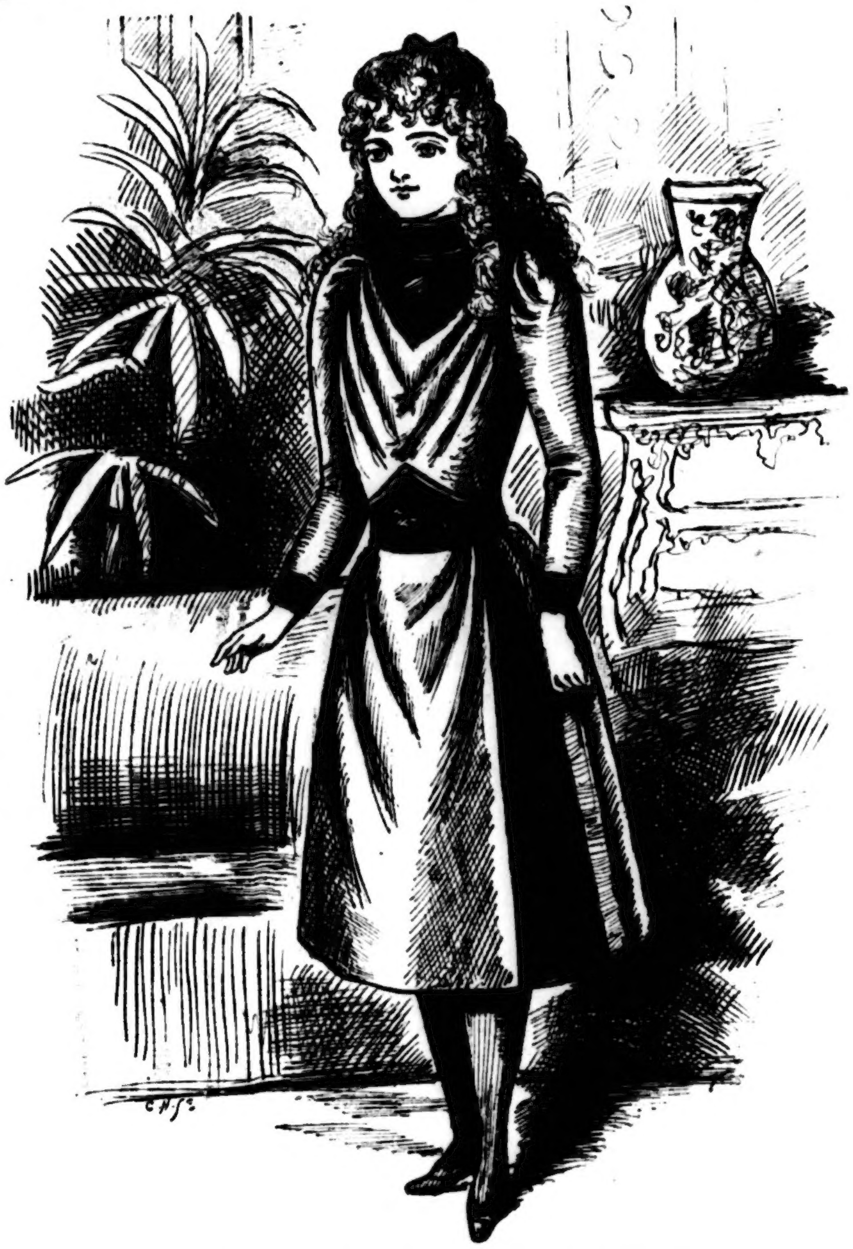
The paletot, No. 7, is for a child a little older than this, but under four; it is made of flowered blue silk, with diagonal fastening in front and back, with box pleats from the neck to the edge. The right front, which crosses over, is gauged at the waist, and the little paletot is ornamented with a collar and revers of astrakan. The sleeves are quite plain, but raised a little at the shoulder.


No. 8. Costume for Girl of Ten.

A novel arrangement of scarf and sash is shown at No. 9; this is an evening dress for a child of five or six, made of white, cream, or light coloured China silk. The skirt, bodice, and sleeves are full, but quite plain, the bodice being finished off with a gauged heading round the neck. Two scarfs of plaid poplin, or rich plaid ribbon, are pleated up at the shoulder and round the arm-holes in front, and are crossed at the waist under a sash of similar poplin or ribbon, the fringed ends falling on each side of the skirt; the sash may be tied at the back, or simply folded round the waist without ends, but the crossed scarfs are repeated at the back and end at the waist. This little dress may be carried out in voile, velveteen, or cashmere, with the scarfs and sash of plain ribbon or soft silk.

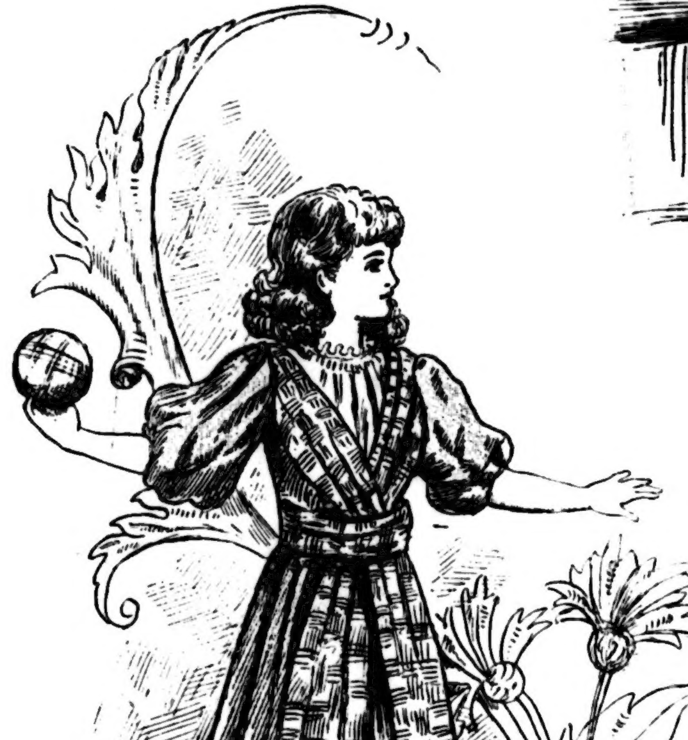
Bengaline and poplin are much used for the better dresses of girls of ten years old and upwards. No. 10 is a good style for a dress composed of dahlia bengaline and velvet in a darker shade of the same colour. The bengaline skirt is draped a little in front, and separated from the pleated back on the left side by a velvet panel. The bodice is draped in Greek fashion over an under-bodice of velvet, with collar of the same; the waistband, with small corselet point, and the wristbands are also of velvet.

In the costume for a girl of twelve, illustrated at No. 11, the materials employed are electric blue poplin and darker blue plush; the front of the dress is a long tablier, cut in a low point and buttoned all down the right side; this front has a small pleat or two at the arm-hole, and the fulness at the waist is also arranged in a few pleats. The sides and back of the skirt are closely pleated, and bordered with a band of plush; the under-bodice (open in a point at the neck) and the long sleeves are also of plush. Both these dresses may be equally well carried out in cloth and velveteen for ordinary wear.



No. 10. DRESS IN BENGALINE AND VELVET.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.



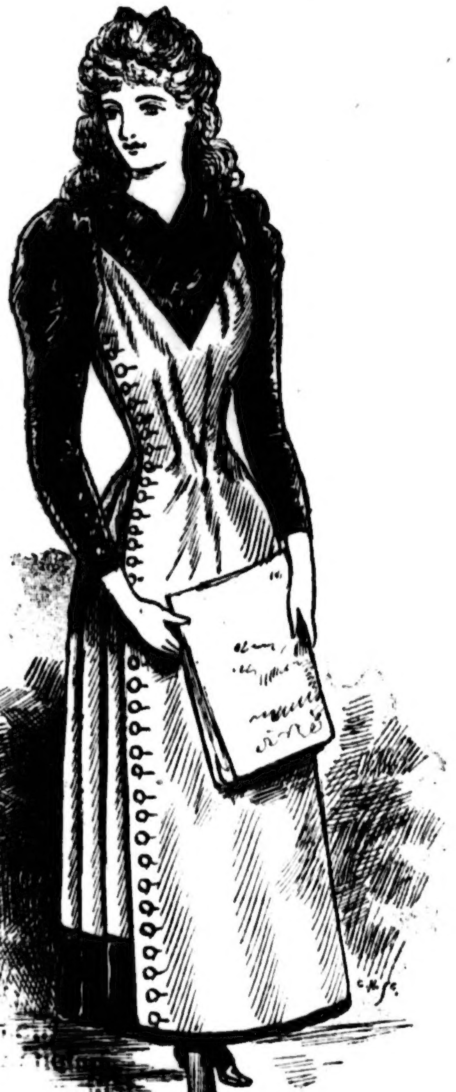
No. 9. EVENING DRESS FOR GIRL OF FIVE.

Many very nice dresses for children are thus made of cloth and velvet, or cloth and velveteen. A good model for a girl of nine or ten is of fawn cloth; the skirt is an inch or two shorter than an under-skirt of green velvet, and the full bodice is mounted on a green velvet yoke; the sleeves are also of velvet; the hem of the skirt and the bodice are ornamented with coral stitching, worked with silk. A stylish little dress is made of green and red plaid woollen, cut on the cross; the corsage is draped on each side of a pleated plastron of green silk, the pleated waistband is of the silk, and the sleeves are also trimmed with folded bands of green silk.

A good model for a better dress is in shot turquoise and brown bengaline, trimmed with guipure lace; a band of lace is turned up round the edge of the skirt; the centre and right side of the bodice are finely pleated; the left side crosses over in a diagonal line, and has lace turned back on it, forming a revers ending in a point; a turned-down collar of lace ends under the left front, and above it is a pleated frill of lace. The sleeves are in two puffs, and a deep cuff, covered with lace, and a brown velvet sash is tied in front.

Coats for young children are sometimes made of bright red cloth, with a scattered pattern in beige; a red cord draws the coat in at the waist, and the collar and edge are trimmed with a pinked-out ruche of red silk. A beige cloth cloak has sleeves of tartan velvet, and the hat to wear with it is of beige beaver felt with a very wide brim, and trimming of bows of plaid velvet ribbon.

A stylish paletot for a girl of thirteen or fourteen is of check cloth in two shades of grey; the straight fronts are ornamented with revers of plush, and a series of diamond-shaped plush ornaments forms a band round the skirt. At the back, which is open, the plush revers are repeated, and the turned-down collar and deep cuffs on the rather widely-opened sleeves are also of plush. This is made with the plush trimming in grey, or in royal blue, and is equally pretty in either style.



No. 11. COSTUME FOR GIRL OF TWELVE.

A LITTLE CONSERVATORY.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

I HAVE often intended during my most interesting work of improving my correspondents' abodes, to offer a suggestion and illustration of how best to treat the little oblong shaped greenhouse, which so often in town houses faces one as one goes up stairs. I have seen these little places in many phases, ranging from that of being so abundantly draped with muslin as to suggest conflagration sooner or later, and crowded with foolish little rickety tables and basket chairs, to the exact reverse of stages bare, save for a limp-looking indiarubber plant, two or three withered palms, the stumps of last year's geraniums, and a battered watering pot; a doll's perambulator and child's hoop may in some houses complete the picture. Now, of course, could the owner have afforded to send for an expert, she would at once have been told she could have rock-work arches here, a cunningly devised little waterfall there, lofty stages loaded with choice palms, ferns, etc., but not being able to afford all this she falls into the common fault of doing nothing to improve matters, a state of affairs with which I own I have little patience!

I will imagine the greenhouse I propose to improve to be quite empty, and at once proceed in imagination to have the woodwork painted a cool green, the colour of a tender young lettuce. If the hall and stairs be not entirely dependent on the conservatory for light, I would have the whole of the glass sides thinly "dabbed" (any painter will know what I mean) with the same green. With this background one not only gets a good effect with fewer plants, but ferns, etc., do better without much direct light. Now have a rough boarding—higher in the centre, as shown in my sketch—fixed across the end of the little greenhouse. Cover this with virgin cork, with plenty of pocket pieces for ferns and trailing greenery; then have a corner bracket fixed at each end of this. Now hang quaint Japanese reed curtains along the sides of the house, to break the mass of green glass. Along one side have a low, broad wicker seat placed, with mattrass cushions and drapery of the pretty striped Madagascar grass cloth, which not only always looks well with plants, but does not hurt when sprinkled in syringing. On the opposite side have no seat, but a border, eighteen inches wide, composed of brown cocoa-nut fibre, kept in place by a strong lath covered with virgin cork; in this fibre border you can, without the dirt and mess always made by earth, plunge pots of white spirea lilies, tulips, or narcissus in spring, in short, any pretty, sweet-smelling plants which are in season. One or two pretty, steady little tables (if space permits) will complete what I may call the furnishing of this little nook. And now as to what to buy as to plants. You always find people who have the largest array of pots with a withered plant in each will plaintively say, "I can't *tell* you what I spent on the greenhouse at first; I bought pots of flowers whenever a barrow passed. The fact is, that sort of place is an endless expense in London;" but if you know how to stock it, I, *au contraire*, consider it an economy.

I do not write for those who can drive to Veitches and order this palm at £5 5s., and that tree-fern at £4, but to those who must do things moderately or not at all, and it is just such folks I love to help, though I can also help their more fortunate sisters to spend plenty of money! Now, palms, besides being very costly, never *really* flourish without an occasional return to the damp heat of a real greenhouse. I would, therefore, rather say buy one or two indiarubber plants for the corners, also the invaluable broad-leaved green and green and white aspidestras, hardy dræcenas, some little bushes of golden arborvitæ, and dwarf acacia; all these should last for years with very little trouble. Again, buy plenty of roots (I am told they are hawked about in London for a penny each in spring time) of the common male fern, plant in large pots, and plunge in the fibre border between the flowering plants; these ferns will come up year after year, and are invaluable for mixing with cut flowers, or using laid flat on the dinner table.

If you have a country friend who will post you a tin box of rooted periwinkle, small-leaved trailing ivy, and my favourite green tradescantia, plant these, and small, hardy ferns—about 3s. the dozen at any nursery garden—in the cork pockets; keep them well syringed, and you will soon see a charming result.

A little bit of shimmering water has such a charm in a greenhouse that I should have a rough, semi-circular tin made—say 3 feet 6 inches or 4 feet long by 2 feet wide in the centre. Paint the inside cool green, the outside brown. At several of the shops in Covent Garden one can buy bags of pretty shingle for the bottom, and little, freshwater weeds, which, by their growth, will keep the water clear, and pure and wholesome for a few gold-fish. Place this little pool, three feet from the bottom of the cork erection, and have the edge and support concealed by being built round with rock-like pieces of "clinker" fireclay, set in cement to prevent being swept away by one's dress, etc. I may here say that where practicable a tap for water is of the greatest service in such a little house, one is so apt to skimp syringing if it entails fetching water, or even troubling a servant to do so. The Moorish-looking stool shown in the picture opens at the top, and is therefore invaluable for keeping one's garden gloves, a packet of Carter's Fertilizer (a pinch of which, given at rare intervals to the pockets, the soil of which would otherwise soon become impoverished, works wonders), and a little sponge for cleaning the plants. The syringe should be tidily hung up, and the watering-pot Aspinalled some dainty colour.

As regards the roof, a large, red Japanese umbrella, or one or two gay Chinese lanterns will be found to add much to the picturesque effect. A plant of Cobea Scandens, in a large pot on either side of the doorway, will soon run its graceful clambering course on wires hung loosely from the roof in any desired direction. This creeper is of such rapid growth that it would easily, after the first few months, bear liberal cutting from whenever a table decoration was needed. Such a little greenhouse as this, when once started, need be little or no expense, save a few pots of sweet scented plants (which are not necessary after all); it will only want *sensible* watering—not leaving things dry for a week and then deluging them!—but a careful "look over" daily, a little water where needed, and an occasional re-potting, should keep all in health and verdure, and give the owner plenty of plants to change with for her drawing-room, plenty of greenery to cut for vases—bought flowers never have any green with them—and much foliage help for the dinner table.

I think nobody, who, after looking at my illustration, will take the trouble to conjure up a vision of what such a little greenhouse usually is (I forgot to enumerate amongst its charms the inspiriting view of the backs of other houses, and an endless array of chimney pots!) can deny the pleasure of such a verdant little bower as I describe, which would not only be an ornament to the house, but a source of interest to its mistress from day to day.

Answers on Furnishing.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

Special Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters requiring advice to be addressed to* Mrs. Talbot Coke, *Myra's Journal Office,* 39 *and* 40, *Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

2. *Letters to be answered in the next number to reach the office not later than the 4th of the month.*

3. *Letters requiring advice on the arrangement of a room should be accompanied, if possible, by a plan, and the name of each piece of furniture must be written on the plan in the place of its present position.*

4. *Questions to be answered should be underlined, and briefly repeated at the end of the letter.*

5. *Patterns of materials, wall papers, etc., may be sent, and will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

6. *Correspondents are requested always to use the same pseudonym (to enable reference to be made to any former answer) and to give full name and address as well. Advice as to position of furniture cannot be given unless a plan of room with size and present position of furniture marked is sent, with stamped addressed envelope for its return.*

We are requested to state that *in no case* can Mrs. Talbot Coke undertake to answer letters *privately*. All answers will be *published in the Journal;* but, to secure an answer in any forthcoming Number, correspondents are reminded that their queries must be sent in *not later than the 4th* of the month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Olive.—As economy is an object, I would certainly *not* advise a frieze in your little drawing-room, as it naturally—what with frieze rail fixing, &c.—adds very considerably to the expense, and would, indeed, rather "overdo" so small a room. Yours is, as you say, not a model letter, so I do not know what the aspect of the room is; however, I do not think I can be wrong in recommending Essex's (116, Victoria Street, S.W.) deep yellow "Marguerite" Paper, 2s. 9d. the piece (a pattern with daisies and true lovers' knots in a paler shade). Have the couch and chairs re-upholstered in Shoolbred's Chestnut Embossed Victoria Cord, 2s. 9d. the yard—this is something like stamped velvet, and wears *well.* As to curtains, I would have them of the "Russet Velours de Cordove," 50 inches wide, 4s. 11½d. the yard, sold by the Cavendish House Company, Cheltenham. It is reversible, so only wants a ball fringe at the edge—have no vallance, merely a nice brass rod and rings. Have thin curtains, of creamy frilled muslin; you can get these about 5s. the pair from Oetzmann & Co., Hampstead Road. I wish you had said what *kind* of screen you want to recover, as I really cannot possibly tell if I should recommend paper, silk, velvet, or what? A vague query can never *possibly* bring forth a useful answer, as I am naturally not likely to recommend anything I am not sure will be a success. Heavy mantel draperies are quite out of place in a small room; I would only recommend you the slip I so often describe, in your case to be made of chestnut plush, and lined with orange corded silk—both to be very cheaply procured of S. Lewis & Co., Farringdon House, Holborn Bars. Ball fringe all round will improve it. Lewis may keep it. Cover the shabby cushions with Holroyd Barker's (488, Oxford Street) lovely "Mandarin" coloured Louis XVI. Brocade, 7s. 11d. the yard, *double width.* The back of the cushions can be sateen; a corded silk frill round would be an immense improvement, and cost very little. I am glad to know how useful all my Queen sketches have been to your friends at home and abroad. I have answered all your questions, which, as you know, should have been briefly repeated at the *end* of the letter, the pseudonym at the commencement thereof. I wish correspondents would grasp how much trouble the observance of these simple rules would save me.

Montefiore.—I could hardly help laughing at your graphic description of the cold grey hall; the best "prescription" I can give you is to paper with a large patterned red paper, Knowles (166, King's Road, Chelsea) has at 2s. the piece, with yellow Diana Ceiling Paper at 1s. 9d.; have the door skirting board and arch Aspinalled "myrtle-green," and panel with a very rich red and green and gold Japanese Leather Paper, about 3s. the yard (Knowles). Cover the chessboard stone floor with greeny matting—Treloar's (Ludgate Hill) is a good place to get this—and arrange your Eastern rugs (if not much pale blue in them), one near the carved table and one from the foot of the stairs to near the drawing-room door; have a curtain in the arch of Graham and Biddle's charming Beauvais Tapestry 6s. 6d. the yard. Your green reps curtain could very well be used to line it, as you say there is so little light on the far side. I should remove the common shaped gas chandelier, and have a pretty brass and leaded glass lamp for one *good* gas burner instead. The corner hanging cupboard, which is so invaluable for hiding coats and waterproofs, is simply a large triangle of wood fixed about 6ft. 6in. from the floor, with laths and pegs fixed against either wall of the corner, and a little iron rod for a curtain to the floor; this rod is hidden by a broad carved wooden beading, to be bought (about 1s. 3d. the foot) from Knowles. I consider one of these cupboards to fill the corners each side of your fireplace will immensely improve the shape of the hall—if you do not think you want two hanging cupboards, have one with shelves, for putting hats, gloves, etc., away out of the dust. Leaded squares in the front door will, of course, much improve matters; any large furnisher will get this done for you at about 2s. 6d. the foot. I should have said have the cupboard curtain also up the Beauvais—it tones in charmingly with old oak. Of course I will gladly do the bedrooms in the spring.

Young Housewife.—Your rooms are very tiny, but I will do my best for them. I am afraid I hardly understand why you wish to curtain off the sloping bit of the room (it will of course make it look much smaller), unless for a hanging cupboard. The cheapest curtain I can think of for it is Shoolbred's buff and blue bordered Florentine, 1s. 1d. the yard, double width. Paper with a pretty blue and white paper (of Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea), at 9d. the piece. Personally, I should use the Florentine for the toilet table and bedstead; muslin toilet draperies want contstantly renewing, and are really *dangerous* in so tiny a room. You could still arrange it as in your sketch. I would have short gold serge curtains, or you might like arras, a sort of canvas material, the latter Liberty (Regent Street) sells at 9½d. the yard; it is about 54 inches wide. I think many pictures would be apt to make the room look smaller. You could frame the pretty "Bride" (presented with the Christmas number of Myra) in a broad white wooden frame for a few shillings, and place it over the mantelpiece. In such a very small space the furniture must go as it *can*, and suggestions would be useless. As to the sitting-room, it being only 9 feet by 11 feet, I consider a "centre table" a fatal mistake; push it into a corner, cover with a soft greeny blue art serge cloth. Holroyd Barker (488, Oxford Street) sells double width art serge from 1s. 9d. the yard. Paper the room with Knowles' soft terra cotta Feather Paper at 7½d. the piece, with paint of the darker shade; paint the sides of the mantelpiece to match, and have a mantelboard covered with red vevelteen, with 5 inch frill along the edge—curtains from mantelpiece would never do. I fear it will (unless you could afford a Chenille Cover to throw over the sofa, Holroyd Barker, 16s. 6d.) be impossible to help this little room any further.

Portia.—It is, of course, very difficult for me to judge whether there is room to arrange the sofa and screen between the door and fireplace in your little room. That you must decide for yourself. I think with your somewhat unfortunate paper, the furniture will look best covered with the crimson embossed Victoria Cord—it is now, by the way, reduced to 2s. 9d. the yard, Put a panel of rich brown and gold Japanese paper in the front of the piano, choosing one the ground of which goes well with the wood—this looks very bright and pretty. I gave a most particular account of the mantel slips in the Christmas number; they are not draped in any way, and are very little wider than the mantel-piece, though about 18 inches longer at each end—the ends are of course neatly lined. I cannot say I care for crewel work screens, and should prefer to panel the one you are thinking of with brocade or brown and gold leather paper well stretched—you could not do it yourself. I am sorry you had a frame made whilst waiting for the answer, but had you given name and address in your *first* answer, I would, knowing you to be in a hurry, have sent the address for cheap screen on a post-card. The only way to fix curtains for a window which opens in the middle is, of course, to have a small rod at the top of each half of the window. You can then still loop back half way down if you like. I think the green you send a very nice shade with the shrimp pink. Next time please send a *stamped addressed envelope* for return of plan, etc. Very glad you returned former answer, it refreshes my memory.

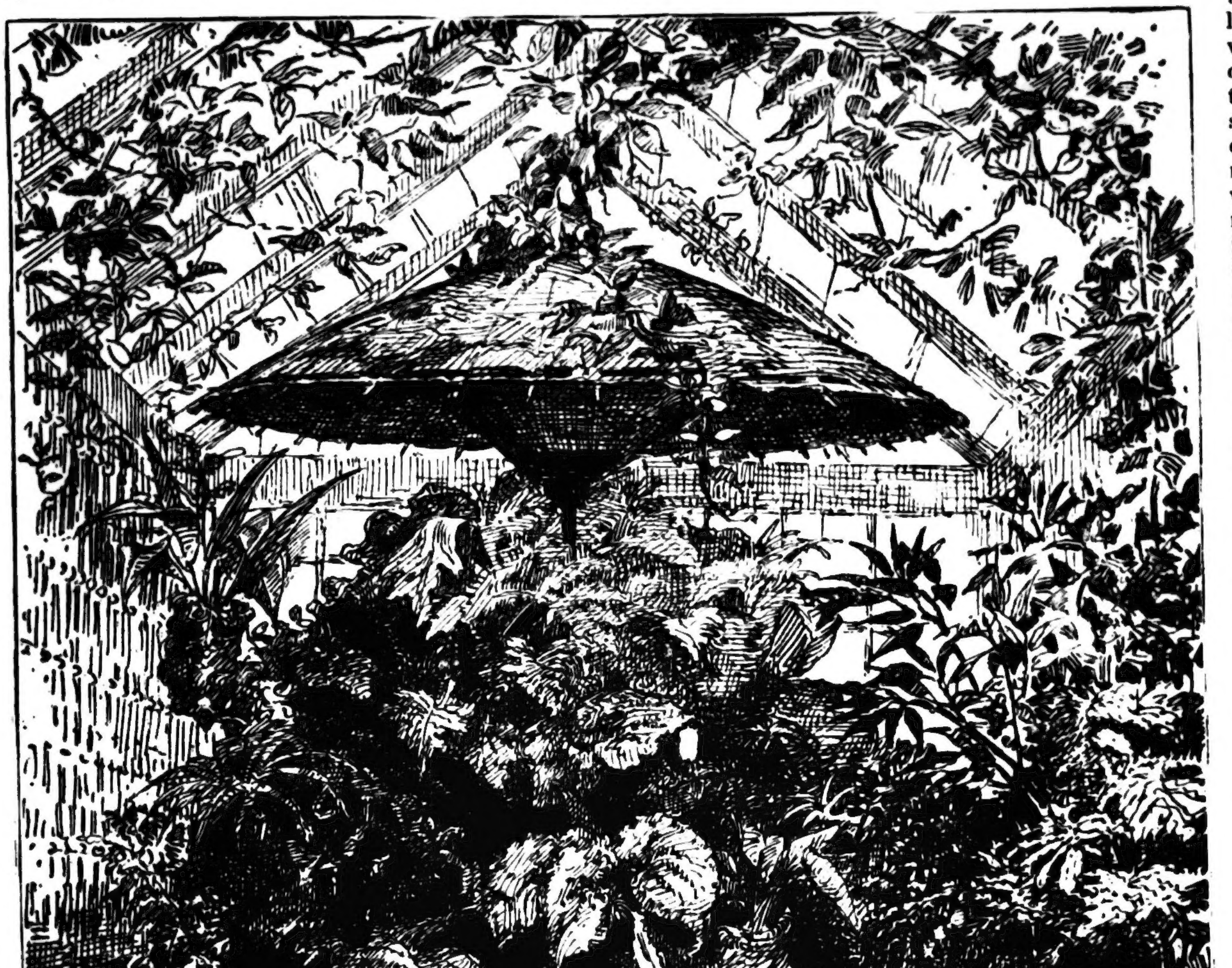
Gee Gee.—If you have the little pictures framed, as I suggested, in one long frame, have the two square ones in the centre, with an oval one at each end. I quite understand the sketch of your room. I should hang the little pictures over the writing table in place of the crossed fans. The furniture seems well arranged! the sofa, so near the door and far from the fire, seems in a cheerless place; the piano looks well as it is. For the Indian lounge, I would have a long mattrass cushion made, covered with Shoolbred's lovely salmon embossed Victoria Cord (like stamped velvet), 2s. 6d. the yard; this, with a big frilled salmon silk cushion, *tied on* at the head, will quite transform it. I should like a 3-inch silk frill all round the mattrass cushion also. The carpet is somewhat dreary; the paper is bright and good of its kind, but not a good background for pictures *or* people. As to other cushions about the room, shrimp pink, or the blue which appears in the carpet, would harmonise. Liberty has some charming Turkish-looking Chair Backs at 3s. each. *Mr. Raynes*, at the Chesham House shop, knows the kind I mean. Have a cover and frill of Liberty's greeny blue Medici Velvet, 6s. the yard, 45 inches wide, for mantelpiece. A broad mass of rich colour, such as red Plushette Curtains, 42s. the pair (ftom Burnet, 42, King Street, Covent Garden), would improve the colouring, the fault of which is *timidity.* I do not dislike the little book-cases at all.

Iceberg (Newfoundland).—Though sorry you could not wait for the paper I recommended you, I think you have chosen very well indeed for yourself. Terra Cotta Serge Curtains, at 25s. the pair, will look better than any other *cheap* ones. Holroyd Barker (488, Oxford Street, London) would supply these, and you could got frilled cream Muslin ones for 5s. the pair from Oetzman and Co. (Hampstead Road, London). Cover your screen with Graham and Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street) wonderful "Marlboro'," about 45 inches wide, 2s. 2d. the yard; it looks charming against your paper. Have the screen made 6 feet high, so as to hide all that matters of the folding door. You have forgotten to fill in the measurements of the room, so I cannot place the piano. I should be inclined to cover the back plainly with the Marlboro', and drape along top and down *one* side with terra cotta silk—the same shade as the curtains—stand a pot with large fern at the other side. For the dining-room have gold Diagon serge curtains; the folding doors would be well if hidden by the same. I like a low broad seat in a bow window, and curtains only just long enough to touch the seat, so as to draw round and make it a pretty nook at night. As you do not give the size of the recesses (I am glad you are going to have my Queen illustration copied for one of them), I cannot suggest anything special for it. I am sorry I know of no inexpensive hall lamp. Maple (Tottenham Court Road), or any large furnisher, would send you illustrations, if you state about the amount you wish to spend. It is more *en règle* to write to me through Myra, but I cannot "be very angry" with so old and far off correspondent for writing to my home address.

L. G. B.—Yes, I remember doing your lovely house. What a sad change for you; indeed, I will try and be of use to you. The sum you can spend on the sitting-room is sadly little, and I am *sure* will not include a comfortable sofa, and for an invalid a cheap one is simply misery, so do let me persuade you to fill the 7 feet recess (between fire place and the wall with large mirror) in the following manner:—Send for one of the 6ft. 6in. by 2ft. 6in. Wire

Mattresses. price 9s. 6d., sold by the Cavendish House Company (Cheltenham); get your handy carpenter to fit this on two strong wooden supports —total height, *when ready for cushion*, not more than 12 inches—have a thick mattress cushion covered with some of your Indian material (the chestnut and yellow will suit the paper best), with frill to the ground; strew plenty of pretty pillows about, and you will have a comfortable sofa at a very small cost. If it would not clash with other things in the room, you might line the whole corner thus formed with the large gold coloured *Sari*, and have an Arabian brown shelf (Aspinall has this charming colour) fixed along the top, for some of your copper pots and Delhi plates—this would help "balance" the tall dark cabinet opposite. The wall paper is not interesting, but I do not consider it a bad back ground; therefore should leave it. The drab paint, however, is *too* hopeless. Have the door and skirting Aspinalled Arabian Brown; it will go well with your Eastern treasures. The bedroom paper is dreadful; could not you have it replaced by a cheap *warm*-looking one? such as Knowles (166, King's Road, Chelsea) has at 6½d. for 12 yards, in terra cotta with a little pattern in a paler shade. I think if you did this, and had curtains of Graham and Biddles silky looking "Marlboro'" (using your faded curtains as lining), which is only 2s. 2d. the yard, *wide width*, and added pretty frilled short blinds to the widow, you would enjoy the room instead of loathing it. As you say there is no hurry, I want to hear if my suggestion as to the sofa will do or not, as I shall then know how much you still have to spend.

Cecil.—I am afraid I cannot choose papers for the rooms "just as if they belonged to me," because *you* wish sanitary papers and *I* should never, unless I lived in a *very* dirty town, put one up in my own house Before deciding that "nothing else can possibly stand on a new wall," I wish you would write to T. F. Chambers & Co. (32, High Street, Hull), and ask for his little book about the "Crown Damp Resisting Fluid," as he claims that by the use of it you can "paper newly plastered walls at once." If, however, you decide on sanitary papers, write to Knowles (166, King's Road, Chelsea) for a new kind called Melton, *which are free from glaze*, 1s. 6d. the piece—they are the prettiest I have seen. With the bright golden buff one have golden brown paint, gold panelling, and a neat yellow ceiling paper. With the pink one, ivory paint and ivory and gold panelling; pink and white ceiling; and with the blue, soft blue paint and ivory and gold panelling; yellow and white ceiling. Had you given name and address, which must be a rule in future, I would have sent you bits of these papers to see as you are in a hurry; as it is, I am powerless I cannot tell you of any special fireplaces to order, as I only profess *decoration*. As to the dining and drawing-room, I should be inclined merely to distemper the walls, the dining-room terra cotta, the drawing-room soft greeny blue, as it is certainly not worth putting up friezes of washable paper, though before this answer appears I will see if I can hear of something more *effective* in a washable way for you. It all depends on the kind of window whether I like leaded glass in the top panes; it looks charming in mullioned windows, but not if the ordinary long lace muslin curtains are used. There should be merely little rods just *below* the leaded glass, and short curtains thence. I do not care for painted dining-room walls unless in a large country house, where there are plenty of old family portraits to cover the walls. I should use up the guipure curtains in the dining-room and bedrooms. I will gladly arrange the rooms when you get into the house, but should know size and shape of rooms, how many windows, etc. Yes, I like tiled hearths. I do not know the stoves you name. Your letter was not too long, but you should have repeated questions at the end and given your address.



No. 12. A Little Conservatory.

Perdita.—I quite agree with you in the thinking, unless in a large, imposing room, that a white marble mantelpiece "makes a patch," and your colouring being so exceptionally sombre makes it, I feel sure, look all the worse! If you are the owner of your house, it would be well worth selling the marble affair, and putting a dark wooden mantelpiece, with quaint recesses for pots or curios, in its place. You would see these at Bartholomew & Fletcher's, 219, Tottenham Court Road. Price, I think, from £8 8s. to £12 12s., or for about £10 they would make you a dark carved oak *casing* for the marble mantelpiece. Do go and see this shop when in town; ask for Mr. Verden. Yes! I did mean my last illustration to be the £8 8s. writing-table this firm made for me. All your questions as to your "hopeless little conservatory" are so fully answered by my present article and picture that I may skip all that part of your very business-like letter. I am amused at your remembering I "once devised you a tea-gown of furniture brocade," and will gladly tell you now of a lovely rich hanging pearl grey and gold material (you will never like the pattern you send, it *looks* like curtains!) viz., Graham & Biddles, Graham House, Oxford St., "Pearl and Gold," 6s. 3d., *double* width. Six yards will make body and train, as in your sketch. Have the front a straight fall of pearl grey Liberty silk, tied in with a gold girdle (about 8s. 6d., Whiteley). I like your idea for sleeves; strap them with gold gimp, and let the hanging piece be grey chiffon. If you are *thin*, have a full grey chiffon frill from the square below the throat.

"The Ladies' Gallery."

It is always pleasant to report progress, especially when beginning a New Year. Whether music has really a softening and elevating effect on men we cannot undertake to say, but certainly its masculine votaries appear to be less boorish and unchivalrous than the followers of sister arts and sciences. For some time ladies have been among the assistant teachers at the Royal Academy of Music, and now Miss Kate Steel, a justly esteemed and popular teacher of singing there, has been appointed a full Professor—the first lady Professor that the Academy has had. The best compliment we can pay to the new Professor, and to those who appointed her, is to anticipate that her position will not long be unique. Reluctantly we must own that progress is not with us everywhere. The Royal University of Ireland, the Universities of London, and Queen Margaret College in Glasgow, afford women every opportunity for studying medicine; but Oxford remains illiberal, and has lately, by a majority of 79 over 75, refused to admit women to the medical examinations. Professor Case led the opposition, affecting to believe that both sexes would study together—he had apparently never heard of Girton and Newnham, and special medical colleges for women—and declared the "delicate details" of disease most improper for women's consideration. Strangely enough, he made no objection to the revolting duties that fall to the lot of the female nurse. These, apparently, are quite "proper." A nurse sees and knows as much of the horrors of disease as a doctor, and has worse work to do in connection with them. But, then, nurses do not receive professorships and knighthoods, and parlous big fees! Herein lies the difference, to men of Professor Case's kind. The decision of Oxford comes awkwardly at a time when attention has been particulary drawn to the immense need for women practitioners in India, and to the marked success of female students in the examinations. In the London M.B. Examination, for instance, all the nine female candidates from the London School of Medicine passed. In Calcutta a Hindu school for girls has been opened, and boys under eight are admitted, in the hope that thus may be engendered a feeling of affection and respect for the softer sex. Alack! what might we not have seen had Professor Case and Mrs. Garrett-Anderson once put on twin pinafores, and toddled off to say their alphabet together.

⁂

All patriotic boys and girls who delight to remain Englishmen and women in embryo, ought to be zealous competitors for Myra's French Prize. Because, every year, the French Minister of Public Instruction gives, through the National Society of French Teachers in England, two gold medals. For these medals, one boy or girl from every school in the United Kingdom may compete; and so every boy and girl ought to try to be the best French scholar in his or her school, and the chosen candidate for the Gold Medals. It is their duty to show that an English child's French is as good as a French child's—and better!

⁂

Miss Charlotte Robinson's Exhibition of Screens and other articles for artistic house decoration was, as usual, very interesting. The variety of beautiful work was extraordinary, and did credit to the dainty English fingers which produced it, to say nothing of the clever heads which gave the fingers beautiful work to do. More commonplace, perhaps, but very useful, were the articles shown by the London Needlework Guild. An enormous heap of girls' petticoats looked as if it could supply all the shivering limbs in London with grateful covering. But the need is so great! Think of all the refuges, the missions, hospitals, poverty-stricken rooms, even prisons, whose inmates look to charity for protection against the inclement winter of our great world of London! Any kind of clothing can be sent to the Guild, but we might remind intending donors that hats and bonnets should be *uncrushable*. Those who cannot make might send material to be manipulated by members of the Guild.

⁂

Art and Politics are far enough apart, yet in both have women great influence, even as things are. Many of us have recently had the privilege of hearing Mademoiselle Giulia Ravogli in *Orfeo*, during Signor Lago's tenancy of Covent Garden Theatre. An esteemed musical critic gave it as his opinion that this young artist had rescued Gluck's masterpiece from oblivion, and placed it on a pinnacle from which it was never likely to be dislodged. It is no small feat of a girl to make the world acknowledge the beauty of what connoisseurs have already discovered to be a great work. The musical dramas of Wagner, have no doubt, prepared the way for a proper appreciation of Gluck, in whose steps the master trod; but Wagner's operas certainly have the advantage of dramatic plots, and are usually well staged; while *Orfeo* has scarcely any plot, and as to *mise-en-scène!*—well, at Covent Garden, as the young Orfeo said, "*Il n'existe pas!*" But without scenery, and with a band of disembodied spirits represented by a bevy of the old-fashioned pantomime "fairies" in very short and very much expanded skirts, the genius and art of Mademoiselle Ravogli triumphed over all difficulties, and her wonderful histrionic resources, and that beautiful voice with tears in it, charmed and enthralled all who were fortunate enough to hear the *Orfeo*. "*Che faro senza Euridice?*" —who will ever forget that heart-breaking wail of despair? We must leave the serene fascinations of art to find our ubiquitous sex influencing the laws of the nations. After the famous McKinley Tariff Bill passed in the United States, ladies who went shopping were informed, concerning this and that, that it could not be sold at so low a price when the new tariff came into operation. Eyes and ears opened wide, and the thrifty soul awoke to arms. Husbands and fathers heard much and frequently of McKinley—the name became a household word—and, so the Americans say, it was to this that the recent Republican vote was due, when the McKinley Tariff was doomed to disappear before the wrath of the truly practical half of mankind. That half is so well appreciated in the United States by the other section, that it is with surprise that we find an American writer reproaching women with being more cruel than men, because, for instance, they wear birds' feathers and men do not. We fancy we have seen in the Highlands manly "bonnets" adorned with what certainly looked like birds' feathers! Moreover, is it worse to kill humming-birds for bonnets than larks for pies? We hate the custom of destroying lovely birds for the sake of their feathers, and when a whole body is worn the custom becomes disgusting; but worse, by far, is it to sacrifice our native songsters to a pampered appetite, than to deprive foreign birds of life from a mistaken idea of what constitutes beauty and good sense in personal adornment. Men carry their birds in bags and call it sport; women carry theirs on their heads, and call it fashion!

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A very interesting Women's Conference has been held at Birmingham, and, with the exception of a gas man, no male put in an appearance, or was concerned in any way. Notwithstanding this, everything was admirably managed. The aim is to establish a centre where ideas can be exchanged by all engaged in work for and among women. "Co-operation in Charitable Work" is undoubtedly wanted. There ought to be in every town a Centre Bureau, containing one or more representatives of every form that charity takes. Each should have full knowledge of the ways and aims of her own department of the associations, etc., which belong to it. Everyone in need of help, applying here, would be at once directed to the proper place to obtain the charity he required. Benevolent people, making enquiries here, would learn the different agencies at work, and judge which most required assistance, or most attracted their sympathy. Those willing to give time, again, would be shown in how many ways the willing may work, and choose the one best fitted to their powers. Clergymen and others, knowing of deserving poor, would send here for information, and in urgent cases no time would be lost by the unfortunate sufferer going from door to door before the right one could be found. Private charity could also be dispensed through the bureau. Miss Runneley read a paper describing the "Snowdrop Bands" formed to preserve the purity of girls. The Sheffield schools have nineteen bands. It was delightful to hear that Lady Georgina Vernon spoke of her fallen sisters, not with loathing and scorn, but with tenderness. This growing sympathy with a most miserable class speaks volumes for the increased respect that women have for womanhood.

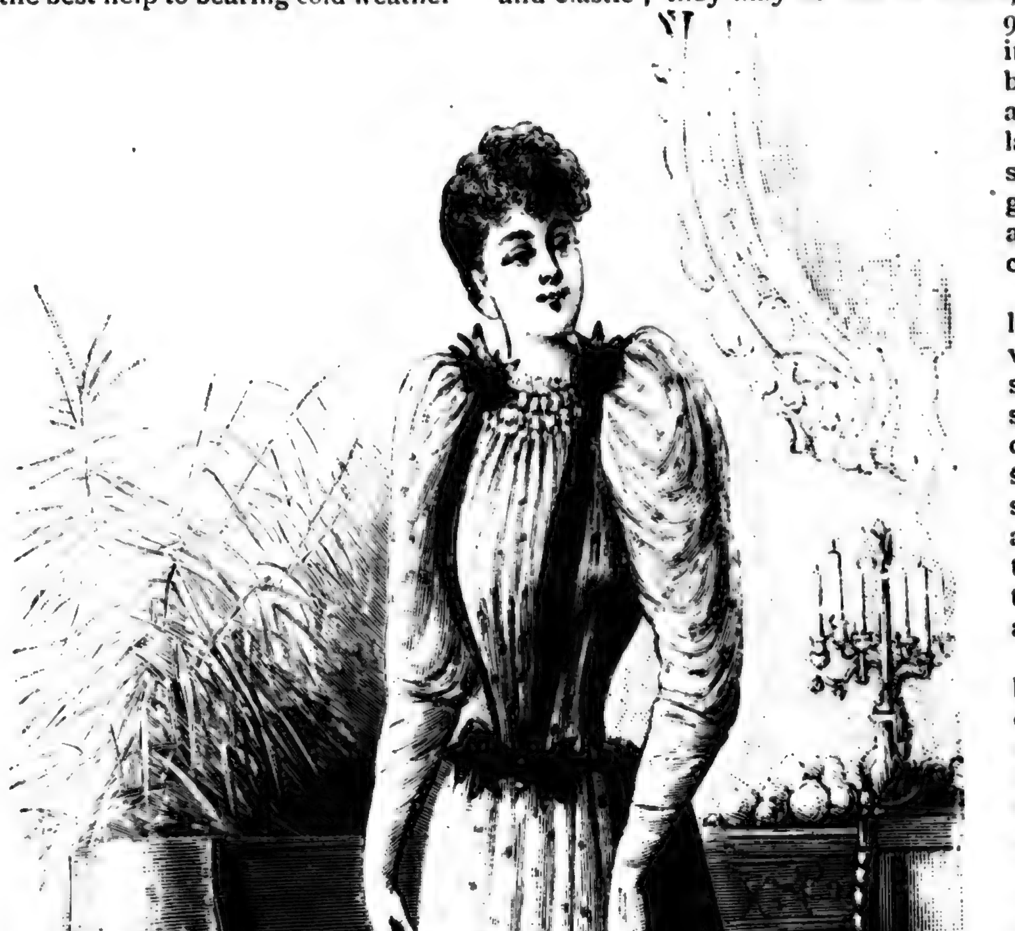
SPINNINGS IN TOWN.*

She sayde as herr whyte hondes whyte hosen was knyttynge,
What pleasure ytt is to be marryed.—CHATTERTON.

THE extreme cold that came upon us so suddenly at the end of November found many of us, I fear, quite unprepared with the warm clothing that is the best help to bearing cold weather with equanimity. We are, of course, always prepared, more or less, for changes in temperature, but it is really difficult to be armed at all points against such instability of climate as that which we have recently experienced.

However, no better opportunity could be found to say something of the delightfully warm knitted underclothing, supplied at very moderate prices by the Hygienic Knitting Company, at Kidderminster. This underclothing is of all kinds, and includes garments for ladies', gentlemen's, boys', and children's wear, but as the clothing for ladies and children is likely to have the strongest personal interest for my readers I shall confine my remarks chiefly to this branch.

To begin with the knitted combinations for ladies, the most comfortable and healthy garment that can be worn, these are supplied in three sizes, in waist measures of 23, 25, and 27 inches, and in several qualities. The least expensive, quality A, at 3s. 9d., 4s., and 4s. 3d., depending on the size, are very warm and durable, and useful also, but I fancy most ladies will prefer the better qualities. I find, for instance, a very nice combination, in natural coloured wool, of beautifully soft texture, which costs only 6s. in ordinary medium size; this is quality A A; the garment may also be had in pink, and it is prettily finished off with fancy knitting round the high neck and sleeves, and down the opening in front. The next, or B quality, combinations are also made in pink and natural grey, at 7s. 6d., 8s., and 8s. 6d. for the three sizes. These are knitted in the finest two or three ply fingering, and the front, covering the whole of the chest, is not only worked in a pretty fancy pattern, but with double wool also, so that this important part of the body is better protected, as it ought to be, than any other part.



No. 13. THE MARION TOILETTE.
For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

There is still another quality, C, at a higher price; these combinations are ribbed throughout, and are exceptionally fine, soft, and elastic; they may be had in white, pink, or natural grey, at 9s., 9s. 6d., and 10s., according to the size. The combinations are well shaped and neatly finished, and ladies cannot fail to be struck with the extremely good quality and remarkably low prices of these comfortable garments.

Vests are, of course, much less expensive; a capital vest in A quality, medium sizes, is only 2s. 3d.; a similar vest in B quality costs 2s. 7d., in medium size, and in C quality, the same size is 3s. 6d.; these are made, like the combinations, in three sizes, and in three colours, white, pink, and natural grey.

High necked sleeveless bodices, which may be worn over the bodice under a thin mantle or jacket, are knitted in the best fingerings in black, navy, etc., at 3s. 9d., 4s. 3d., and 5s. each; a capital scarlet under bodice, costing only 2s. 6d., will be found a very warm and cheap addition to the underclothing; these slip bodices are made of three ply fingering in scarlet, grey, and pink.

Ladies' skirts, in fancy knitting and mixed colourings, and mounted on the patent Vorwerk bands, cost from 5s. to 6s. 6d., depending on the size; all wearers of knitted skirts know that they are warmer than flannel, as they cling more closely to the figure.

Drawers, kneecaps, mittens, and gloves are also included amongst the knitted articles for ladies' wear, and details as to prices, etc., of all these will be found in the price list, which will be sent on application to the Company. For children's wear no article of underclothing can take the place of a warm knitted combination, and I am delighted to find amongst the specimens of knitted garments a lovely combination for a child, at 3s. 6d.; this is in B quality, and is very soft, thick, and warm; but the combinations are also made in A quality at lower prices, these depending on the size of the garment as well as on the quality of the wool. Children's vests are made in all three qualities, A, B, and C, the prices beginning at 1s., and rising to 2s. For infants' there are gaiters, boots, etc.; jerseys and jersey suits for little boys, and hosiery of all kinds for children, ladies, and gentlemen; in fact, knitted clothing of every description may be had from the Hygienic Knitting Company, and the garments must give great satisfaction as to quality and cost; they are undoubtedly a great boon, being so cheap and so good.

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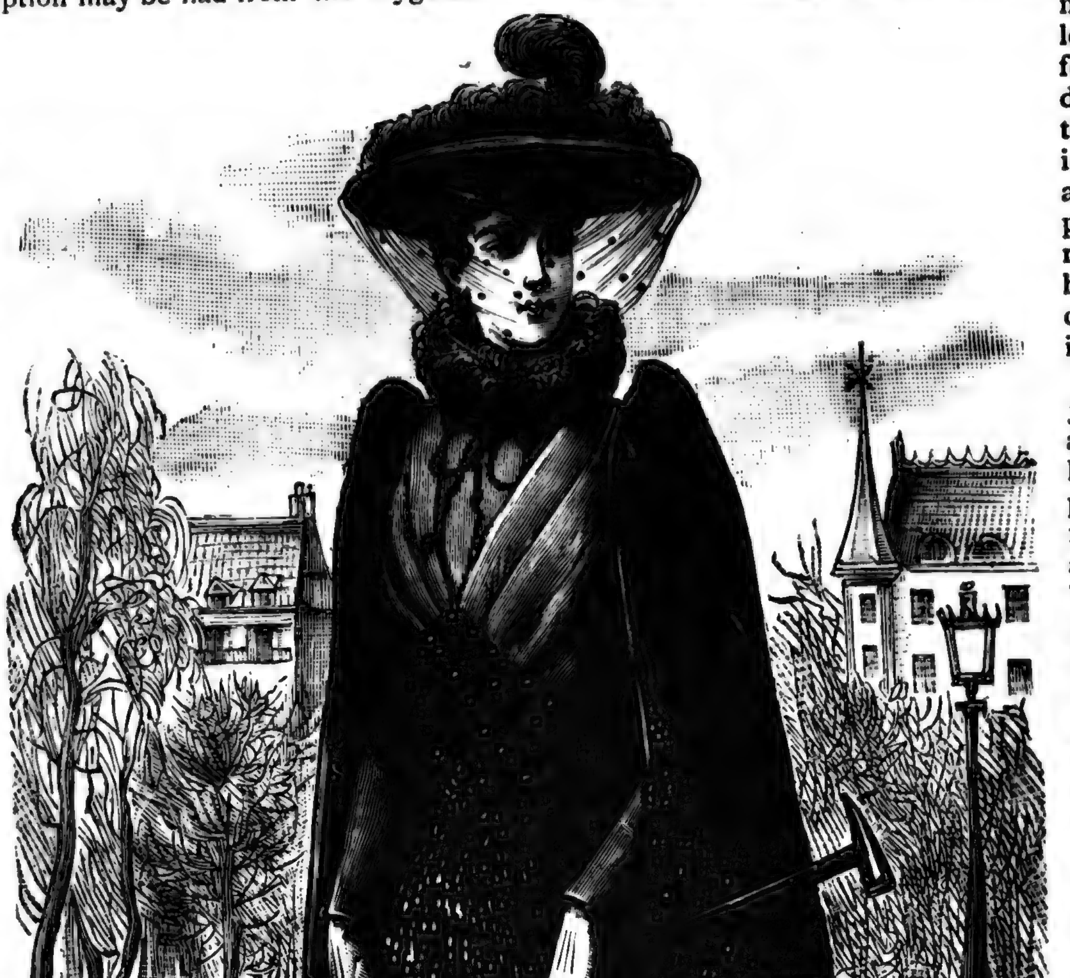
* IMPORTANT NOTICE.—*To avoid delay, Manufacturers and Advertisers are requested to forward samples and patterns of novelties* DIRECT TO "THE SILKWORM," *40, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C., before the 1st of the month.*


No. 14. The De Seze Mantle.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

A new substitute for mustard plasters, or mustard leaves, is the Capsicum Leaf, which has a precisely similar effect, minus the disagreeable and not necessary result of blistering the skin. The great objection which people have to mustard in any form, as an outward application, is the certainty of raising a blister if one should happen to go to sleep and forget to remove it; with the Capsicum Leaves there is no such danger, as the Capsicum never blisters and is yet just as beneficial as mustard in the treatment of neuralgia and rheumatic pains, and bronchial affections, etc. Capsicum is no new invention, but has been long in use, and in its present form it is much adopted by medical men as being a safe and efficient remedy. The Capsicum Leaves are sold in tins containing three leaves for the modest sum of 7d., post free, and they may be had of all good chemists, or from the original makers, Messrs. Francis and Co., of Leicester. A tin of these Capsicum Leaves should find a place in every domestic medicine chest.

How many ladies, young ones especially, would often treat themselves to a new, if inexpensive, dress, if it were not for the trouble of making it or the terrors of a dressmaker's bill; the cheap materials take as long to make up as the dear ones, and the dressmaker's charges are naturally the same, no matter what the fabric on which she spends her industry and skill. The want of time to make them is the chief drawback to the frequent renewal of every day costumes, and it is this pressure of time that makes the ready-made Mermaid skirts so particularly useful. These skirts are made in various materials, all at most moderate prices, by the Craven Manufacturing Company, of Skipton, and in all cases the price includes sufficient material for the bodice.

The Mermaid Skirts begin in price at 15s. 6d., for which sum the skirt is made in a variety of dark and neutral tinted plain and fancy meltons, or these materials may be had in any length at 1s. per yard, 50 inches wide. At a rather higher price, 22s. 6d., the skirts may be had in some capital thick diagonals in good and fashionable colourings, or the material, which is 54 inches wide, may be purchased in any length at 1s. 6d. per yard; for ordinary hard wear these diagonals are excellent, and they are quiet and ladylike in appearance. Skirts may also be had at the same price in pretty flecked materials, and in cheviots and homespuns. These materials cost 1s. 2d. per yard, 40 inches wide.

The Mermaid Skirts at 30s. each are in check, plaid, and other woollens of excellent quality, and in various patterns and colourings; the majority are 40 inches wide, and cost 1s. 9d. per yard. The 30s. skirts are also made in serges and homespuns, in flecked tweeds, in black and coloured cashmeres, and in very prettily coloured and soft textured beiges; these beiges are single width, 25 inches, and cost 1s. 2d. per yard. Ladies who would prefer to have the bodice of their dress made as well as the skirt can do so at a further cost of 7s. 6d., 10s., or 12s. 6d., a pattern or old bodice lining being sent to ensure correct fit.

The Craven Manufacturing Company also sends some useful patterns of black and coloured ulster and mantle cloths at the remarkably low price of 2s. 6d. per yard, 54 inches wide, of plain and fancy linings at 6d. per yard, and of striped skirtings at 3s. 3d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. per skirt, a length of 2½ yards being allowed for each skirt.

A useful invention for raising dresses in wet weather, or when the roads and streets are muddy, is Eadie's Patent "Automatic" Dress Suspender, a very simple contrivance not likely to get out of order, and requiring only one hand to raise or lower it, both processes being easily and rapidly performed. The suspender consists of a seven inch long slightly curved metal bar, which is sewn to the foundation skirt at the waist and at the other end. A sliding catch works up and down the suspender and is furnished with three rings through which tapes are passed, the ends being spread out and stitched to the foundation skirt about six inches below the suspender. To raise the dress the sliding catch is pulled up the bar with one hand, as high as may be required, and wherever it is let go the catch fixes itself automatically and remains firmly in place until set free. To lower the dress the catch is lifted and allowed to run down the whole length of the bar, the weight of the dress being quite enough to ensure its quick descent. The "Automatic" Suspender is very simple and very inexpensive, costing only 1s.; the London Agent for the sale of the suspender is Mr. W. S. Whale, 23, Aldermanbury, E.C.

One's notions of sewing cottons are usually bounded by the homely reels of black or white cotton that are used for the making and mending of the family clothing, but the manufacturer's ideas have no such narrow limits; to him, Sewing Cottons have a much wider meaning, and include many kinds of threads and cottons that find no place in a lady's workbasket, and for which she has no need, but, for all this, they are in large and constant use for the preparation of articles of clothing, about the technical making of which our knowledge is generally very imperfect.

Every lady knows, and most people make use of, the ordinary white sewing cottons manufactured by Messrs. Dewhurst & Sons, but very few of us know anything about the many other products of the Belle Vue Mills, at Skipton, yet, for their special purposes, these are just as widely known, and have earned for their makers as many prize medals and other honours as the strong, even, elastic white cotton that works so smoothly in our machines, and glides through materials and fingers in hand work without vexing our spirits by knotting and breaking.

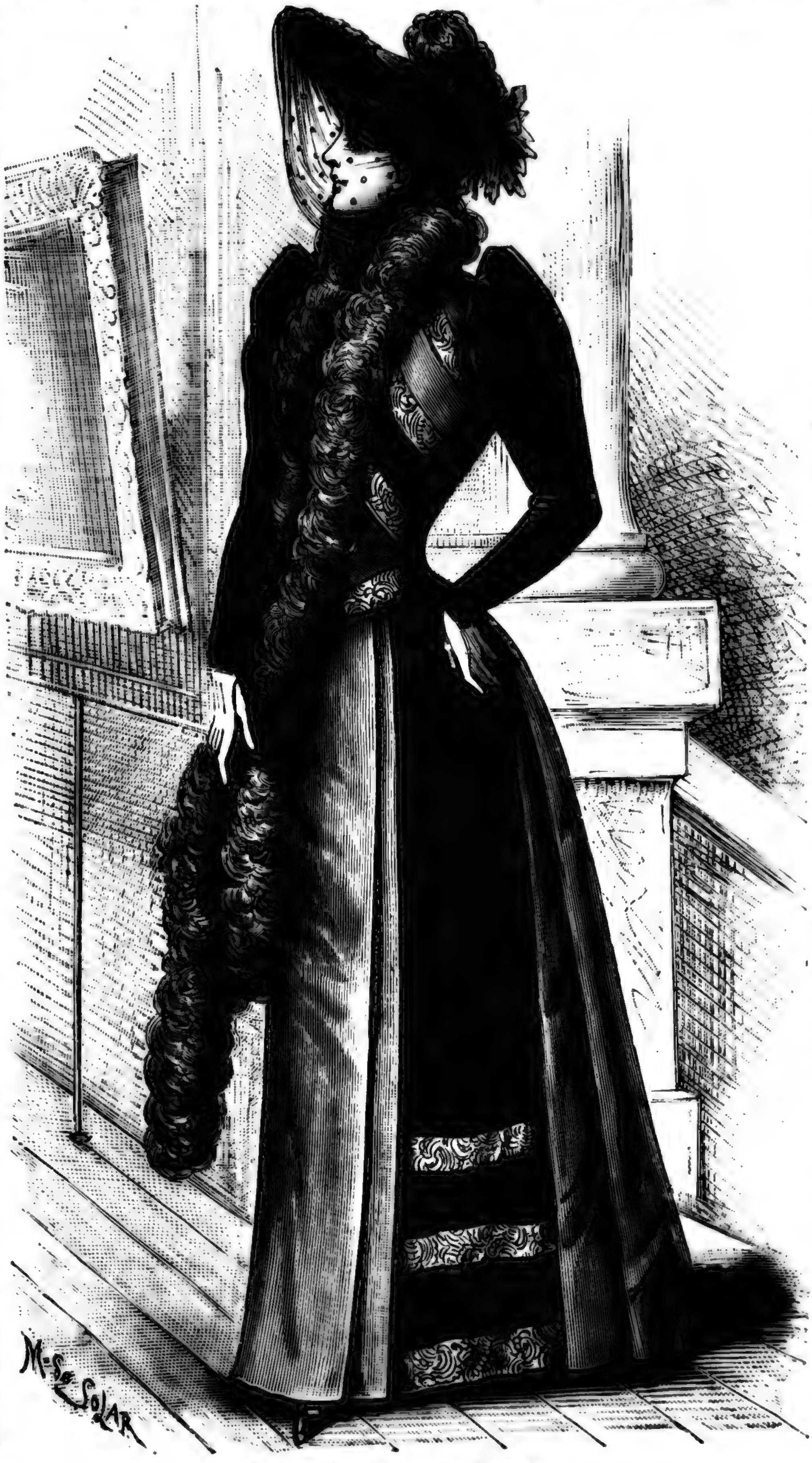
To give my readers some idea of the range of this little known industry, I will give a short description of a few of the many kinds of threads and cottons made by Messrs. Dewhurst & Sons. The shoe trade monopolises two kinds; Super Machine Thread, a substitute for linen sold for shoemakers' use on two ounce reels (smaller reels of this thread may also be had for button hole machines); and Shoe Thread which is largely used in the shoe trade and is supplied in several thicknesses and colours.

Lustre Cable is a six cord thread made from the best yarns and very much employed as a substitute for silk. Silk Lustre is a twelve cord thread intended for heavy sewing and also used in place of silk; the smooth, even quality and strength of this Silk Lustre makes it very valuable. A very different make is the Machine Six Cord which is largely used in the drapery trade, and is a soft, even cotton, equally suitable for hand and machine work.

Messrs. Dewhurst and Sons also make cottons for more fanciful kinds of work; their crochet cottons are excellent, and their Embroidery Skeins are supplied in a great variety of fast colours and in several sizes. These answer admirably for cross-stitch and other embroideries, and for machine work, when large quantities are required, the embroidery cottons may be had in 500 yard reels. The threads and cottons may always be recognised by the name of the manufacturers and also by the trade mark, representing three shells on a shield.

There is very little doubt that the present system of starving the hair, by depriving it of all nourishment in the shape of oil or pomatum, impoverishes it very much; the growth is checked, it becomes brittle and wiry, loses its colour and finally falls, out leaving the chevelure very scanty at the best, and causing baldness as the worst effect of this irrational treatment. The growth of the hair and its formation are very like those of a plant, and, as we all know, if the plant is to thrive it must be fed; in the same way if the hair is to grow long, thick and silky, it must have a fair amount of nutriment. No preparation contains these nutritive properties more fully or in a pleasanter form than Rowland's Macassar Oil; its purity and fluidity are a great attraction, and the oil acts like a charm in promoting growth and checking a tendency to fall out, besides preventing the hair from turning grey, and keeping it in beautiful condition. I advise any of my readers who can convict themselves of the foolish practice of keeping the hair too dry, and denying it the nutrition it wants, to invest in a bottle of Rowland's Macassar Oil and start on the opposite course. If the hair is dark the ordinary oil may be used, but if it is fair or grey the Golden Oil, which has precisely the same properties, although much lighter in colour, must be employed. The Golden Oil is also best suited for use in the nursery, where fair heads generally prevail, and no better preparation exists for ensuring, in after years, a really luxuriant crop of soft, silky, and healthy hair.

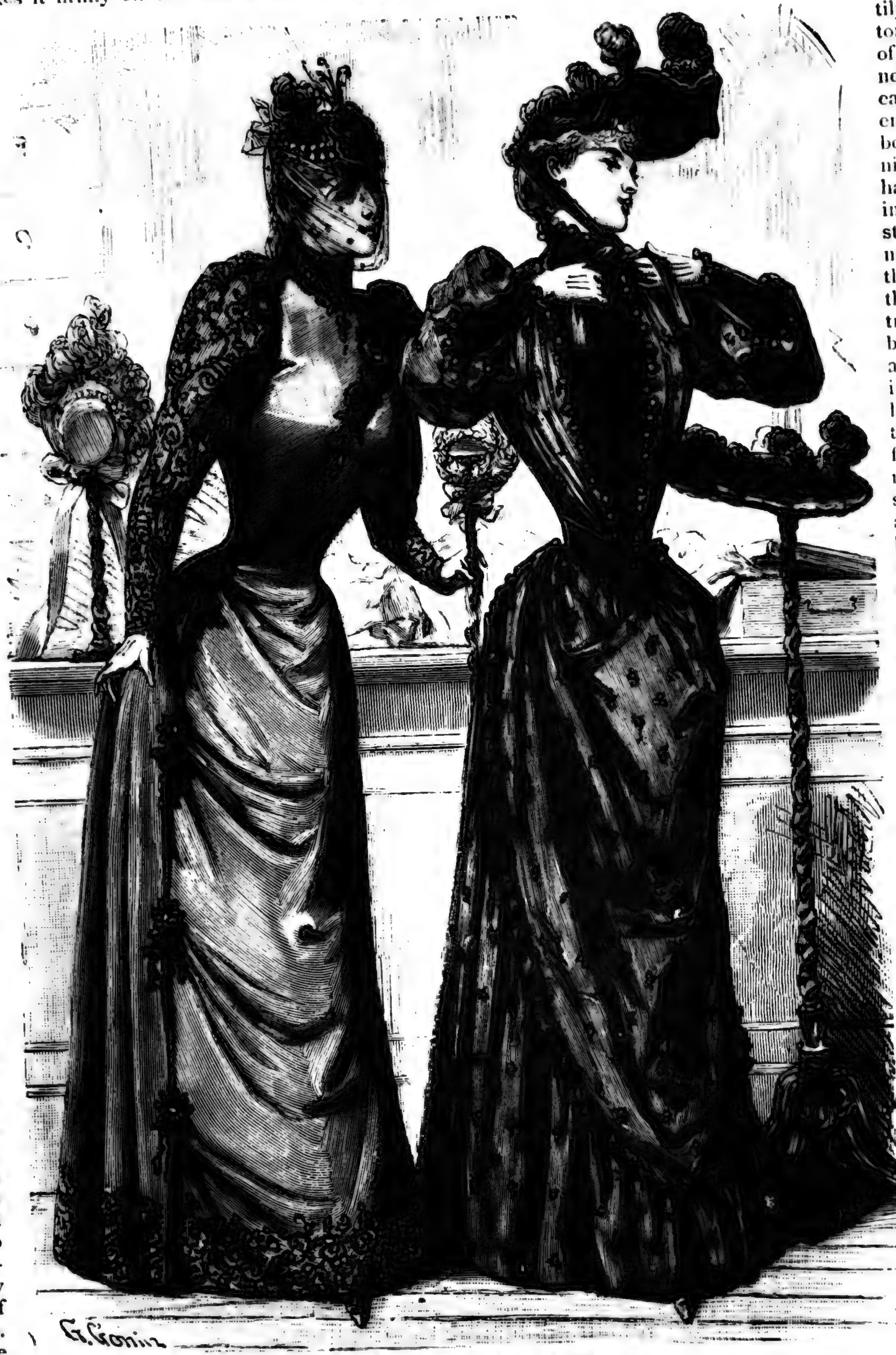
There seems to be every prospect of a good skating season, an



No 15. The Glanville Costume.
For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

great have been the rejoicings thereat in my household, and I presume in many others. A new skate, which will no doubt meet with the commendation of connaisseurs, is the Caledonian, made entirely of steel, and secured at the back of the heel by a single screw, which tightens the skate and fixes it firmly on the foot without injuring the boot. The skates may be obtained of Messrs. J. Theobald and Co., of 20, Church Street, Kensington, who have brought out a number of games, toys, and other novelties for the Christmas holidays. Amongst these is the game of the "Royal Old Maid," which is calculated to refresh one's memory as to the names of the kings and queens of England and their consorts; the game originally published at 1s. 6d. is now being sold at 1s. A very good toy is the Dancing Sailor, who works by steam and costs only 1s. 3d.; a Dancing Clown may be had, if preferred, at the same price, or six different figures to work on the same engine at 7d. extra. A good deal of amusement may be had out of these steam dancing dolls, but they should only be put in the hands of an engineer who can be trusted to look after his boiler.

Messrs. Theobald and Co. have also bought up the stock of the Dollie Daisie Dimple, Dimple Villa, and Rollicking Roderick toys, and are selling them at 6d. each; the packets of Christmas and New Year's Cards, at 2s. 6d., contain a large number of cards of all kinds, and purchasers of two packets are also entitled to a prettily illustrated booklet of the value of 1s. Young people in the country, who are preparing Christmas Trees under difficulties, may send to this firm for everything needed for the decoration of the tree, flags, candles, glass balls, reflectors, etc., etc., and for the sheets of gold, silver, and gelatine paper, with the help of which so many pretty ornaments may be made at home. These papers are supplied in packets at very moderate prices.



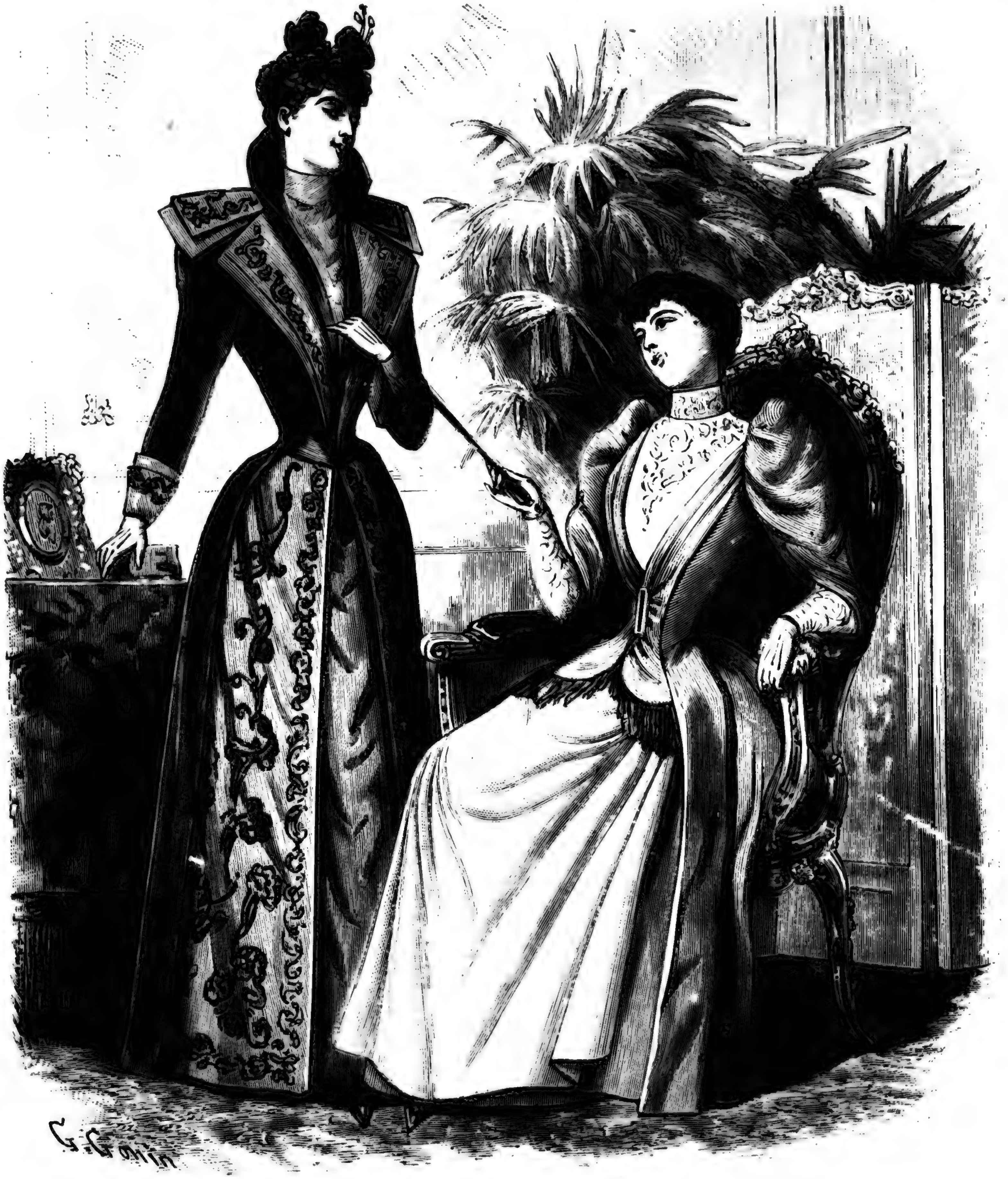
No. 16. PROMENADE TOILETTES.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Flannelette is becoming such a favourite material for winter nightdresses that it is no small boon to be able to procure these garments ready-made at very moderate prices. Mrs. Alison Williams, of 75, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C., supplies these delightfully soft, warm, and comfortable nightdresses, well made and very prettily trimmed with torchon lace or frills of embroidered flannelette, at 6s. 6d. each. The materials employed are of the best quality, and the nightdresses may be had in plain colours, in cream, in delicate stripes, or in the natural wool colour; those in cream and the natural colour, trimmed with embroidery to match, are particularly fine in texture, and many ladies will prefer them to the coloured flannelettes. The nightdresses are full size, 57 inches long, and of good width, but larger sizes can be made to order at an additional cost of 1s. per garment. Mrs. Alison Williams also supplies gentlemen's nightshirts, made of similar materials, at 4s. 6d. each, and gentlemen, quite as much as ladies, can appreciate the softness and warmth of flannelette, for it is by no means members of the softer sex only who are afflicted with the sensitive skins that cannot bear the irritation of wool in any form.

There is one point about the wearing of butterflies that renders the practice far less objectionable than that of using birds as ornaments for the dress or for the hair, and this is that the life of a butterfly is so short that it is but little curtailed by its capture; the insect has accomplished the purpose of its life, its existence is only shortened by an hour or two, and neither its capture nor its death cause it any pain, for of course no one dreams of running a pin through a butterfly's head until it is dead, such barbarity as that is unknown to the collector. Just now the butterfly, real or imitated, in feathers, beads, diamonds, gold and silver threads, etc., is the most fashionable of all ornaments

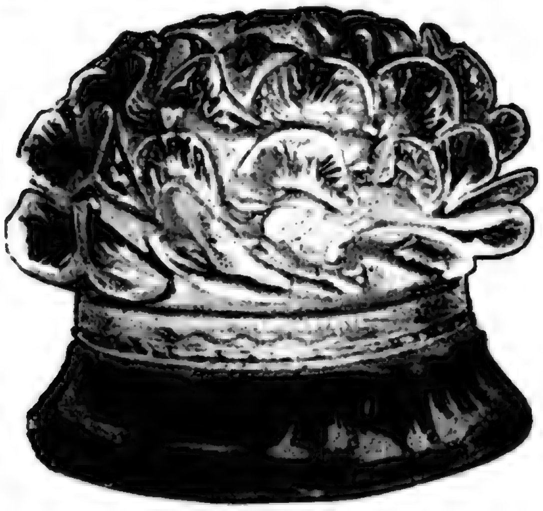
but not even diamond butterflies can vie in beauty with some of the lovely specimens of the real insect which Mr. William Watkins, formerly Entomologist to the Zoological Society, supplies for collections, and mounted for wear. These exquisitely coloured butterflies come chiefly from tropical Africa, and vary in size as they do in colour. They are sold singly at 2s. 6d., or in boxes containing six specimens at 10s. 6d.; in the specimen box on my table there is a large butterfly in mother-o'-pearl tints with soft brown edges and spots, a splendid fellow in black velvet with splashes of white and pale green, another in brown and pale green, one in dark purple, **nearly black, with six large spots in tawny orange, a beauty in shaded copper and brown tints, and a smaller but most lovely butterfly in black and blue, a brilliant metallic blue of the richest shade. All these are as perfect as if they had never been touched, yet they have not only borne capturing, packing, and their long** journey to England, but have also been strongly yet very lightly mounted on fine wire stalks. Anything more exquisite in colouring and in more perfect condition could not be imagined, and whether acquired by the zealous collector or by the fair lady who intends to use their beauty to enhance her own, they will be welcomed with



No. 17. Visiting and Reception Dresses.
For Prices, &c., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

equal pleasure and admiration. Mr. Watkins has a very large collection of these beautiful butterflies, including many rare African and other species, besides numerous insects of other descriptions known to and prized by collectors. The address to which those who are desirous of further particulars must write, is, The Hollies, Vicarage Road, Croydon.

In these days, when pure woollens are so justly valued as dress materials, the genuine Irish Tweeds of Messrs. James Lindsay and Co., of Belfast, deserve a large degree of popularity. The Tweeds, which vary considerably in pattern and colouring, are of one uniform width, 56 inches, and are all sold at the very moderate price of 4s. 9d. per yard. Two of the most effective patterns are inch square checks, one in pale fawn, intersected by crossing lines in dark fawn and black, the other similar in style, but in much darker shades. The material is so wide that five yards are ample allowance for a dress, and the material is of the useful kind that is never altogether worn out.



MESSRS. CLARKE'S ROSE FAIRY LIGHT.

Messrs. Lindsay's Irish Poplins for the season are in the most fashionable and delicate tints, and the colours are as pure in the least expensive poplins, that cost only 3s. 11d. per yard, as they are in the more expensive patterns at 6s. 6d. and 8s. 11d. per yard. These colours include all the fashionable dark shades of blue, green, brown, bronze, red, etc.; the medium and light tints are even more varied, and comprise some exquisite shades of electric blue, sage, and other greens, fawn, mastic, stone, and the lovely silvery greys that are never seen to such perfection in any other fabric. The rich poplins, at 8s. 11d. per yard, make beautiful and durable dresses, but those who cannot afford to give this price will be well pleased with the finer cords at 6s. 6d. and 3s. 11d. per yard. Black poplins are made at many prices, 3s. 11d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., 6s. 3d., 6s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 3d., and 8s. 11d. per yard; there is a beautiful thick ribbed black poplin, at 6s. 6d., which is extremely handsome, and when dinner and visiting dresses are the order of the day it should not be forgotten that poplin is a fashionable and economical material, for, like Irish Tweeds and Irish Linens, it practically never wears out.

Now that the biting winds and frosts of winter are so trying to the complexion and roughness and redness of the skin, with chaps, chilblains, and other annoyances, are so common, we more than ever strongly recommend a trial of the exquisite combinations of cucumber juice prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich. The Crême Froide aux Concombres is prepared from the formula of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, and was strongly recommended by her for whitening and improving the complexion, and for preventing and eradicating wrinkles. The Emulsine of Cucumbers (thick) is also due to the same celebrated expert in all matters connected with the toilet, and it is used for the same purposes as the Crême Froide, but it is intended for those who prefer a lotion to a cold cream. The introduction of wool fat, remarkable for its healing and emollient qualities, has led to the production of yet another compound, the Cold Cream of Wool Fat and Cucumbers, which is also excellent for making the skin soft, clear, and smooth. All these preparations are simply unrivalled for their purity and elegance, and are worthy of a prominent place amongst the toilet accessories of all ladies who value the preservation of their complexion.

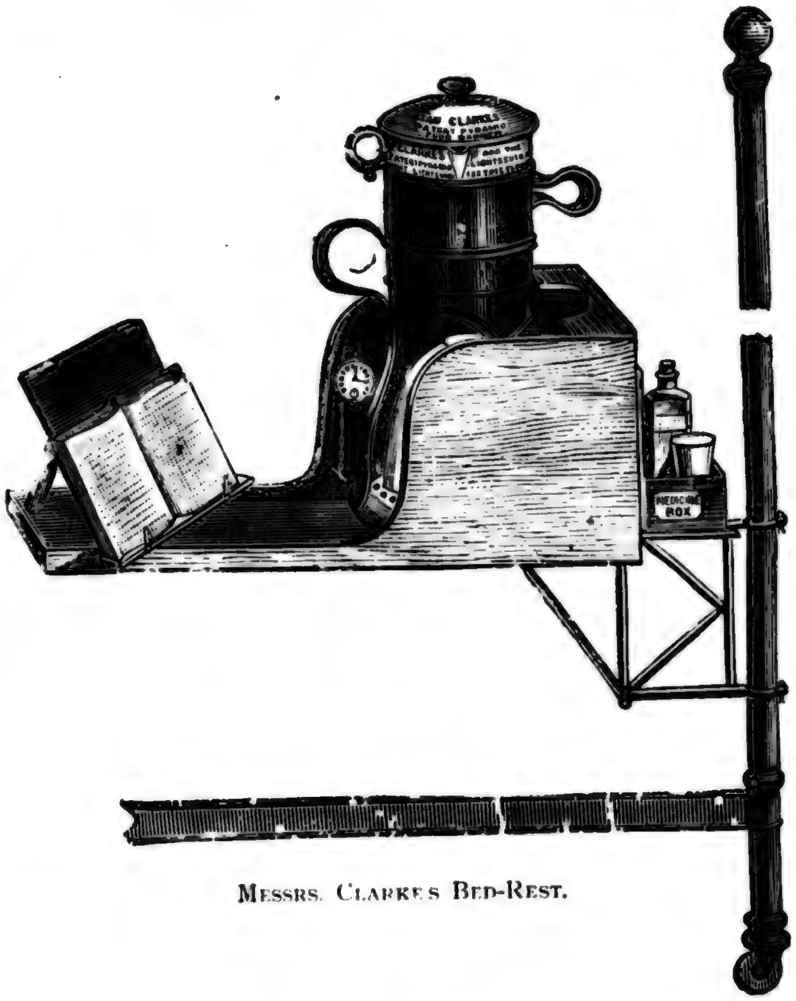
Messrs. Clarke, whose Pyramid Night Lights are so well known and so popular in every household, have recently brought out several extremely pretty new designs for Fairy Lights. Some new glass shades are made in the resemblance of a full-blown rose, the inner petals being in a much darker tint than the outer petals, which are almost colourless; these rose shades may be had in a variety of red and pink tints, and the colour can be deepened or lightened by putting a plain or coloured inner shade over the light. Floral bowls, made in a similar way, but rather larger in size, are also more varied in colour; they are less rose-like, but these, too, are very effective on the dinner or supper table, or on side tables in drawing-rooms and amongst plants, where only a soft glow of warm light is needed.

Very novel shades for Fairy Lights have the effect of being jewelled when lighted up; one of these is decorated with a Christmas tree, and, when lighted, all the ornaments on the tree, in clear coloured glass, glisten like jewels; a pictured peacock produces the same effect, the out-spread tail of the bird being apparently studded with jewels. Jewelled shades in the Moorish style are very effective, as are the little hanging lanterns in the same style which are charming in conservatories and on landings and passages. For use in conservatories there are numerous designs in the pretty shaded pink Burmese ware that is always so effective amongst plants; hanging and bracket lamps may be had in this ware for single lights or for clusters of lights, the numbers of lights in the clusters varying considerably.

Very large chandeliers are made in this Burmese ware for a combination of lights and flowers, but the table centres made in a similar way are naturally more in demand, and the new rose shades are also grouped round a stem rising from a shallow bowl for flowers, and form very effective table centres.

Some imitations of old Roman lamps fitted with the Fairy lights are very novel and handy, as they are convenient to carry, and the number of simpler lights chiefly, though not exclusively, intended for bedroom use is very extensive, the variety of designs being almost unlimited. No prettier sight can be imagined than Messrs. Clarke's show-room, at 31, Ely Place, Holborn Viaduct, when all the Fairy lights, large and small, and some of them are very tiny, are lit, but I must not allow the remembrance of the beauty of this scene to blot out of my memory the new bed-rest introduced by the firm, and specially intended for the use of those who use the Pyramid Food Warmer, so indispensable wherever there are young children or invalids. The bed-rest is a sliding shelf which can be attached to any bed-post, and which is provided with a special place for the food-warmer, besides leaving plenty of room for other articles. It can be pushed forward or backward, brought over the bed, or turned from it at a touch, and greatly facilitates the feeding of a young child during the night; it is very convenient and thoroughly well contrived.

THE SILKWORM.



MESSRS. CLARKE'S BED-REST.

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ABSOLUTELY **PURE,** THEREFORE **BEST.**

BYNOL
THE "PERFECTED"
MALT AND OIL

An intimate combination of ALLEN and HANBURYS' Malt Extract with their well-known Cod Liver Oil. A valuable nutrient and restorative, in which, practically, all flavour of the Oil is effectually overcome.

BYNOL is a perfect form for the administration of Cod Liver Oil, in that the Oil, being in a state of infinitely fine subdivision, is readily assimilated, and the tendency to sickness, sometimes caused by the Oil in its natural condition, is overcome. No better means can be adopted for taking Cod-liver Oil and assuring its effectual and easy digestion.

BYNOL.
"THE PERFECTED"
A&H.
TRADE MARKS.
A.D.1715.
MALT & OIL.
ALLEN & HANBURYS.
PLOUGH COURT LOMBARD St LONDON

Put up in Jars, 2s. and 3s. 6d. each.

BYNIN
LIQUID MALT

Forms a valuable adjunct to ALLEN & HANBURY'S "Perfected" Cod Liver Oil. It is free from the inconvenient treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract whilst possessing its nutritive and peptic properties in Perfection.

Sold only in Bottles, 1s. 9d. each.

These preparations can be had through any Chemist or direct from the Manufacturers,
ALLEN & HANBURYS,
PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD ST., LONDON.

WHOOPING COUGH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED AND QUICKLY CURED.

PAGE'S PATENT VAPORISER
AND
CRESOLENE.

Children, by simply breathing the vapour of Cresolene, obtain in a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. It is a perfectly safe remedy, and will not harm the youngest child. CRESOLENE is most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c. CRESOLENE is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant at present known.

Vaporiser, with Lamp Complete, and 2-oz. bottle of Cresolene, 7/6. Post Free, in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cresolene can be had separately in bottles at 1/4 and 2/6.

☞ Ask your Chemist for a Descriptive Circular.

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DRESS-MAKING in all its Branches.

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SUCCESSORS
LADIES
WRITE FOR PATTERNS
OF ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES
IN DRESS MATERIALS
AT MILL PRICES
SPINNERS & MANUFACTURERS
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London Sale Room, 244, Regent St.,
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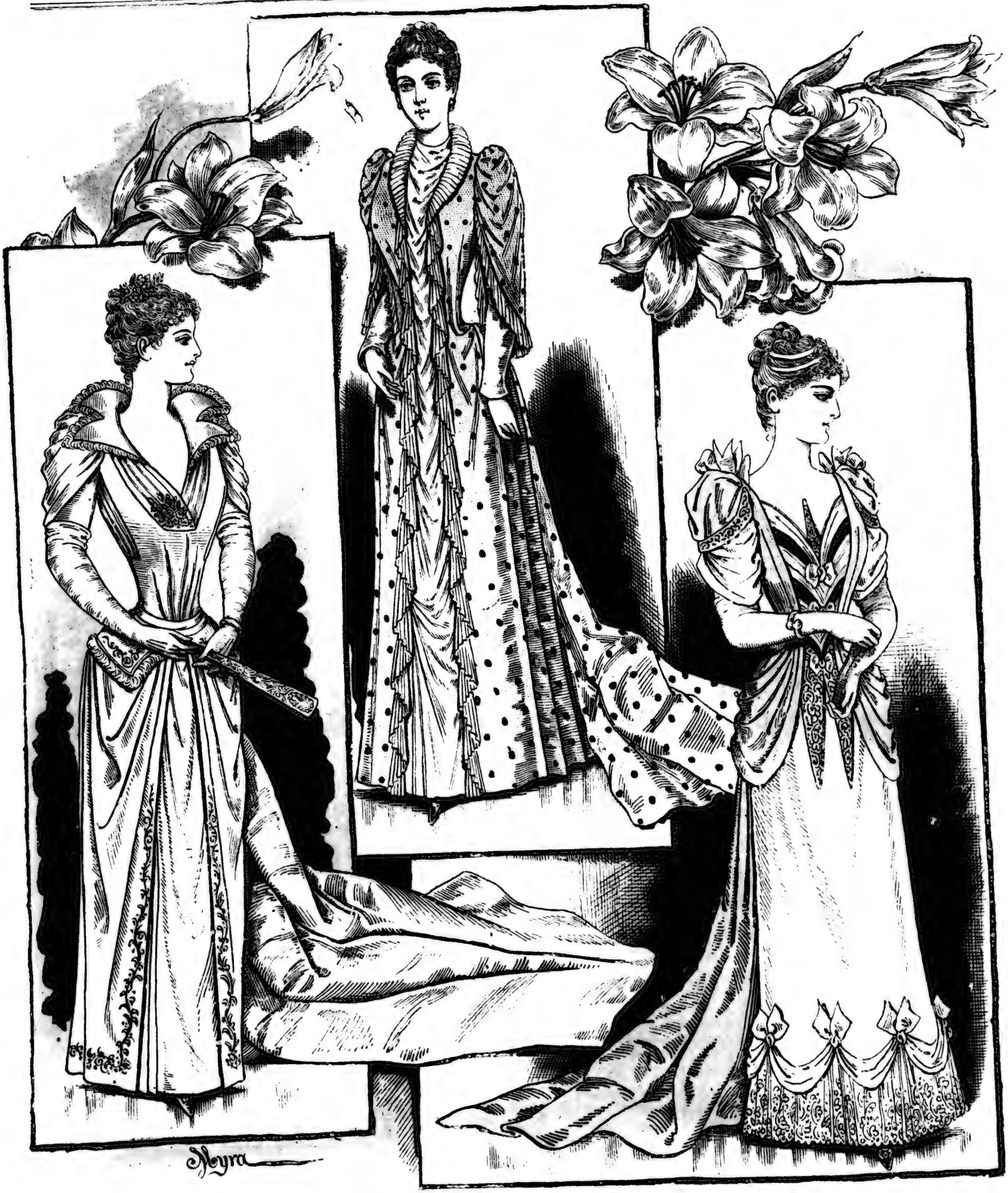
BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes, and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.



No. 18. Fashionable Dinner Toilettes.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc.

PROLOGUE.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—HEMANS.

READER, if we have ever journeyed in company before, it was probably on an occasion when the old cathedral town of Milborough formed part of the imaginative route; and I want now for one brief moment to take you there again, and show you what it looked like on a dull November afternoon some five-and-thirty years ago, when the sky was a prevailing mass of darkest grey, and the untiring rain maintained the same continuous drip, drip, drip, upon the soaking earth, which it had maintained for nearly a week before. To those who have at any period enjoyed the privilege of a residence, lengthened or otherwise, in the city of Milborough, it will not be difficult to convey the idea that under the circumstances described the cheerfulness of its general aspect was not increased. For even in the bright summer weather, when everything looks at its best, and Nature, refusing to be cowed by the contiguity of ecclesiastical influence, or to be put down by canonical frowns, dons her gayest apparel, and laughs aloud in the very teeth of saints' days, and fasts, and extra services—even then in the happiest portion of the year Milborough is not the loved resort of the young and the gay. It is a thoroughly respectable and properly behaved city there is no doubt, as how should it not be, when its citizens cannot leave their houses, where mirth and revelry are so seldom heard, without encountering half-a-dozen at least of their spiritual pastors and masters in the course of a single walk; nor turn a corner hastily without running the risk of being precipitated into the arms of some comfortable canon, "with good capon lined," returning leisurely from his easy work at the cathedral to his easier table; or some attenuated vicar-choral, who had sung himself to a thread-paper on fifty pounds a year?

But beyond these excitements the gaities of Milborough are few, and such as it charily indulges in, under the patronage of the Right Reverend the Dean and his reverend brothers, are carried out in awful solemnity beneath the frowning shadow of its cathedral.

Even the fact of its being a military dépôt, and the actual daily presence in its streets of scores of the red-coated "ribald" soldiery, are impotent to dissipate the dim religious light which hangs about it. The gay uniforms only serve, like butterflies upon a tomb, to make the surroundings appear more gloomy, for the shadow of the great cathedral is capable of stretching itself over any number of regiments, and infusing a dash of neutral tint into the brightest cloth that ever left the loom.

What would be thought by the second Charles (for whose especial use one of the buildings, now used as a barrack, was erected) if he could re-visit Milborough at the present moment, and see the rooms he built for temples of mirth and feasting, and dedicated, I have little doubt, to Venus, filled with rude chairs, and tables, and pallet-beds, and turned into sleeping apartments for the servants of Her Majesty?

I warrant Milborough was a different place to what it is now, when his kingly pleasure peopled the famous old town with slashing cavaliers, full of wine and bragging talk, and quick to draw their swords on small occasions, and bringing in their train the frail but lovely women of his court. What would he think, could he see the very house in which he placed his fair Nell Gwynne, now used as common property, and given away with a common appointment, and the garden he had planted for her use alone, usurped, partly as a barrack-ground, and partly as the site of a hospital. And yet it is true, that where that love-making monarch walked and talked, and whispered soft speeches into Nelly's ear, nothing more sentimental is now heard than the groans of men in pain, or the tramp of many feet at drill. If Milborough has ever been the scene of dissipation and of lawless gaiety (which is hard to believe), it has surely sat in sackcloth and ashes for it since, as poor Mistress Gwynne is said to have humbly done before she died. And at no time did it look more penitential, nor weep more copiously over the remembrances of the past, than it was doing on that particular afternoon in November when my story opens. The town itself was wrapt in a dense fog, through which the gas lamps (for it was as late as five o'clock) showed feebly from the heights, whilst the vast parade-ground, usually so beautifully kept, and level as a floor, was one broad sheet of water, and fast resolving into unevenness, beneath the continued drenching it had received. As the hours crept on, and were severally numbered, the bugler for the day would hurriedly issue from the open portals of the barracks, blow a few mournful notes upon his instrument, and dart in again, glad to escape fron the pouring shower which, falling from the lofty eaves upon the gravelled ground with violence, would splash him quite sufficiently to be unpleasant, even in that short space of time; whilst the unfortunate sentries remained cramped in their boxes trying to think, or not to think, or anything to while away the moments, until the hour came for them to be relieved. Inside the barracks, which is the quondam palace alluded to, and at present dedicated to the use of the men of a line regiment (a few married officers having quarters allotted them at one end of it), the British soldier, to judge from the varied sounds which issued therefrom, was acting on the principle rendered famous by Mark Tapley, and making himself jolly under disadvantageous circumstances. The huge building seemed filled with noises and rioting, and its whitewashed walls resounded with coarse merriment. Here might be heard the notes of a tin whistle, upon which the proprietor would have been playing "Auld Lang Syne" with admirable effect, if it had not been somewhat marred by the accordion in the same apartment persisting in giving the listening public the benefit of "Rory O'More."

In one dormitory a set of men were practising glees and catches, destined to be sung at their next amateur concert, whilst their comrades on the other side of the wall were rehearsing, for private approval, some comic songs, with particularly comic points in them, always received with the same hoarse roars of laughter, and stamping of heavy feet, and particularly loud choruses, which, as they were at intervals repeated, and universally joined in, seemed, for the time being, to drown all other sounds whatever.

But though the exceptions were rare, every one was not alike noisy. Soldiers have hearts like other men, and they share the lot of other men. They love and leave and lose occasionally, and occasionally also they have a soft spot left wherein to keep the memory of such things; for the military profession and a careless roving life do not necessarily render us dead to every human feeling. Consequently in a body of several hundred men, some few are generally found who prefer quiet and their own thoughts to mixing in the gaiety of their companions. Such were in Milborough Barracks that afternoon, and to such the loud light-hearted mirth around them sounded sadder than a Gregorian chant in Lent. But on no ear did it grate so harshly—not even on that of the sergeant who had buried his wife the week before, and was at his wits' end to know what to do with all the little children she had left him, nor on the poor lad who had taken the shilling in a fit of desperation because his girl had jilted him, and now sat apart, sadly wondering if she ever thought of or regretted the mischief she had done; to neither of these did it sound so mournful, or so out of place, as it did to Althea Wardlaw, as she half opened the door of her uncomfortable room, and peered with her pale face into the dusky passage, and held her breadth to listen for a footstep which did not come. Up and down the broad stone staircase, feet were passing incessantly, but none approached the landing upon which she stood. She could hear the loud voices of the soldiers in the corridors beneath, and the incessant dripping of the rain outside; but what she waited for, the return of her husband with the doctor to see her sick child, she waited for in vain. She shuddered as the sound of the laughter reached her from below; and when an oath or two more vehement than the rest fell upon her ears, she shrank backward, and re-entering her apartment, closed the door behind her. The room in which she now stood would have appeared uncomfortable enough to anyone not used to barrack-life, for it was barely furnished (as people liable to be ordered off at a moment's notice are wont to furnish their rooms); and although a good fire was burning in the grate, the whitewashed walls looked cold and cheerless. But whatever its aspect, Althea Wardlaw had grown used to it; and if she had not, she would scarcely have stayed to notice its discomforts now, as she hurried into the bedroom beyond. There, before the fire, sat a nurse, and in her arms lay a sickly infant of some ten or twelve months old, breathing apparently with the greatest difficulty. Mrs. Wardlaw bent over the little figure, with the deepest anxiety depicted in her countenance.

"Nurse, does he seem any better?"

Under the candlelight, standing beside her child, for the first time we can see what she is like: a slender graceful figure, fair soft hair, and a quiet pale face—these make up the personal description of Althea Wardlaw; but there was something beyond personality, only too evidently marked in her features, either care, or sickness, or temper; it would have been difficult for a stranger to decide which. Nothing but love in suspense appeared there now, as she waited for an answer to her question.

"I don't think he does, ma'am," was the nurse's quiet reply, as she raised the infant into a more comfortable position. The mother's features worked with pain, and she clasped her hands together tightly, as she exclaimed,

"Oh! what *shall* I do? what *shall* I do?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied the other, with that stolid indifference to the sight of grief which some of her class often seem to show. "It appears to me, if that doctor don't come soon, there won't be nothing to be done for him. His breath's ever so much worse the last hour, and he seems to me to look just like my sister's baby when it was going—just like it, he do, for all the world. I don't think you'll keep him, ma'am, and that's the truth."

So she maundered on, nothing heeding the look of agony which stole over her mistress's face as she listened to what she considered words to be depended on.

"Oh! not really, nurse; not *really?*" And then, reading no denial of her previous statement in the woman's eye, she fell on her knees beside the child, and kissed the little face and hands frantically.

"Oh! my baby; oh! my love, it cannot, cannot be. Oh, God, help me!" And then starting up again as if she was wild—

"Nurse, what *can* I do? Will Dr. Everest never come?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, ma'am; master said as he would fetch him—he may, or he may not, there's no saying. I wouldn't put myself out so if I was

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you; it can't do no manner of good, neither to you nor the dear child."

And then the servant uncovered part of the infant's face and looked at it, and murmured, "Bless the dear heart on him," as if he was in a comfortable sleep, and all was right and well.

But Althea Wardlaw had brought him into the world.

Married but a short time, in point of years, she had already come to the knowledge that this little child was her sole possession, and, robbed of him, she should have nothing left to live for. Therefore her servant's cool way of speaking, as if his death could be as any other death, drove her nearly desperate. With a sudden resolution, she exclaimed:

"I will get some one else to take a message to the doctor; Captain Wardlaw must have forgotten to do so." And rushed into her sitting-room as she spoke, and hastily penned a note; but all the time she wrote, her knees were knocking together, and her trembling lips were repeating,

"Oh! my little love, my baby, my everything, I cannot—I will not give you up. I should die, I should kill myself." But even as she said it her heart turned sick, as she felt how impotent were her miserable threats against the will of an Almighty power.

Her note written, she threw a shawl around her, and went out again upon the landing. As she bent over the balustrades, watching for some one to whom she could speak, and listening to the tumult still going on below, how forcibly she was struck with the contrast between the mirth outside and the sadness within; between the rude health and boisterous conversation, and the quiet room with the little tender sick child, whose sickness seemed so sore!—so forcibly, indeed, that her hot tears dropped fast and faster into the wide area beneath. Though, had she but known it, there were many hearts even there which would have beaten sympathetically with hers, had they guessed the cause of her trouble. But when she had waited several minutes, and in vain, she prepared to descend the staircase. It was an unusual thing for her to do, excepting when she left her quarters for a walk; and as she set her feet upon it, she felt shy and strange.

For Althea Wardlaw, although her lot had cast her in that place, was anything but at home there. She was a quiet, reserved woman, who had been brought up in the greatest seclusion in the country, and never left it until the unlucky day which had made her the wife of Robert Wardlaw; consequently such scenes were very new to her, and at times very disagreeable. But at the present moment her thoughts could dwell upon nothing but the danger of her child. She ran down the first two flights of stairs without encountering anyone; but as she set her foot upon the third, a door opened hastily upon the landing beneath her, and a gentleman, whose face she knew, issued thence, accompanied by several of his men. He was the officer of the day, and had just completed his rounds before going to mess; and as he caught sight of Mrs. Wardlaw, without her walking things on, he started forward and advanced to meet her.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Wardlaw, what do you want?"

He had guessed from her face that something was wrong, but even that fact could not dispel his feeling of annoyance at seeing her there, and at that time of the day. Englishmen, as a rule, are terribly jealous of their countrywomen, even though they be other men's wives, lowering themselves in the sight of the Great Unwashed. But Althea Wardlaw saw none of this, although even in her agitation she was blushing to find herself the central attraction to so many pairs of eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Home, could you send anyone for me with a note to the doctor?" holding it forth as she spoke. "Captain Wardlaw said he would send him at once, and he's never come, and my baby is so ill, and—and—" And here the necessity of speaking out the truth brought its misery so forcibly home to her heart, that the excited pleading voice broke down, and the request ended in a burst of passionate grief. A dozen soldiers were at once at her command. High or low, there are few men who can quietly stand the sight of a woman's tears, and "Let me take it, ma'am"—"I'll take it for you at once, ma'am"—"I'll be there and back in no time," were some out of the many offers of assistance which followed Mrs. Wardlaw's natural emotion. But Edward Home, who had seen Captain Wardlaw not ten minutes before lounging in the smoking room at the officers' quarters, without a thought of wife or child in his head, took the note from her hand, and delivering it over to one of the men, with an injunction to take it to the doctor at once and quickly, drew Mrs. Wardlaw's arm within his own, and prepared to lead her upstairs again to her apartments.

"Rest satisfied," he said gently, as he did so. "Everest will be here in less than no time."

But as he listened to the efforts she made to check her sobs, his heart throbbed with indignation against the selfish neglect which the husband evinced towards his patient, uncomplaining wife.

The doctor was not long in obeying the summons sent him, but his first words were unfavourable to the mother's hope.

"Why did you not send for me before, Mrs. Wardlaw? The child has changed considerably for the worse since I last saw him."

"I did! I did!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Captain Wardlaw promised he would send you two hours ago. Don't say it is too late," she added almost fiercely, as she seized the doctor by the arm, and stared with her hungry eyes into his face. "We never say that," he replied gently—too gently to convey much consolation, as he listened to the quick breathings of the suffering child. It was labouring under inflammation of the lungs, the cruellest affection that can attack a teething infant, and under which the constitutional delicacy of little John Wardlaw did not hold out much hope of his being able to battle successfully.

"But you *mean* it," she answered quickly: and then her voice rose until it amounted to a cry: "Dr. Everest, he must not die—I could not bear it; he is all I have, all that I care to have. I have had no comfort since his birth but knowing that he is mine."

Her excitement was rising so rapidly, that the doctor attempted to soothe her.

"Hush! hush!" he said; "you are forgetting yourself."

She knew that his accusation was true, but it nettled her.

"Forgetting myself?" she echoed; "I wish I could forget myself. God knows—all the world knows—that I am a wretched woman. If He takes my baby from me—my little baby who loves me, and whom I cling to as the hope of Heaven, knowing how little I have received from Him to make this world desirable to me, I will leave it. Dr. Everest, I will kill myself, and my blood will be on His hands, not on mine."

Dr. Everest looked at the woman, desperate with the fear of impending grief, in horror.

"Good heavens! this is impious," he said.

"Am I impious?" she asked sadly; "I don't think I am generally so; but I know He could prevent it if He chose, and the thought that He may not choose is driving me mad. Oh! Dr. Everest, say that He will—say that God will spare my baby to me. I will pray to Him night and day; I will live my whole life for Him. I will bear everything quietly—everything," she said, wearily, "if He will only leave this one little child to make a bright spot in the darkness of my life." And her hands dropped at her sides, and her whole figure seemed downcast, as if the vehemence of her grief and fear had exhausted her with itself.

The doctor was a good man, but unemotional. He had been used to see a good deal of this kind of thing in his time, but he never could understand it. He glanced at the poor infant, drawing each breath with greater difficulty than the last, and did not feel justified in telling the mother to hope for the best.

"Mrs. Wardlaw," he said, after a brief deliberation, "if the Power which you acknowledge to be Omnipotent has decreed the death of your child, we dare not dispute its wisdom, nor say that it would be better either for you or himself that he should live. The best consolation I can give you, is the remembrance that God is all-merciful as well as all-powerful."

She caught at the straw eagerly.

"All-merciful! Yes, I know it. Then He will surely have mercy upon me, and leave me my one hope; will He not, Dr. Everest?"

"At present it is impossible for me to tell you," was the answer, as the doctor rose to leave her; "but a few hours will decide. Till then, pray, Mrs. Wardlaw, as much as you choose, but do not pray without reserve: if you do, you may bring a curse instead of a blessing upon yourself, in the very answer to your prayer."

And then he gave the nurse the directions which were necessary to be carried out for the child's well-doing, and passed into the other room.

She followed him wearily, and wearily bade him good-night. All her vehemence seemed exhausted, and she was simply despondent. But when, on the doctor passing through her door, she caught sight of Edward Home lingering on the landing to hear news of the sick child, she beckoned to him to enter, eagerly, and some of the old excitement lighted up her eyes.

"He is *very ill*," she said, hoarsely, as his face met hers, inquiringly; "so ill, that the only advice they can give me is *to pray*. Oh! Mr. Home, ask somebody to pray for him; pray for him yourself, for my brain is turning, and I cannot think of the right words to say."

She clasped her hand upon his arm, and looked so imploringly into his face, that he could not avoid meeting her eyes.

"Will you pray for him," she repeated, earnestly, "yourself, to-night, before you go to bed?"

Her words hit him very hard, and on a sensitive point. Edward Home was only an ensign. Two years before he had been a schoolboy, too often forgetting his prayers through carelessness, but still not ashamed to pray. Now, no plea of want of memory could avail him. The thought of how he used to pray, from the first simple verse he had lisped at his mother's knee, of which an appeal for pity for his simplicity had formed the chief subject, to the last real prayer he had uttered when his father's death had for a short time melted his boyish heart, haunted him every night that he now lay down prayerless. The pity sought for his simplicity! What a bitter mockery the words seemed now, when he thought how much he would have given to have regained the simplicity he had lost! But the habit of prayer had left him, little by little, until his heart refused to supply words to his lips. For during the last two years he had spent too many of his nights in haunts where it would have seemed impiety to kneel, and he had been too conscious of a liking for such scenes and a wish for their recurrence. And therefore, it being easier in this world to stifle our consciences than to give up our pleasures, Edward Home had ceased to pray and tried to forget. But he had not entirely succeeded.

As Althea Wardlaw's earnest eyes were raised to his face, his went downward and sought the ground; but when she became pertinacious, he answered evasively—

"My prayers would be of little use, I am afraid, Mrs. Wardlaw."

"Oh! try," she said, imploringly; "there is no one to pray for him but me. Help me, Mr. Home, for God's sake."

And then to satisfy her he promised that he would, and she left him to go back to her child.

Whether Edward Home did redeem his promise, and renew the habit for little John Wardlaw's sake that a life of early gaiety had broken, was known perhaps only to himself and Heaven; but it is certain that, that night of agonising suspense past, Dr. Everest once more gave hopes that the infant's life might be spared, and in a few days afterwards his mother, with grateful tears, received the assurance that he was convalescent. But all this time Captain Wardlaw had kept as much out of his own quarters as possible. A sick-room was not at all to that gentleman's taste.

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Six years after the event just related, Captain and Mrs. Wardlaw, still attached to the same regiment, were located in meagre lodgings in the very centre of a dirty Irish town. If Milborough Barracks in their noisy publicity had been intolerable to Althea Wardlaw in the days of her youth, when her shoulders were as yet fresh to the burden, what must her present life have seemed to her, spent amongst the dirt, the riot, and vulgarity of Ballydroogan?

But, although broken down and weakened both in body and spirit since that earlier time, she had learnt a great lesson of endurance from the passing years,—which in some measure dulled the effect of external annoyances.

She had had reason to learn it.

During all that weary period no greater ray of sunshine had pierced the darkness of her life than had possessed it then. She had had no cause to gainsay the truth that had been wrested from her in her agony, that she was a miserable woman and all the world knew it. "All the world," the little world of the 113th regiment, and the circle of her own friends, knew it still, although every year made her more anxious to conceal it from them.

She had lived up nobly to the promise which she had made, half to the doctor and half to Heaven, when her child lay dying—that she would pray to God night and day, live her whole life for Him, and bear everything quietly, so that He spared her little son to be a comfort to her.

But "everything" had proved a bitter portion to bear without resentment, although the sight of her child growing up beside her was sufficient at all times to check anything like a murmuring thought in the mother's breast, even though he was too often unwittingly turned into a rod wherewith to sting her.

Robert Wardlaw, without being an essentially bad man, was an essentially bad husband. He was selfish, self-indulgent, and indifferent. A woman may forgive or overlook the first two faults, but no earthly power will make her find excuses for the last.

It is to be presumed that he had cared for his wife when they first met, for he had had no inducement to marry her otherwise; but if so, his love had faded with its fruition, for he had thought little of her since; and what was far more unpardonable, he had too often thought of other women. Her stern, simple views on the obligations of a married life did not suit his inclinations or ideas, and he sought her company less and less. He preferred the officers' quarters to his own cheerless lodgings (the best to be procured upon a Captain's pay are necessarily second rate in their appearance)—the warm, large, and brilliantly-illuminated mess-room to the small, half-aired, half-lighted apartment which did duty as dining and drawing-room, and never quite lost the faint, sickly odour of over-roasted or under-roasted joints; the generous fare and lively conversation were more to his taste than tea and toast and the company of a wife and child whose tender spirits he had most effectually broken.

And, therefore, although being married he was no longer considered as a dining member, he was only too often at the mess-table as a guest. The general tenour of Captain Wardlaw's conversation was such as suited the taste of young men who were not particular what they talked about, for he loved to dilate on the scenes he had passed through during his lifetime, and the deeds he had done; to relate all the equivocal stories he had ever heard, and to hold forth largely on the several merits and co-equal delights of women, wine, and tobacco. Therefore, he was a welcome companion to most of the bachelors of his regiment, and there were few evenings on which he was not solicited by one or another of them to stay to mess as their guest and have a game of billiards with them afterwards.

Billiards led to smoking, and smoking led to drinking, and Captain Wardlaw too often returned to his own home in a state of intoxication.

But Althea Wardlaw had grown used to that sort of thing by this time, and was only thankful when he did not resent his own condition by visiting the effects of it upon her or her child.

For herself she cared nothing—for the child everything. He had been the sole cause since his birth that enabled her to lift her face to Heaven and say with a clear conscience that she was thankful for her life. He had been infinitely dear to her all along; but, as a boy he was dearer to her than as an infant; and latterly he had grown so precious that she trembled lest she should be punished for her idolatry.

For he was very frail, and she knew him to be so. Bred in tears, and nursed with a great sorrow corroding the breast he clung to, John Wardlaw had struggled into boyhood—but he had never blossomed. At the present time he was a delicate-looking child of seven years old, very tall for his age, and unnaturally thin, with earnest grey eyes, and a brow too large and full of thought for so young and unformed a body. A timid, shrinking child, cowed by his father's habitual harshness, who would run and hide himself in the cold sooner than enter the sitting-room except under compulsion when he heard the voice he so much dreaded, but who clung to his mother as his great protection, and at the same time the one creature whom he loved. From the moment he could distinguish her from other people, to the last day of his life, John Wardlaw's love for his mother, both as a reality and when it passed into a memory alone, was fitter called an adoration than any other name.

And that she returned it, as women can only return love to the children they have conferred life on, was known not only to her child, but to her husband, and the latter made a cruel use of his knowledge. In order to intimidate his wife, he would not only hold, but carry out threats of punishment to her boy—threats of keeping him without his food, which she knew the child's delicate constitution would so ill sustain; of setting him long and difficult tasks, far too abstruse to be mastered without injury to his already too-developed brain; worst of all, threats of personal chastisement, which he would fulfil by taking the boy away with him into another room for the infliction, whilst she would stand breathless, her face white as death, her hands clenched together, listening to the cries she could not still, picturing the blows she could not prevent, administered by ungovernable temper, descending on the fragile attenuated frame, until she felt as if she must burst open the door and set all the laws of God and man at defiance, sooner than stand inactive and submit to see such injustice done to her innocent, unoffending child.

The cowardly threat of "I'll make your precious boy wince for this," and, more dreaded still, the constant menace that any dereliction on her part should be followed by a total separation between them, made Althea Wardlaw bear, without a word of remonstrance, drunkenness, abuse, and infidelity, fearful lest even acknowledging that she knew of or noticed such things should bring about what would have been to her a harder misfortune than any one of them.

So she dragged on her existence, miserably and wearily; but it was not until—in the midst of very cold weather, and when she herself, much weakened by recent illness, was feeling quite unequal to the task of nursing—John sickened in those uncomfortable lodgings with the scarlet fever, that she felt as if her misery had culminated and her cup was full. Her first thought on hearing the news was a wild desire that it would please the Almighty to strike them both down with the same disease, and take them to Himself. Her doctor cautioned her above all things to keep the child warm, and free from the chance of taking cold; but her apartments were a network of draughts, and happy in the possession of doors and windows that refused to close. He ordered him nourishing food and plenty of it, but her purse was low, and the people of the house already clamorous for money due to them; so that as she listened to his directions and advice she felt something very like despair creeping over her heart.

She need not have despaired for the boy, for John Wardlaw, like many weakly children, had taken the disorder very lightly, and was passing through it favourably. But what art is there by which a mother's fears for her only child can be allayed? Althea Wardlaw's were boundless. Her thoughts flew back to that other period when his life hung in the balance, and she imagined that this illness was to prove a repetition of the first, and that she already saw death pictured forth in the flushed and altered face, and felt it in the grasp of the little, burning hand.

Both the bedrooms in the ill-built lodging-house which they occupied happened to be furnished with the tiniest of grates, and the most crazy of window-sashes; and on the third day, when the fever was at its height, the doctor advised her to move the child into the sitting-room, in which—it being the most protected apartment, the use of which they commanded—he would be less liable to take cold, and his illness to receive a check which might prove dangerous.

Accordingly, the little boy was laid upon his own mattress in the warmest corner of the drawing-room; the fire was stirred until it burnt up cheerily, and the mother sat down, somewhat reassured by the medical man's visit, to watch the changes in her child's face, and to try and charm away the remembrance of his feverish pain by quiet amusement. But it happened, unfortunately, to be one of the days on which Captain Wardlaw chose to honour his home by his presence. He had already grumbled considerably at the boy's falling ill, had sworn at the inconvenience of it, and laid all the blame on his wife for allowing him to go in the way of infection; but when he walked in that morning and saw the new arrangement of the sitting-room, he ordered the little invalid to be taken back to the bedroom at once. It was in vain that Althea Wardlaw represented the risk to him, as pointed out to her by the doctor; that she entreated that Johnny might be allowed at least to remain there until she had tried to make the bedroom more air-proof; that she begged at last for only an hour's grace, that the fire might be re-lighted in the other grate, and a little warmth diffused before the feverish child was moved from his present situation. It was all in vain—Captain Wardlaw had been spending a night of rioting and debauch, and was in no fit humour to be argued with. He cursed and swore at the whole house being upset "for the sake of an ailing brat," and at his wife for daring so to upset it, until scared and terrified herself, she was thankful to move the frightened child anywhere, never mind how hurtful to his body, so that his mind did not come in further contact with the foul example of his father's words. But the keen March wind was whistling through the shrunk window-sashes and down the narrow chimney, and the newly-lit fire refused to burn, and only sent forth volumes of smoke to irritate the child's inflamed throat and make him cough; and the unpressed bed was cold, and the blankets were thin, so that when her trembling arms had deposited their burden on its resting place, her spirits refused to bear up any longer under the array of discomfort, and she burst into a flood of tears. The little, hot hand sought hers instantly. "Mother, darling, don't cry—father will hear you." But even the proximity of "father," usually such a potent spell to lull all sounds which might attract him to their presence, was ineffectual on the present occasion to stay the tide of Althea Wardlaw's grief.

She had thoroughly and helplessly broken down at last. So her friend, Catherine Hurst, found her when she walked in, an hour afterwards, to inquire how the little patient was going on.

Catherine Hurst, "Sister Catherine," as she was called amongst her own people, being a Sister of Mercy, was a staunch Roman Catholic, and Althea Wardlaw was a rigid Protestant, and yet these two had formed a firm friendship, which outweighed any consideration of difference of creed. Indeed, both their religions were so eminently sincere—they both tended so directly to the same simple end, the pursuit of duty under whatever shape it presented itself to them, that they could not after all be termed different. Their mutual faith being, that none can lead us heavenwards unless the actions of our lives are regulated by one prevailing principle, right for the sake of right, it little signified what they believed or did not believe. So they felt themselves, and, therefore, laying aside all petty cavillings and useless argument, clasped hands in true fellowship together, and whilst they knew they were travelling to God by diverse paths, thanked Him that such companionship was permitted them by the way. To Althea Wardlaw the society of Sister Catherine had been of the greatest comfort.

She had no friends in the regiment now. She had never been much disposed to mix in company, and the few acquaintances she had made on her first going amongst them were dispersed by this time, either by marriage, or removal, or death.

The worst part of a military life is the constant change that goes on among its followers. It is unwise even to make a pleasant acquaintance, and dangerous to form a friendship—for the doing so is only another name for laying up a sorrow in store for oneself—separation in some shape or another is so sure to follow. Mrs. Wardlaw had proved the truth of this.

Edward Home, the young ensign who had felt so much for her the night that her child was supposed to be dying, had been a very kind friend to her and him for some time after that, and often a great comfort in her sorrow. But he had married some two years before a young lady with money, and retired from the army. He had not quite forgotten her—she sometimes heard from him even now, but his letters were filled with joyous descriptions of his wife and home—latterly with the beauties of his first-born; and although she rejoiced in his happiness, she felt they could no longer have the same sympathy with one another that they possessed before. He was very young still, and all his life was before him; he forgot, naturally, that the best of hers was over, and that Hope had forsaken her long ago. She liked to receive his letters, and could smile over their contents, but they brought no comfort for her, as his words were wont to do.

Dr. Everest had left the 113th also, and joined a corps on foreign service, and the regiment received new officers constantly, in the shape of beardless boys, who talked a great deal and understood very little, and did not care often to trouble the pale wife of Captain Wardlaw with a visit in her smoky little room; and there were few ladies with the regiment except herself. But Catherine Hurst was, without doubt, a gentlewoman. Bred, by the profession she had adopted, in the belief that where her services were most needed, it was her duty to remain, she had almost come to make her permanent residence in the dirty little Irish town which was at present garrisoned by the gallant 113th, and which never failed to present a fine scope for the exercise of mercy—in the shape of fevers to be nursed, squalid wretchedness to be alleviated, and drunkenness to be reclaimed. With such scenes, and in the exercise of such duties, Sister Catherine was thoroughly at home, and under the direction of her priest she was the relieving angel of the lower classes of both the Protestant and Roman Catholic population of Ballydroogan. And it was whilst in the mutual engagement of some charity that she and Althea Wardlaw had met one another and formed an acquaintanceship which had, for some time now, deserved a better name. As soon as Sister Catherine heard that John Wardlaw had taken the scarlet fever, she had hurried to the side of her friend, offering every assistance in her power, either in nursing the child, or directing the management of the household affairs.

"Command me in any way," she urged, "so that I may only be of use to you."

Hitherto Althea Wardlaw had dreaded her husband's opposition too much to allow her to accept the friendly offer, but on the morning in question she could have clung to a dog who had evinced the least sympathy with her trouble. As she rose from the half-recumbent position she had assumed, to answer her friend's words of surprise at finding her thus, she did not appear much altered from what she was when living in Milborough Barracks. A line or two more in her face, perhaps, a look of great patience on her quiet features, and, although she had only numbered thirty years, a white thread here and there in her brown hair, were all the changes outwardly visible that time and care had had the power to make. In person, perhaps, the same characteristics marked both women; for Catherine Hurst was also pale and quiet and patient looking, but here the resemblance ceased. The Sister of Mercy had a strong, unwavering spirit, that fought with the trouble that had fallen to her lot as with an enemy hand to hand; whilst the other, subject to the hard rule, hardly administered, of a fellow-creature, had almost forgotten how to fight at all. As her tear-stained features met the inquiring eye of Sister Catherine, she commenced a confused statement of what had occurred, which, in her endeavours not to blame her husband too much before his son, made the explanation almost unintelligible.

At least it would have been so, perhaps, to anyone less used to scenes of wretchedness than Sister Catherine, but it was her mission to take the misery of this life as an accepted thing, and without troubling the bearers of it with unnecessary questions, to do her best to alleviate and sympathise with it. Therefore she stopped the words which were flowing so unwillingly from Althea Wardlaw's lips in a cheerful tone and manner, which were sufficient in themselves to reanimate the courage in any breast, however forlorn.

"I understand all about it, Mrs. Wardlaw, without your telling me. This provoking fire won't burn, just because it is wanted to do so, and a blustering wind like the present one is sufficient to make any room feel chilly and uncomfortable. But really I think it would be difficult to find the house which would entirely keep out such a wind as we have had for the last few days. It is due north. If you can give me any old rags and a pair of scissors, I think I can manage to stop the rattling of these window-frames, and then the fire will burn clearer, perhaps, when the draughts are shut out. You have been sitting up all night; I can see that by your eyes. Well, it is very pardonable. under the circumstances, that you should feel tired and dismayed by little difficulties—very pardonable, but you must forgive me for saying also very foolish, particularly when I look at the child and see how favourably he is going on—the rash well out, skin not particularly hot, and throat, to judge from his voice, quite comfortable. Why, here you ought to be thanking Heaven for your mercies, instead of giving way under temporary annoyances."

The kindly voice, the firm, sensible advice, and above all, the tender, pitying smile, overcame the darkness reigning in that little room; and the mother rose up refreshed, as though she had taken a cordial, and already ashamed of her faintheartedness. Then, as she commenced to bestir herself, and try, under Sister Catherine's directions, to remedy the evils she could not do away with, she gradually lost the extreme consciousness of past injury and coming sorrow, which had seemed omnipresent and inevitable but a few minutes before. And as they worked together, the Sister had so many tales to tell of the cases of scarlet fever so much worse than Johnny's, that she had visited since yesterday in that very town; of children who lay dying in cottages without roofs, and on floors which possessed no beds, that Althea Wardlaw felt her woes diminish, and her benefits increase, every minute, until she was thoroughly ashamed that she had so feebly given way beneath the weight of the former.

"Oh! I wish you were not going," she exclaimed earnestly, when Sister Catherine at last ceased from her labour, and prepared to start upon some other errand of mercy. "You have done me so much good. I have felt like another creature since you came. I wish that you could stay a little longer. I have been very weak, and perhaps wicked, but I will try to bear up better—I will, indeed."

She said it in almost the fervent tones of a little child who promises amendment for the future.

The Sister's eyes were bent on her with a holy pity as she heard her speak. She had been trying to divert her mind from her sorrows, but she knew well enough how much she had to bear, and how well she bore it.

"I must go now," she answered, kindly, "but I will come again, Mrs. Wardlaw. I want to bring your little boy some jelly this evening (such nice jelly, Johnny, that I made myself); and if you would like it, I will share your watch to-night."

"Will you, really? exclaimed Mrs. Wardlaw, seizing her hand; "but it would be selfish of me to accept your offer. Perhaps it will be too great a tax upon you."

Sister Catherine smiled.

"I sit up three nights out of the week," she said, "sometimes oftener, and by bedsides which it would make you shudder to hear me tell of. No, dear friend, far from being a tax, it will be a pleasure to me to assist you. I shall slip into Johnny's bedroom at about ten o'clock, and will disturb no one. I suppose Captain Wardlaw will have no objection to my doing so?"

The wife coloured up and shook her head. She knew that there was little chance that night would see her husband located under his own roof; but all she said was, that she was sure Captain Wardlaw would be pleased that she should have the help of a friend under the circumstances.

But when the good Sister had taken her departure Althea Wardlaw became so unusually cheerful in the anticipation of a companion to share her nightly solitude, that little John, watching her with feverishly bright eyes from his bed, wondered what had happened to make his mother glad, and pondered upon the chance of his papa going away for an indefinite period and leaving them to their own devices, or even going away for ever and ever, and never coming back at all.

But this last contingency little John considered altogether too good to be true.

Mrs. Wardlaw's inward conviction that her husband was not likely to intrude himself upon her midnight vigil, or to interest himself sufficiently in her doings to know whether she held one or not, proved correct. He had been philandering away the whole afternoon by the side of his latest flame, Mrs. Leofric Temple, and had found the society of the pretty little widow fascinating enough to allure him to her tea-table, albeit tea held no honoured place in the catalogue of Captain Wardlaw's favourite beverages.

From the widow's tea-table to the officers' mess-room he had found the transition easy, of which transition it would be well to be able to relate that it ended in smoke. But Captain Wardlaw's dissipation usually commenced with smoke and ended with something much worse.

Mrs. Leofric Temple was not a woman to have proved dangerous to most men after she had once opened her mouth. She was very pretty and very young, two excellent things in woman! but though they are essential qualifications to provoking admiration, they are not, of themselves, all-powerful to chain it.

Soft, flaxen ringlets lying like spun glass over her shawl or mantle, languishing blue eyes which would open very wide on occasions, a tiny, insignificant nose, and rosebud mouth, made Mrs. Leofric Temple a very noticeable object at first sight, and the subject of a great deal of irreverent talking amongst the beardless ensigns of H.M. 113th, a species of notoriety which the simpering little widow by no means disliked. But when a man had run through the catalogue of her charms, had returned the glance of the blue eyes with one somewhat bolder, praised the trim little figure, and sworn that her lips were the freshest he had ever seen, he was surprised to find that he had come to the end of his tether, and there was nothing more to be said about her. She was incapable of conversing upon even ordinary subjects with any degree of spirit, and her mind seemed completely given up to solving the puzzle of how she could contrive to make herself and her boy smartest upon the very minute income which she enjoyed. For she had a son about a year younger than little John Wardlaw, who had inherited his mother's large blue eyes and flaxen hair, and of whom she was extravagantly vain.

She had been left a widow in that very town, a few years before, by a thriftless ensign, who, having first married without the means of supporting her, followed up his iniquity by dying when he ought to have lived, and leaving her without sufficient money to quit the place in which his regiment had been quartered. So she had stayed on in Ballydroogan not from choice, but necessity, and not without hope that amongst the many changes of regiments that took place there, some one might be found willing to step into the thriftless ensign's shoes, who might have rather more money in his purse to support his fancies.

But hitherto no one had come to woo except Captain Wardlaw, and he, although very delightful, was, as she sighed to herself, ineligible.

Perhaps as few other men would have found the charms of Mrs. Leofric Temple fatal to their peace of mind, so few other women would have easily succumbed to the wooing of Robert Wardlaw as he was at that period. His temperament had ever been thoroughly sensual, and he knew of no higher gratification than that to be derived from the senses. His mind was of that low order which regards Woman in the mass as a legitimate plaything for man, to be considered as a toy and nothing more. Therefore he looked upon her as we look upon any object of art. If her outside pleased him, he wished for nothing more. The fair dimpled face and peachy complexion of Mrs. Leofric Temple, combined with her other charms, came exactly up to his standard of what a woman should be like—therefore to him she was all that a woman need be.

It did not enter his head to consider that she never said anything worth listening to, and that it would have been difficult to make her comprehend anything out of the common way. He never noticed, or if he did notice, it gave him no pain to hear, that she was generally ungrammatical in her modes of expression, and that if she did not entirely cut its acquaintance, she often slurred over the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet. Toads and frogs came out of her mouth in this way for unbiassed listeners, but for Captain Wardlaw her rosy lips dropped nothing but pearls.

Of course, Mrs. Wardlaw knew Mrs. Temple; that is to say, she knew her after the fashion that wives know the women with whom their husbands are notoriously flirting, when they strive by ignoring the fact to make the world think that it does not exist. With this motive Althea Wardlaw bowed when she met Mrs. Temple, and even went the length of shaking hands with her when the little widow was unusually pertinacious; but good as she was, she disliked her none the less for the outward show of friendliness, which she kept up to save her husband's name from the scandal of Ballydroogan.

She knew well enough where his afternoons were frittered away, and at whose house he spent six days out of the seven, although she had too much self-pride left to speak to him on a subject where she knew she could do no good, But it was hard at times to keep silence, hard (even though her love for her husband had died long ago, and he had destroyed every morsel of esteem she had left for him since) to see little Leofric Temple with toys in his hands which he would exultingly exhibit to her own child, and boast of as the gifts of Captain Wardlaw, whilst his mother would stand simpering by, and lisp out that "Capthain Wardthlaw was theally *too* good to Leofwic;" and they both knew that to his own son the father never gave a single thing. It was hard, too, to see new trinkets dangling in the widow's ears, or on her throat, and to hear her, while she ostentatiously exhibited them, volunteer the information that they had been given her that morning "by a friend," and to know that her own child wanted shoes, and that she found it infinitely hard herself to maintain the appearance of a gentlewoman. Such trials, perhaps, struck more home to the heart of Althea Wardlaw, being a woman, than any others she had experienced during her married life, and she often wept over them long and bitterly when she knew herself to be unobserved; but hitherto she had never hinted at their existence to a soul.

As the night approached, little John Wardlaw became slightly delirious, and wandered in his speech. It is not an uncommon thing for patients to do, even in the mildest cases, when scarlet fever attains its height; but Mrs. Wardlaw was inexperienced in the features of the disease, and her alarm was consequently great. She sat by the fireside all the evening sadly brooding over her own troubles, or listened with a frightened heart to the disjointed sentences that fell from the little child's lips, until, when ten o'clock arrived, and Sister Catherine gently opened the door of the bedroom, she looked more ill than the boy himself, and certainly more in need of rest. But all her friend's entreaties that she would lie down and permit her to keep watch over the patient were of no avail, and there was a hurried, nervous manner about the mother that night, and a restlessness in her eye, which warned Catherine Hurst that even if her request were complied with, the forced inaction would be productive of more harm than good. So she quietly settled herself by the fireside, and directed her attention to the task of soothing the troubled woman before her instead. The boy was dozing by this time, and did not require any attendance; and as she placed herself upon a chair, her knees came in contact with the figure of Althea Wardlaw, who occupied a low ottoman on the hearthrug. The Sister's gentle hands soon wandered about the other's neck, and strove to draw the weary head down on her lap. But the soft touch seemed to pain Althea Wardlaw. She drew herself hastily, almost forcibly, away, and hiding her face in her hands, let the hot tears which welled again into her eyes drop thence, through her trembling fingers, on her dress.

"Oh! don't do that," she moaned piteously, "I cannot bear it. It reminds me of my dear mother's touch in the far-off days before I married. She used to draw my head down on her knee just so, and stroke my hair. Oh! mother, mother!"

The smile which played about the Sister's mouth was too tender and too sad to be called such. How often had she heard that passionate plaint for the lost love of a mother fall from hearts that had sickened and wearied of contact with the world! But she knew that for such wounds confidence came as a salve and a relief.

"I was not aware that you had a mother living, Mrs. Wardlaw. Tell me all about her, will you?"

These quiet night-hours are just the moments when we can afford to rest awhile from our labours, and give a backward glance into the happy past.

"Though past, it is something ever to *have been* happy, and the remembrance may strengthen us for bearing present trouble. Do tell me all about your former home."

She was only too glad to tell it. As she proceeded, although the tears were still resting on her cheeks, her face flushed, and her eyes, usually so quiet and pensive in their expression, shone with brilliancy at the unwonted excitement. She told of her father's pretty rectory in the north of England, of the surrounding country, and their numerous friends; of the happy life she had led there as an only child, until she married. She never spoke of her mother as her friend had requested her—the subject seemed too painful a one to trust herself to dwell on; only once, when mentioning her father's death, which had taken place some years before, she said that her mother lived in the same house still, as they had rented it upon a long lease.

"We made it so pretty whilst we lived there," she added, "the grounds were so beautifully laid out and kept, and my mother has the same old gardener still. Ah! I wonder if I shall ever see it again." And her eyes became dreamy and meditative, as she gazed into the fire and seemed to see more there than other people would have done.

"Does your mother live alone?" asked Sister Catherine, after a pause. Mrs. Wardlaw started.

"Alone? no! that is to say, she has a companion, a very nice young person, to live with her. My mother is not rich, but she is quite independent, and most of her money will come to Johnny at her death."

"Perhaps," interposed the Sister, who had been taught by bitter experience not to make too sure of this world's good.

"For *certain*," replied the mother, eagerly, misinterpreting her meaning: "it was settled on me at my marriage, and to revert to my child in case of my death; and I consider my mother's life as good as my own. She only has the interest while she lives; the principal must come to my boy eventually."

"If he lives," said Catherine Hurst, quietly.

She had not meant to be unkind; she knew the child was out of present danger, and she was only exercising her office of monitor. But the words were ill-placed; and as Althea Wardlaw turned her face towards her, she was startled to see the change which had come over it at the mere suggestion. Her eyes seemed suddenly to have dilated with horror, her features to have set themselves, and her lips were grey and trembling. In the whole course of her experience the Sister had never seen so much anxious fear depicted on a mother's face before. She never forgot it. Years afterwards she was used to tell the story of that night, and to shudder afresh when she recalled the look which Althea Wardlaw turned upon her when those words dropped from her lips.

"You don't think there is any chance of his dying?" she said, presently; but her voice had changed with her features, and sounded harsh.

"Not now," replied her friend; "but life, at the best, is uncertain with all of us."

She had been so startled, that at the moment she could think of nothing less commonplace to say.

"But not with *him*," exclaimed the mother, earnestly; "not with him, Catherine! You don't know how I have prayed that he may live to be a man. Once, when he was a little baby, he was very nearly taken from me, and ever since that dreadful time I have never forgotten, night or morning, to pray that he may be spared to grow up—so much so, that I have almost ceased to regard the alternative as a possibility. Heaven cannot be deaf to such entreaty."

"No; but your child may live to wish that you had never so prayed—that you had let him go in his innocence. In that case your prayer will still have been answered; but how?"

Althea Wardlaw did not at once reply. Her hands were clasping her knees; her eyes, which had resumed their normal patience, fixed upon the embers before her; and whilst she gazed, her thoughts were wandering back to that awful time at Milborough, and the words that Dr. Everest had used towards her then—the same in actual meaning, indeed, that had been spoken now. "Were they right? were they both right, and she altogether wrong? And could she be frustrating Heaven's goodness by her unreserved petitions?" As the thought struck her she shivered.

"You do not think me unkind?" asked Sister Catherine, gently.

"I have so little in this world," she said, in a low tone, and scarcely noticing the question put to her, "so little that I really care for, so much that weighs me down. Oh, Catherine! if you only knew——"

And thereupon the grief which followed led to a confidential explanation from the wife, brokenly given, and intermixed with many blushes of shame, as she divulged the secret her heart had hitherto so securely kept, and told how unhappy she was made by Mrs. Leofric Temple's flirtation with her husband; and how such things, occurring again and again, had eaten into her life and drained it of all pleasures except such as was centred in the love of her little son. Catherine Hurst, in common with all Ballydroogan, knew the story well, but it was a case in which sympathy was best expressed by silence.

"I think I could bear it better," said poor Althea at last, "if I was not obliged to know her, but she is so careful that I shall have no opportunity of dropping her acquaintance. She never passes me in the street without speaking to me, and her remarks generally tend to some comparison between her boy and mine, always to the disadvantage of the latter, you may be sure. She will bring Leofric's hair, and weight, and complexion into notice every time we meet, just because she knows that my poor little one is thin, and sallow, and weakly. And she will boast of Captain Wardlaw's interest in her child, and his generosity towards it, and I am compelled to stand by and listen to it all, and smile upon her in return. Oh! Catherine! I cannot, cannot bear it!"

"Hush, dear Althea, you have borne it nobly until now. Don't let it be said that you lay down your arms before the fight was over."

They had never called each other by their Christian names until that night; but an unbosomed grief between two friends removes all barriers to close intimacy.

"But I am growing weary," rejoined the other, "and before long they will drop from my hands. That boy," she added, pointing to the bed on which little John still lay sleeping, though restlessly, "and my dear mother (whom I shall never see again) are all I have to look to in this world—and you condemn my praying that he may live to be a man, and that I may not be left to struggle quite alone. But I *must* pray," she said, never heeding the assurance which her friend tried to give her, that she had exaggerated the meaning of her words, "and I *will* pray that my only child may be spared to me, and if it is sin, I must be judged for it."

"Not sin, dear Althea, but——"

"I prayed for it last night," she continued, hurriedly. "I shall pray for it when I kneel with to-morrow's dawn; I have done so ever since he was born, I shall do so till he dies, and then," she added in a low voice, "I shall pray that I may die also."

The possibility of her dying first and leaving the child to battle with the world alone never seemed to strike her; and perceiving the excitement she laboured under, her friend forbore to agitate her further by suggesting the idea; and when the morning broke, that morning on which the mother anticipated kneeling once more in entreaty for her child's life, she was glad that she had done so. For Althea Wardlaw's last prayer had been already prayed. By the time the grey dawn had risen over the still slumbering garrison of Ballydroogan, and Captain Wardlaw was staggering homewards, and the crisis of his son's illness was passed, the wild, fearful look had all faded out of the wife's and mother's eyes, and they were heavy and drooping instead, and her hands were hot and burning.

She had caught the scarlet fever from her child, and her constitution, physically so wearied, mentally so unstrung, was unable to cope with the fierce ravages of the disease. Before the evening of the same day she was delirious, and Sister Catherine sat down beside her bed not to leave it while she lay there.

But she did not lie there long.

There is no need to linger over this part of my story. It is but the prologue to the drama of John Wardlaw's life.

He lived—his mother's prayer was answered—

and she died. It was scarcely a fortnight from the day that she was taken ill that she was carried out of those uncomfortable lodgings to be buried in Ballydroogan churchyard.

As may be supposed, Robert Wardlaw did not feel his wife's death very long. The little he did feel, Mrs. Leofric Temple soon caused him to forget, and in less than a twelvemonth after the event he married the pretty little widow, and brought her and her son home to supply the place of mother and brother to his unprotected, unloved child. From that moment fifteen years will have passed over their heads before we meet them all again.

CHAPTER I.

Sutton Valence, co. Kent.

> His years are young, but his experience old ;
> His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe
> And in a word (for far behind his worth
> Come all the praises that I now bestow),
> He is complete, in future and in mind,
> With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
>
> Shakspeare.

SUTTON VALENCE, in the county of Kent; a rare old place to be in, at any time.

In the spring, primrose-tufted and violet-laden, the air is made heavy with the breath of a thousand blossoming orchards, as if nature were about to wed the universe, and the bridal hour had come. In the autumn, heavier still with the scent of hop-gardens in full perfection; of fruit rotting on the ground; of flowers wild and cultivated, which have outborne themselves and lie, a tangled mass, beneath the feet, which cannot fail to crush them as they pass, and cause them to exhale their many odours to add to the already incense-laden atmosphere. Take it when you will, in earliest springtide, fullest summer, deepest winter, Sutton Valence is always as it should be, exhilarating, cheering, or bracing—its climate and situation defy you to catch it at a disadvantage.

Distant not more than a few miles from Maidstone, it lies in a deep valley, surrounded by the purest country, and the nearest approach to its civilisation is the macadamised turnpike road which leads to it. And yet the little place is not devoid of historical interest, and that of the highest order. On the hill which rises beyond the village are the remains of an ancient castle, the true story of which is not known—although its existence is pretty well accredited to Sir Aymer de Valence, one of the Earls of Pembroke in the reign of the second Edward. History will tell you, however, that the name of its founder and builder is an uncertainty, and the date of its erection doubtful, although the aforesaid Earl of Pembroke is known to have held the manor for many years, and the fragment of keep-wall that still exists dates from the thirteenth century. But in some instances tradition is better than history, and more correct.

The older inhabitants of Sutton Valence would tell, not so very long ago, how their grandfathers had believed, and made them believe in their turn, the famous story which has been handed down, of the cruelty of the great lord, Sir Aymer de Valence, who kept someone a prisoner in that very castle until he was starved to death, and how, when a woman, whose tender heart could make her brave, was discovered attempting, by means of a subterranean passage to the castle (which still exists), to convey him food, she was seized by the orders of the haughty Earl, and imprisoned likewise in one of the lowest dungeons, and nothing more was ever heard of her. This last episode is doubtless the romance which every historical fact has attached to it in time, but the first part of the story sets one thinking. You doubtless remember the account of the murder of Gaveston in 1313, in which this very Sir Aymer de Valence is mentioned by more than one historian as having been actively concerned. He it was who, according to Hume, besieged the castle of Scarborough, where Edward thought he had left his favourite in safety, and compelled Gaveston to surrender himself into his power; when, following the statement of the same able historian, he conducted him to the castle of Dedington, near Banbury, from which stronghold he was wrested by Guy, Earl of Warwick, who was acting in concert with Sir Aymer. From there they conducted the unfortunate Gaveston to Warwick Castle, where shortly afterwards they ordered his head to be struck off, to the great indignation of his royal master. But altogether Piers Gaveston was in the hands of Sir Aymer de Valence for two months. History does not furnish us with the details of that time. What more likely than that Sir Aymer, with a great opposition against him, and fearing the recapture of his prisoner, should have kept him for some part of it at his castle of Sutton Valence? Whether he did so or not, the villagers still show strangers the remains of the room where he is said to have confined him (for the name of Gaveston even is not unknown to them), and it appears improbable that on the very spot where it occurred such a tradition should have been handed down without any better foundation than the love of garrulity in simple villagers, who have probably never read or heard of the History of England.

They have another favourite tradition in that place, which no one takes the trouble to gainsay:—that where in the valley the corn-fields now wave, and the green hops exhibit their trailing graces, there was once a sound of hoarse waves and a sight of foaming billows, and that the sea actually ran over the very spot which is now so cultivated. But the ocean cannot have covered this district within historical period, although an anchor was found embedded in the soil close under the walls of Sutton Valence Castle almost within living memory. And even at this distance of time it is difficult to believe that it could have been so; that salt waves have ever lashed those banks, now wrapped in green mosses and creeping ivy, and dotted with the blue periwinkle, or that it covered those high old-fashioned country paths which are so elevated from the road, and so greatly the delight of little village urchins as they run from the opposite side to try if the force of velocity will carry them to the top, and the force of their lusty legs deter them from slipping to the bottom again.

The village itself is commonplace enough, for the charms of Sutton Valence do not lie in bricks and mortar. The few houses it can boast of are built in an old-fashioned, unpretentious style, and perhaps its only noticeable object is the ancient grey church, with its tiled roof, lying in the midst of a large churchyard, shaded by rows of lime trees, and more impressive in its quiet solemnity than many a new and flower-bedecked cemetery.

Such it was when I knew it twenty years ago; such it probably remains until this day. Amongst its residents, and occupying the same house which boasts of the subterranean passage to the castle, now choked with rubbish, we find the Wardlaws, fifteen years after Mrs. Leofric Temple had consented to lay aside her name for theirs. Those years, you will believe, could scarcely have passed by without bringing great changes to all concerned in this story.

Captain Wardlaw, not long after his second marriage, had retired from the army. His favourite vice could not go on much longer without being observed; had scarcely been tolerated for such a length of time except for the forbearance of his senior officers. But the day arrived when he was advised for his own sake to sell out: had he refused to do so, a court-martial would probably have been the alternative; and this he was not quite so much lost to shame as to wish to run the risk of. So he retired with a clear name whilst he could, and this step was rendered the easier on account of the death of his son's maternal grandmother, by which means the child became the possessor of some few thousand pounds, the interest of which was to be expended for his benefit until he came of age, but which went rather to support the entire family, which was now increased by the addition of a daughter, born about a year after her father's marriage.

Captain Wardlaw had not chosen Sutton Valence on account of its quiet or its natural beauties. He certainly did not like the first qualification, and it is doubtful if he ever even observed the latter. He had fixed upon it simply because he happened to be quartered at Maidstone when he was advised to quit the army, and his funds did not permit of his moving his family very far. So they had migrated thither, and lived for many succeeding years upon his own scanty allowance and the three hundred pounds, which was all the income yielded by the money which came to John Wardlaw through his grandmother. But the child was no longer a child; he had now reached his twenty-third year, and the money was his own. Still he continued to live on at home, and permit it to be expended for the benefit of the family. They could scarcely have existed otherwise, for Captain Wardlaw had contracted an incurable deafness with his years, and was rendered quite incapable of holding any appointment, even if he had been disposed to exert himself for the good of his children. But he was the same selfish, inconsiderate man that he had been when young; for our vices seldom leave us of their own accord, and his was not a nature to do battle with itself. He was content to live on his son's money, smoking and eating and drinking his life away, and as yet John had suggested no change, although he had often thought of one.

Time had effected a much greater alteration in Mrs. Wardlaw than it had done in her husband. Silly as she was, she had not been married long before she discovered the mistake she had made in imagining that the protection of a man like Robert Wardlaw was a better lot than that of an unprotected widow. And then, when her beauty had a little faded, and she found that he was tired of her, and cared for her and her daughter little better than he had done for Althea Wardlaw and her son, she took refuge in tears, and found her consolation in bewailing her unhappy lot to any one who would listen to her. And whilst in this condition she fell into the hands of some methodistical friends, and since that era she had flown to religion for comfort; not the religion which had supported her predecessor under trials as great, if not greater, than her own, but a spurious imitation of what it would be well if we all possessed—a religion which made her very particular about going to chapel, and intensely cross when she had performed that duty; which caused her to be very virulent against any doctrine which was not the counterpart of the one she held; and often very uncharitable towards people much better deserving the name of Christian than herself; such a religion as we must all have met with at times, which has its emblems in much whining and upturned eyes; which sets its minister in the place of God, its church in the place of heaven, and excommunicates with most unchristian-like curses all those who do not choose to think, act, and speak exactly in accordance with its preconceived notions of what is right. Such a religion was Mrs. Wardlaw's, and to judge from her chronic state of tearfulness, it gave her very little comfort.

She had not been an unkind stepmother to John Wardlaw, she had simply been indifferent; but she was just as indifferent to the claims of her own daughter, so our hero had little to complain of. Her whole heart and soul—at least as much of it as she spared for earthly matters—were concentrated upon her own son, Leofric Temple. For him she lived and moved and breathed; she spared no pains to please him; she would hear no ill spoken against him; and, if the truth were recorded, he was far more her religion than the weak, watery faith to which she pretended to cling.

Her vanity and admiration of him as a boy had been unbounded, and as a man his beauty had fully redeemed the promise of his childhood. Fair, large-eyed, and flaxen-haired as the baby had been, so the man was fair, large-eyed, and flaxen-haired, and far more interesting, in appearance at least, than any baby can be. For Leofric Temple's languishing blue eyes and golden-tinted moustaches were acknowledged on most sides to be dangerous acquisitions, to others if not to himself.

He was in the army, in a cavalry regiment, quartered at the time we see him again at Maidstone; and his cavalry uniform became him not ill. This was a sore point with John Wardlaw, whose earliest ambition had been to follow his father's profession. But when he had first mooted the question he had been answered roughly—told to put all such nonsensical ideas out of his head, and asked who he imagined was to pay for a commission for him, and to support him after he had joined his regiment. John might have suggested that his own money was equivalent to meet such demands, but he was a minor at the time; and if he had not been, he was too generous and delicate-minded to like to appear as if he considered his father's interests could be divided from his own.

(To be continued).

"A BAD NAME."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

"Do you know him ?" she inquired.

"Not at all," said Nell.

"Really, Maria," said Mrs. Huntingdon, "it is not pleasant to repeat such things, but—but he is said to be not at all a nice young man."

"Nonsense !" commented Mrs. Huntingdon, in clarion tones. "I knew his father, and the Dowlases were irreproachable. Fosdick finally married Jane Howland, granddaughter of Hallam Beacham."

She went off into a pleasingly minute detailed account of the genealogies of ten or twelve different families, distinguished either by their relationship to John Hamilton and *his* relationship to Fosdick Dowlas, or by their acquaintance with herself. Mrs. Huntingdon listened to it patiently, but Nell, finding it difficult to give her attention to her work, laid her brush down and sought about for temporary entertainment. She certainly had not thought of watching the game of tennis and Mr. John Hamilton, hustling himself about with lithe leaps and dashes after the flying balls ; but as there was really nothing nearer to attract her, she was guilty, at first half unconsciously, of giving him her countenance, so far as to follow his movements. It was *his* movements she followed more particularly because he played so very well—even better than Marian and Hester, who were champions in their way. Their movements were robbed of some of their freedom and grace by skirts and appendages. Mr. Jack Hamilton, in blue flannel and scarlet cap, had no appendages but magnificent strength, a superb swiftness of motion, and a most enviable skill. He combined with height and muscle a grace and alertness which made him rather well worth looking at. It was also evident that he enjoyed his game and that the other players shared his interest. There was such gay vigour in it that it was not long before Nell found herself sharing it also, and being somewhat elated by it and a trifle excited as the game progressed. Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's monologue upon the genealogies of her acquaintances went on relentlessly, and Mrs. Huntingdon submitted herself to it after the manner of good and graceful gentlewomen sore pressed by a superior force. In her well-bred efforts to show a proper degree of interest in the Fosdick Dowlas and the Miss Anne Starkweather, who married Bolton Bowdoin's cousin, Mildred Holdsworth's Aunt Hepworth's sister, she had almost forgotton Nell. Quite suddenly, however, her attention was drawn to her by a slight sound. Nothing less than a soft clap of hands struck once together in swift, unconscious applause.

"Ah," exclaimed Nell, "how well that was done. How *well* he plays."

"*He ?*" said Mrs. Huntingdon in her turn.

"Mr. Hamilton, mamma," said Nell.

"*Which* Mr. Hamilton, Nell ?" Mrs. Huntingdon inquired.

"Ah !" said Nell, with a sudden faint change in her voice ; "Mr.——Mr. John Hamilton, mamma," and she moved a little away from the window, with the colour rising to her cheeks.

She had just realised, in perturbation and proper confusion, that she had been watching the wrong Mr. Hamilton. She would probably have felt still greater confusion if she had known that he had also been watching her—that she had scarcely once given her attention to the other players without the boldly handsome eyes turning themselves upon her, and taking in all the fairness the vine-draped window framed. It might also, perhaps, be confessed that an inordinate male vanity, feeding itself furtively upon the fact that such fairness dwelt with interest on its efforts, redoubled them, and made the most of the opportunities afforded by their display. The wrong Mr. Hamilton was but dust ; and though he would not have played indifferently under any circumstances, might have played a trifle less well if he had not been basely conscious of an audience. Such, indeed, is man.

"Whose is the place across the way ?" he asked Marian Beverly, in a pause of their play.

"Mrs. Huntingdon's," was the reply. "Nell Huntingdon is one of our intimate friends. We used to play ball together across the hedges when we were children. I saw her at the window a few moments ago. She is very pretty."

"Huntingdon !" exclaimed the small blonde Hamilton.

"There's Don Huntingdon we met in Paris. Any relation to him, I wonder ?"

"Don !" cried Marian. "Do you know Don? He is the nicest fellow in the world. We have known him all our lives. We adore and revere him, and so does Nell."

"My cousin knows him," said the young man, touching his warm, infantile brow with a delicate little handkerchief.

Mr. Jack Hamilton flushed. Hester Beverly remarked the flush and wondered at it. He had rather a fierce fashion of knitting his dark brow and biting his lip ; he did both just now, and answered somewhat hurriedly, turning away as he spoke."

"Ah, yes, I know him," he said.

"One would have thought he did not like him," said Hester to Marian afterwards.

"And how could anyone help liking Donald Huntingdon ? But those big, black men have a way of looking like brigands on such small provocation. Do you think we might plume ourselves, Marian, that he was jealous because we praised Donald so ?"

"No, I don't," said Marian, "so we won't go astray for a trifle. They may have quarrelled about something, and I should fancy he knew how. He may be as mild as a dove, but he was born with a piratical aspect, which we'll hope belies him."

Mrs. Maria Huntingdon presented herself at the Morrison reception. She appeared early on the field, and made her presence felt in her usually attractive manner throughout the evening. She permeated the atmosphere and obliterated her surroundings, and carried herself well to the front. Her effect upon Prof. Chatterton was all that would have been desired. A more bewildered and privately embarrassed elderly person is seldom seen than this gentleman became after half an hour's conversation with her. He had heard that the Americans were an extraordinary people, and that American females of powerful intellect were fearfully and wonderfully made. Finding himself confronted by an unflinching elderly person who knew all about him, and whose belief that he and the universe knew all about herself, was apparently founded upon a rock, he began to feel somewhat staggered. She spoke casually, but with no trivial modesty, of "my books," "my essays," "my publishers," and he wondered at himself that he had not heard of her before. Here was a lady, evidently of the most miraculous attainments, of whom he knew nothing ; he knew the persons of whom she spoke as being her intimate acquaintances ; some of them were of world-wide fame, and her familiarity with them was quite interesting. In his desire to retrieve himself and conceal his deplorable ignorance of her works and reputation, he made his manner as suave as possible, and hastened to receive her remarks with respectful appreciation. Since his landing he had discovered that there were many things he did not know of America, and this might be one of them. There were many distinguished people in the room, and he had seen her address several of them and hold them in conversation. His eye had not chanced to fall upon the more vigorous and alert few who had spent their evening in avoiding her, in examining the floral decorations when she approached, in hurling themselves with almost unseemly violence into conversation with their nearest neighbours when they heard her voice, in imperiling life and reputation for decorum by darting round corners and into groups and behind portières when they scented her from afar. This had escaped him, and having seen those who weakly gave up self-respect and submitted to the inevitable with serpent smiles or shameless attempts at vivacity, he was properly impressed. He did not, it is true, find her theories absorbing or her manners engaging, but he felt that this might be the result of intellect of a purely American growth. It shared, perhaps, the boldness of the landscape, the rudeness of the Rocky Mountains, and must be regarded in the abstract. If he felt any lingering uncertainty as to her status, she removed it before their interview ended.

"My home is in Boston," she said.

Then she explained to him that Boston was distinguished by being the residence of many persons who knew her—literary men and women, whose names the world had heard, and whose works she had approved of and given her sanction to. She had told each of them which novel would succeed, which poem make its mark, and she had had differences of opinion with philosophers and sages who had plainly quailed before her. The fact that she knew some of their aunts and disapproved of some of their daughters seemed to add solidity to her anecdotes.

"I did not *quite* understand," said the Professor afterwards, "what her references to her grandparents signified. She seemed to lay stress upon them. One of them had a pair of boots of General Washington's. They—er—seemed—perhaps I might be mistaken—but they seemed to—er—confer distinction upon—er—somebody."

With the besotted blindness of a mind inured to grandfathers, he had failed to realise the fine, broad significance one carefully preserved, exhumed, and re-exhumed ancestor may bear in a civilisation of pristine freshness, but vaulting desire to emulate.

He was not at all sure why he found himself under strict bond to visit Mrs. Maria Huntingdon, and be presented to North Brabant under her auspices—he was very vague about it. In secret he did not wish to go, and preferred not to be so entertained. If he would have admitted it with manly frankness, he did not like Mrs. Maria Huntingdon, and was totally at a loss as to how her grandparents should be distinguished by the mere fact of being grandparents, and having borne her immediate progenitors as offspring, but he had wavered and fallen into the snare of their posterity, and was to go to North Brabant. And in some way he connected the whole affair with the boots of General Washington.

It was on the morning of the day on which he was to arrive at North Brabant that Nell Huntingdon, in glancing at her mother, who was reading her morning's letters, saw upon her face a somewhat disturbed expression.

"Are you reading Donald's letter, mamma ?" she inquired with swift anxiety.

Mrs. Huntingdon looked up. "Yes, dear," she answered. "And——"

"And what, mamma ?" asked Nell.

"He speaks of the two Hamiltons."

Hiss Huntingdon blushed quite suddenly. She had a thin, pure skin which showed colour quickly.

"Ah !" she exclaimed, rather under breath and involuntarily, and then added, "What does he say ?"

"Nothing favourable of Mr. Jack Hamilton, everything that is kind of Mr. Will. It seems they are great friends. They met abroad. He says he is one of the best fellows he ever met. He does not know he is here, of course, but is in hopes that he will come ; but this is very unpleasant, Nell. He hopes that Jack Hamilton will not be with him. It seems that the very worst must be true. Mr. William Hamilton is very fond of Jack's mother, who is a widow, and breaking her heart over her only son, and he tries—Mr. William tries—to keep an eye on him, and makes quite a companion of him in the hope of influencing him a little. He is the only person who seems to have any influence over him. He has been a headstrong, dissipated, reckless fellow ever since his boyhood, and he would have 'gone to the dogs'—that is Don's expression—long ago if it had not been for his cousin. He even says his dissipated habits are not the worst; that he is tricky and sharp enough to know how to deceive people who don't know him. He says: 'He deceived me cleverly enough at first. His looks are his strong point, and he knows how to make capital of them.'"

"That is because he is so handsome," said Nell, indignantly. "It is a cruel and unfair thing that such beauty should be given to such a man! It becomes detestable."

Mrs. Huntingdon looked up with a slightly startled expression.

"Is he so very handsome?" she said, uneasily.

"Yes," said Nell, "when one is near him——"

"Near him!" exclaimed her mother. "Have you seen him since he was playing tennis with the Beverlys, Nell?"

"Oh, mamma," said Nell, breaking down into the prettiest distress in the world, "I did not mean to tell you, because I thought it would disturb you, but—but I have seen him a great many times. I have scarcely been out once without meeting him. I—it almost seems as if—yes, as if he did it on purpose—though that can hardly be possible."

"It is just what such a man would do," interrupted her mother. "It would be his way of showing his unrefined admiration."

Nell drew herself up and flushed beautifully.

"His admiration?" she repeated. "Of *me*, mamma?"

"Ah, Nell," said her mother, almost pityingly, "it is just such women as you are who are admired by just such men as he."

"Then," said Nell, haughtily, "I wish that I were—were different."

"No, no, my dear," protested Mrs. Huntingdon; "I wish that he were different. If he were different—with all that charm and strength—think what he might be!"

CHAPTER II.

"I COULD not help thinking of that yesterday," said Nell hurriedly.

"Did you see him yesterday?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma. I went down to the beach when I took my walk—our own beach—where I thought I was sure I should meet no one. It seemed as if there were some sort of unpleasant fate in it. I thought I would sit on the rocks and make a sketch, and just as I was going to sit down, I found a book lying near me. I picked it up and saw the name. It was John Hamilton; and just as I was reading it, he came back."

"Ah, Nell, my dear!"

"It could not be helped, mamma. I gave it to him and he bowed, and I bowed and turned away. He did not speak—I did not give him time; there was nothing said, only he stood and looked after me savagely."

"It is very unpleasant," said her mother, "and it is very sad. His poor mother! She is not rich, it appears, and his extravagances are a great burden to her. He is willing to accept any favours from his cousin, and for her sake Mr. William Hamilton is most generous to him. He tries to keep him among respectable people. He took him abroad with him, and tried to give him a taste for honourable pleasures and a desire for decent occupation. He has been received for his cousin's sake, and he has really behaved himself a little better lately."

"And he allows his cousin to support him," said Nell. "That is the finishing touch."

She turned away and walked to the window, which was thrown open to the morning air. And as she did so there passed before the house a tall and dashing drag, going at a rattling pace, a beautifully finished and well-built affair, with two superb horses, driven tandem. She turned from the window so suddenly, that Mrs. Huntingdon observed the startled movement and spoke to her.

"What is it, Nell?"

"It—it was he, mamma."

And this time Mrs. Huntingdon did not feel it necessary to ask if she meant Mr. Jack Hamilton.

As far as Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's ideas of success were concerned, the literary reception at which Prof. Chatterton appeared was entirely successful. Her parlours were well filled; there were lions who came to see the leonine wonder who out-lioned them, there were those who came to see each other, those who came bécause they did not know how to get out of it, but how large a proportion because they tenderly doted upon Mrs. Maria Huntingdon it would have been a trifle hard to say.

Their hostess stood near the door, with Prof. Chatterton waiting at her side with a slightly perturbed and puzzled air. He had a laudable desire to do what was expected of him, but he was not quite sure what it was, Mrs. Maria Huntingdon so bewildered him. Two days spent under her roof and in her society had made him wonder more and more why he had fallen into her possession. She had presented him with several of her books, and had given him a detailed account of the disgraceful manner in which she had been treated by her publishers. He had heard anecdotes of her grandparents, and had been shown a strange and eerie miniature of the relative who had originally owned the boots of General Washington. He had not seen the boots, because they were kept in solemn state at the old family mansion, which he ingenuously fancied was a grey and venerable pile surrounded by ancestral acres. When he afterwards saw it by accident, and found it a wooden house at the corner of a village street, with pasturage in the back yard for one cow of domestic tastes, he was bewildered again, and gave up for ever endeavouring to solve those problems of ancestry. As he heard his name announced in the unsparing tones of his proprietress's voice, as he watched the changing faces passing him, he gave himself up entirely to the force of circumstances. Some of the guests bidden to the feast were indeed singular looking persons, but there were many others who were, without doubt, products of a high degree of civilisation. Early in the evening his eye fell upon a fair and blooming mother and her fair and blooming daughter, who attracted him immediately upon their entrance. He thought, indeed, he had never seen a more charming pair, and when he found them to be relatives of his hostess, he was conscious of glancing with guilty haste from Mrs. Maria Huntingdon's pronounced countenance to this delightful girl with her delicate, piquant face and pretty little head.

"She is considered pretty," said Mrs. Maria, "by some people, but she has not much character—not much character, I am sorry to say."

Notwithstanding this rather alarming statement, Prof. Chatterton found himself guilty of the base weakness of brightening, even visibly to the naked eye, after a few minutes' conversation with the much to-be-deplored young beauty and her mother. He felt less at a loss as they stood near him, and when it became apparent that they were about to leave him, he resorted to ingenious subterfuges to detain them, even going to the unworthy length of affecting a deep and warm affection for some friends they had met in London, who until that moment had been ranked among his slight acquaintances. He recalled, with somewhat rash enthusiasm, the solitary occasion when he had appeared at an afternoon tea at their home, dwelt with glowing fervour upon the pleasure he had derived from the occasion, and was just upon the point of perjuring himself on the subject of various minor details, when his attention was attracted by a slight movement on the part of Miss Huntingdon; indeed, by something more than a movement—in fact, by something even as suggestive as a sudden and most beautiful access of colour.

She had been standing with her face toward the door, and the movement she made was to turn her back to it as quietly as possible—and the movement came after the colour—the colour just at the moment two new guests made their appearance and made their low bows to the hostess.

Prof. Chatterton's eye, which was an observant one, after resting a moment on Miss Huntingdon's delicately vivid cheek, made a direct line for the door.

"Someone has come in," was his plausible but swift internal comment. "Accelerated action of the heart caused by opening of the door is not uncommon among the young. This is something of the same order."

But when his glance took in the new arrivals, his own expression changed decidedly. They were two young men of exactly opposite types—types which the severe simplicity of their evening dress seemed to accentuate—one small and slight, and prettily, harmlessly blonde, with a sleek little fair head and a shy pair of blue eyes; the other tall, lithe, muscular, and more darkly splendid than seemed absolutely called for.

"What!" exclaimed Prof. Chatterton. "It seems impossible, but—it *is!*"

Mrs. Huntingdon looked up at him. She was slightly flushed herself. She had had time to see that Mr. Jack Hamilton's orientally fringed eyes had flashed one glance round the room, and then rested steadily upon the knot of bright hair softly coiled low on the nape of Nell's neck, his gaze being as disgracefully eager as if it had been her averted face.

"Do you know——" began Mrs. Huntingdon, a little hesitantly.

"The two young men who have just come in?" finished the Professor, hesitating a trifle also and showing some signs of momentary mental disturbance. "I—may say—I do—or I did. One of them I should scarcely have expected——are they friends of *yours?*" checking himself hastily.

"No," Mrs. Huntingdon answered. "My son knows Mr. William Hamilton, but——"

It was the Professor's turn to flush now. His elderly cheek warmed.

"He may be very thankful that he has not the honour of knowing Mr. *Jack* Hamilton," he said. "It is a questionable one. I have suffered from it myself. I—I should not speak, but I feel strongly on the subject, and it startled me to see him here. Other places less pleasant to him would be more fitting his peculiarities."

Nell moved her head slightly. The movement gave Mr. Jack Hamilton a view of the side of her cheek—only a mere hint of a view, but enough to cause him some speculation, He wondered if it often wore so deep and burning a rose, and if not *why* an elderly scientist should have the power to cause it to so glow and bloom. Even as he talked to Marian and Hester Beverly, and was quite equal to encountering the vivacities of those young persons and others as vivacious, he did not lose sight of the bright, small head, even though for some time he only saw the back of it and now and then the curve of the glowing cheek. He observed that the Professor seemed to be telling Mrs. Huntingdon something in which both were interested, and he wondered what it could be. If by some magic power he had been able to discover that the conversation was not entirely unconnected with himself, he might have borne himself with less composure. He looked composed enough, but upon the whole he was not quite so composed as he looked. He had a restless and not at all pleasant feeling that the one object he specially desired to accomplish this evening might not be easily encompassed. He did not know why, and his fine vigorous temper rose a trifle when he reflected upon the possibility. He had not been accustomed to encountering obstacles, and they did not please him. Why should there be obstacles? He would not submit to them easily, at all events. Life had been rather a lucky affair for him so far; he had usually obtained what he desired. He bit his lip and knitted his black brows, and wore for a moment his piratical aspect, but the next he turned to Marian Beverly with a jest and most unpiratical laugh.

"Mamma!" said Nell to her mother, as they moved away from Prof. Chatterton, "mamma!" And Mrs. Huntingdon felt she touched her dress and even held it a second.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked, a little surprised. How lovely the girl was! What a brilliant colour she had! How her eyes shone!

"Mamma," said Nell, "I wish to be quite near you. Do not let us be separated."

And there was actually a thrill of excitement in her low voice.

(To be continued).

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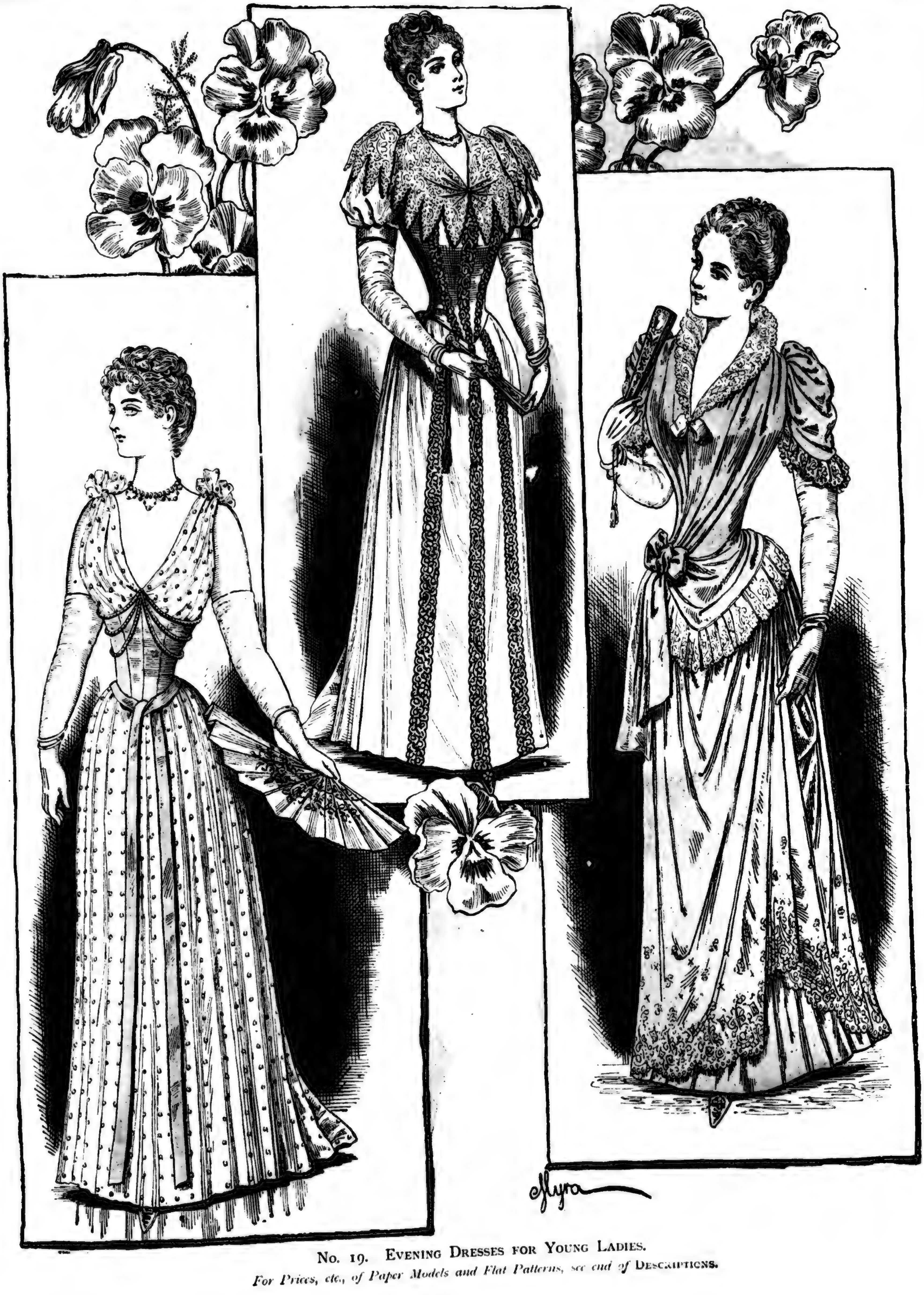

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2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following Number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employments for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to enquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending enquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post,* 12 *postage stamps should be enclosed.*

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 39 *and* 40, *Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*

MYRA'S HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two of the coming modes that will most certainly become fashionable as winter gives way to spring are panier draperies, and flounces edging the skirts of dresses, either of equal depth all round, and measuring from ten to fourteen inches wide, or graduated—that is, narrow in front and deepening towards the back.

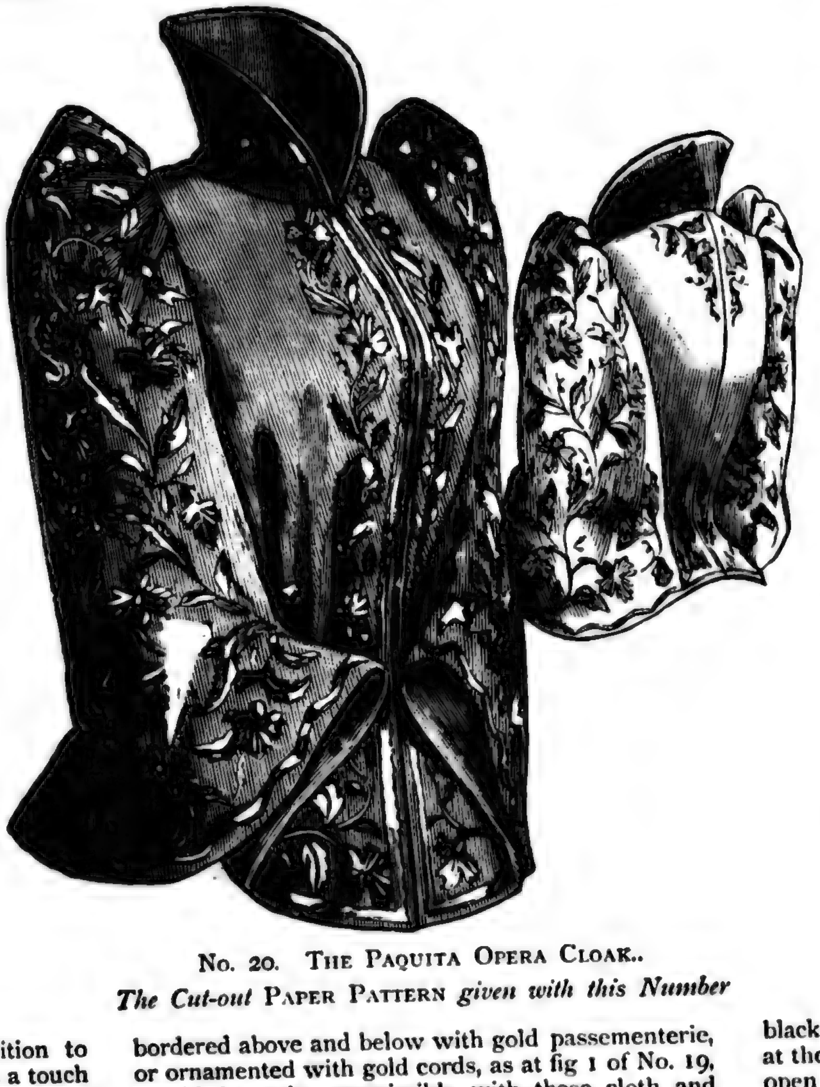
Neither of these styles are suitable for the rough woollens and tweeds that make such capital mid-winter dresses, but both are appropriate for cloth, especially the fine, supple, silky amazon cloths that are most in favour just at present. The paniers, as they are now made, are of modest proportions, rounded, and draped with a few pleats in front and on the hips; to many figures, more particularly the tall and slender figures so common in England, the paniers are very becoming, and they form a welcome relief from the plain, straight lines of which every one is getting a little tired.

A very good model of a cloth dress, with paniers, is given at fig. 1 of No. 23, but, in many cases, the paniers are less full than these, and in not a few models they are cut with the corsage, and are, in fact, more or less draped basques rather than panier draperies. Fig. 2 of No. 23 gives one model of this panier basque, in a plain style suitable for cloth, while fig. 3 of No. 19 illustrates a charming bodice in silk for dinner toilette, the draped left side of the bodice supplying also the panier on the same side.

Small paniers in lace are a pretty addition to evening toilette, and give a half-worn dress a touch of novelty. To complete the renovation, the corsage should be finished off with a pretty fichu or plastron to correspond, such as those illustrated at No 2 or No. 4, or else with a lace collar like that at fig. 2 of No. 19, or the bretelles and epaulets shown at fig. 2 of No. 23. There are, however, so many ways of ornamenting the bodices of evening and dinner dresses with lace, that the choice of a becoming style may be left to our readers.

An example of the other coming fashion, the graduated flounce, is given at fig. 2 of No 16: in this case, the flounce gradually widens towards the back until it is the full depth of the skirt and merges in the back breadths; as this flounce is sewn on to a draped front, the dress is not very easy to make, but in most cases it is simply mounted on a plain skirt, and the widest part ending on each side of the back breadths, is sometimes less than double the width in front. It is mounted, like the flounce in the illustration, with a gathered heading, and is cut the straight way of the material. The plain flounces of equal depth all round are also mounted with a gathered heading, or on thick cords.

Cream and white cloth and flannel, such as that used for tennis dresses, are very fashionable for ladies' evening dresses, and very elegant toilettes may be made of either of these materials, and trimmed with a little plain gold or jewelled passementerie. Styles for these dresses will be found at No. 15, a dress that would be charming in white cloth, white velvet, and turquoise and gold passementerie, at fig. 1 of No. 18, carried out in white and gold only, and at fig. 2 of No. 17; in either of these models slight variations may be made in the corsage and sleeves to make them more suitable for evening wear, and corselets of white or cream silk, bordered above and below with gold passementerie, or ornamented with gold cords, as at fig 1 of No. 19, would be quite permissible with these cloth and flannel dresses, and much more becoming than a plain, tight bodice, always a very trying style in white woollen materials.



No. 20. THE PAQUITA OPERA CLOAK..

The Cut-out PAPER PATTERN *given with this Number*

A very pretty and girlish evening dress, in a different style, is that illustrated at No. 13, and it is not absolutely necessary to make the shoulders so very short; the bodice may easily be cut half low and the bretelles joined lower on the shoulder, a style that will be found more becoming, or else the bodice may be made quite high, with a gauged collar round the neck, and the bretelles still joined low on the shoulder.

Bodices with bands and bodices with points are both equally fashionable, it is more a question of figure than anything else. A short waisted bodice with plain band is a most unbecoming style to stout figures, which look infinitely better in a corsage with long, sharp points, that gives the appearance, if not the reality, of a long waist. For the young and slender waisted there are many varieties of short waisted bodices, worn with Swiss belts, pointed above and below the waist, or above the waist only, or with plain waistbands fastened with square buckles.

As a rule, the plainer the dress the more elaborate are the sleeves; these may be made of almost any material, provided it harmonises with the dress, and they are slashed, puffed, and opened over under—sleeves in many fanciful ways. One of the newest patterns is a sleeve of broché, formed of a series of puffs slashed the long way of the arm with narrow puffings of satin in a much lighter colour. These slashings form stripes all down the arm and are drawn in with the puffs, of which there are five, graduated in size from the shoulder to the wrist.

The very becoming frilled bretelles mounted on a pointed yoke, so much in vogue for long mantles, are also adopted for costumes made in redingote or princess shape, and for tea-gowns, but very rarely for the ornamentation of bodices, which have not length enough for the bretelles to look well, even when lengthened by an added basque. In fig. 2 of No. 23, the lace trimming on the bodice is a little in this style, but the trimming ends just below the chest, instead of at the waist, and the bodice is considerably lengthened by the panier basque.

Louis XV. Jackets, which are decidedly becoming to stout figures, show the same contrast of plain and elaborate styles; the jacket is of velvet entirely without trimming, but the long waistcoat is covered with lovely embroidery, and the large cuffs are sometimes made to match this, but not always.

Small basques are often added to the bodices of cloth and tweed costumes, and when these are being renovated, the small basque, about three or four inches deep, with rows of stitching round the edge, should not be omitted. The basques are added to an ordinary bodice with slight point in front, and open rather wide below the point; at the back they end under the little coat tail basque, and being about the same depth as this, they give the appearance of a plain, round basque. An edging of astrakan round the top of the collar, down the front, and round the sleeves at the wrist, will be a still further and not very expensive improvement.

We illustrate at fig. 1 of No. 21 a very elegant breakfast gown, and at fig. 2 a tea or dinner gown of a more elaborate description. A very charming tea-gown, in a more useful style, is made of ivory white velvet. The dress is in princess shape, the right side crossing over to the left and draped at the waist, this draping catches up the front part of the skirt, and shows a section of a blue satin petticoat edged with a white lace flounce. The velvet gown is bordered all round with black fur, and a band of fur is carried up the skirt at the back to the waist. The neck is only slightly open and trimmed with fur, over a cravat of white silk muslin and lace coquillé that ends at the clasp. The under-sleeves are of blue satin, the over-sleeves of ivory velvet, puffed at the top and open in front; they are lined with satin and trimmed with fur.

Breakfast gowns are more simply made, as befits their purpose, but are still susceptible of elegant treatment within certain limits. A very convenient and becoming breakfast-gown is made of plain vigogne in princess shape, and draped in a few straight folds on either side of a velvet plastron that is fastened down the centre under feather trimming.

ANTI-BOLBOS is a discovery which during the last few years has done wonders in curing acne and removing the small black spots that sometimes disfigure the nose, the chin, and the forehead. A few applications will entirely remove the spots. The Anti-Bolbos is supplied by the Parfumerie Exotique, 35, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris.

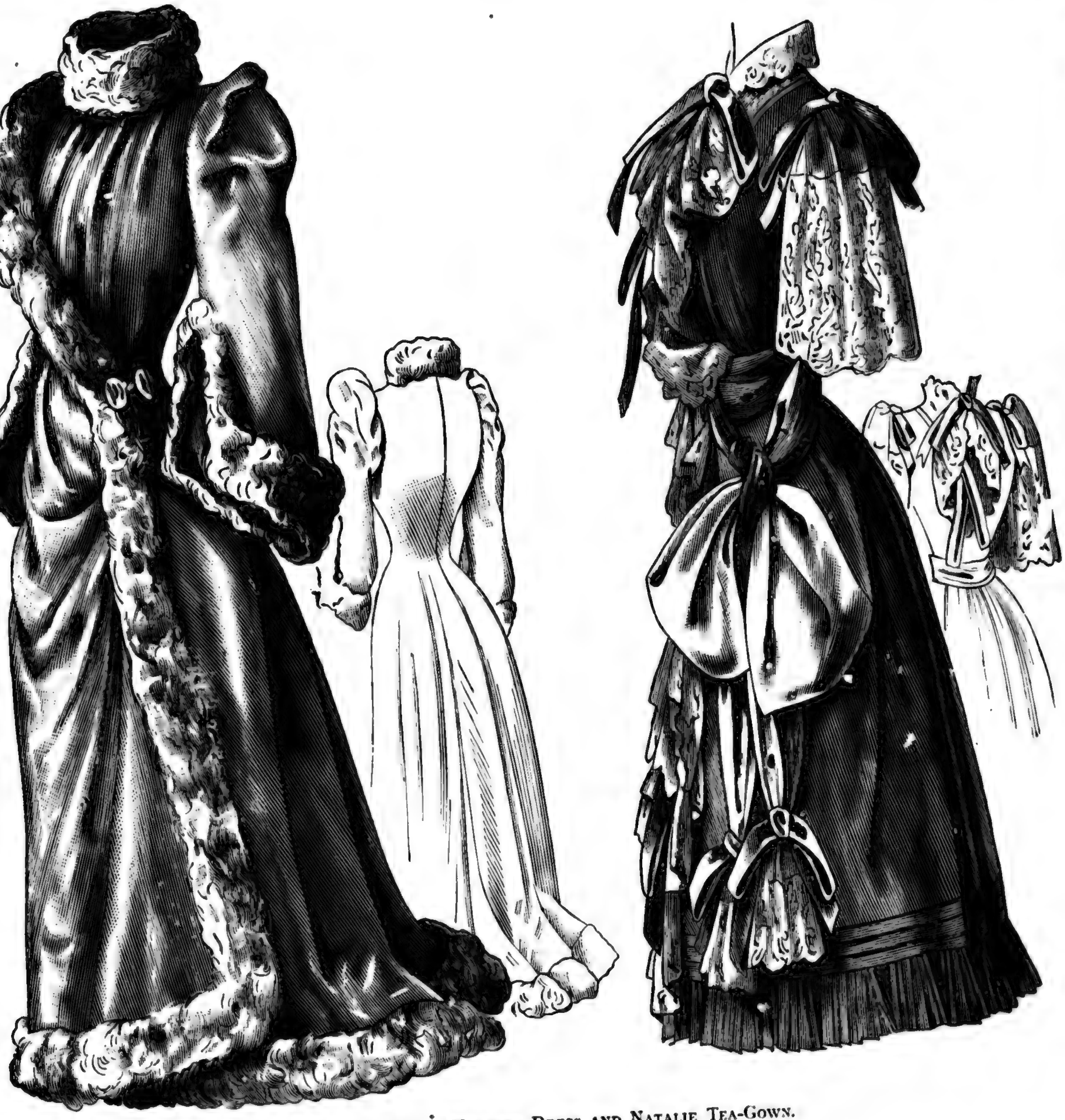
To Amateur Dressmakers.—The Patent Shapely Skirt Association, 85, Cromwell Road, S.W., opposite Gloucester Road Station, supplies Foundation Skirts, complete, well made in latest Parisian style. Lining, 5s. 6d. Linen, Sateen, or Black Alpaca, 6s. 6d. Col. Alpaca or Poplin Cord, 7s. 6d. Silk, from 18s. 6d. Extra muslin stiffening, 6d. Carriage to Country, 6d. **Send front length and size of waist.**

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

Special Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*



No. 21. The Olga Morning Dress and Natalie Tea-Gown.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Sunbeam.—Your breadths of silk measuring from 22 to 24 inches wide, would be quite sufficient for a plain petticoat, 4½ yards would, therefore, be ample for a medium figure. Of course, if you add pleatings or flounces at the edge, you will require another yard or two. The lining would mitigate the rustling very much, but you would find the Italian cloth a nicer material for the purpose than Russell cord.

Mistletoe.—The dress to which you refer would be rather expensive, as the mousseline de soie is embroidered, but Messrs. Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street, would make you a lovely dress in the same style, or in tulle, or plain mousseline de soie, with the single violets scattered over it. Write to them for particulars as to price, etc., and state exactly the kind of dress you require. See also the supplement sheet of ball dresses, sketched at this house, given with this number, and the description of some very pretty dresses in "Current Fashions in London."

Butterfly.—There is no special dress, the fashions would be those of about 1850. Maud may wear a plain dress and gipsy hat, or white satin and pearls. In either case the dress would be made with a plain skirt, mounted with gathers on a tight-fitting bodice with slight point in front. A plain white muslin dress, made with a full bodice and skirt edged with a flounce, and white straw gipsy hat trimmed with white ribbon, would be suitable, or white satin with lace flounce on the skirt and deep lace berthe round the shoulders. If you like to write to us, under Rule 4, we can send you a sketch and full description of either style of dress.

Violet.—1. The collars of dresses are made very high but sloping out a little at the top. There is a good model at No. 37 in the Dressmaking Lesson, and this collar could be copied without the yoke. 2. Send to the London Glove Company, 45a, Cheapside, for the long silk gloves to match your dress. In the best quality, which is the one we should recommend, the gloves will cost 2s. 11d. per pair.

Boojer.—The best book of fancy dresses we know of, is that by Ardern Holt. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, will send you a copy of this book, "Fancy Dresses Described." Your description of the style of dress is so vague that it would apply to many periods; a great many dresses are now made with gathered skirts mounted on short waisted bodices. Do you mean the Empire style, with very short bodice, the waist close under the arm-pits, and plain, long trained skirt? Of this we have many examples in coloured plates at 1s. 6d. each, or we could send you a full description and sketch under rule 4 for Correspondents.

Hatty.—1. Navy blue is a fashionable colour and likely to remain so; we should, therefore, suggest for your dress a navy blue diagonal, with well marked ribs, amazon cloth, or fine serge, made in the style of No. 15, or fig. 1 of No. 16. If you choose No. 15, make the panel and sleeves of velvet to match, and trim with black or black and steel, or gold passementerie. The bodice would probably not suit you, but you could make it with a pointed vest of the velvet, more like fig. 2 of No. 16, the woollen material in folds on each side of the vest. Fig. 1 of No. 16 is also a very good style, with trimming of black passementerie. The most stylish dark blue dresses are made with narrow panels or under-skirt of old gold cloth, and vests, collars, and cuffs to match. No. 543 in the Journal for November is a good model for this style of dress, and you will find some pretty sleeves in the Dressmaking Lesson in the same number, and in this number. 2. Skirts may be mounted with pleats or gathers, but for woollen materials pleats are preferred. The cushion is a question of figure; according to fashion none should be worn, but many figures are very much improved by a small cushion. The absence of it is most noticeable under a mantle.

E. W.—1. A figured black cashmere, either spotted or striped, would be a very nice material for one of your dresses; Mr. G. Noble, of The Warehouse, Manchester, will send you some excellent patterns at very moderate prices. For the other dress we should

ASPINALL'S EMAMEL.—This lovely invention becomes more and more popular year after year, and the sales are increasing all over the world. There has never been such a beautiful article brought out for preserving and rejuvenating old furniture, baths, &c., &c. It goes equally well on all surfaces, wood, metal, slate, or wicker. Sold everywhere, or post free, in tins, 7d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.; for baths, 9d., 1s. 9d., and 3s. 6d.; artists' tins, in box, 12 for 2s. 9d., from Works, London, S.E.

suggest a plain material, either a fine étamine or diagonal, or a good alpaca. Make the first dress with a plain skirt, bordered with a gathered flounce about ten inches deep, and trim the bodice with plain silk passementerie. The other dress might have the front and sides trimmed with long straps of velvet ending under bows, see No. 599 in the December number, and the bodice and sleeves trimmed to match. 2. See reply 2 to Hatty. 3. Moiré silk in light colours, is used for evening toilettes, but not as a trimming for every day dresses; canvas cloth is quite demodé. 4. Can you give us further particulars about the person whose address you ask for; we do not recollect the name or the business.

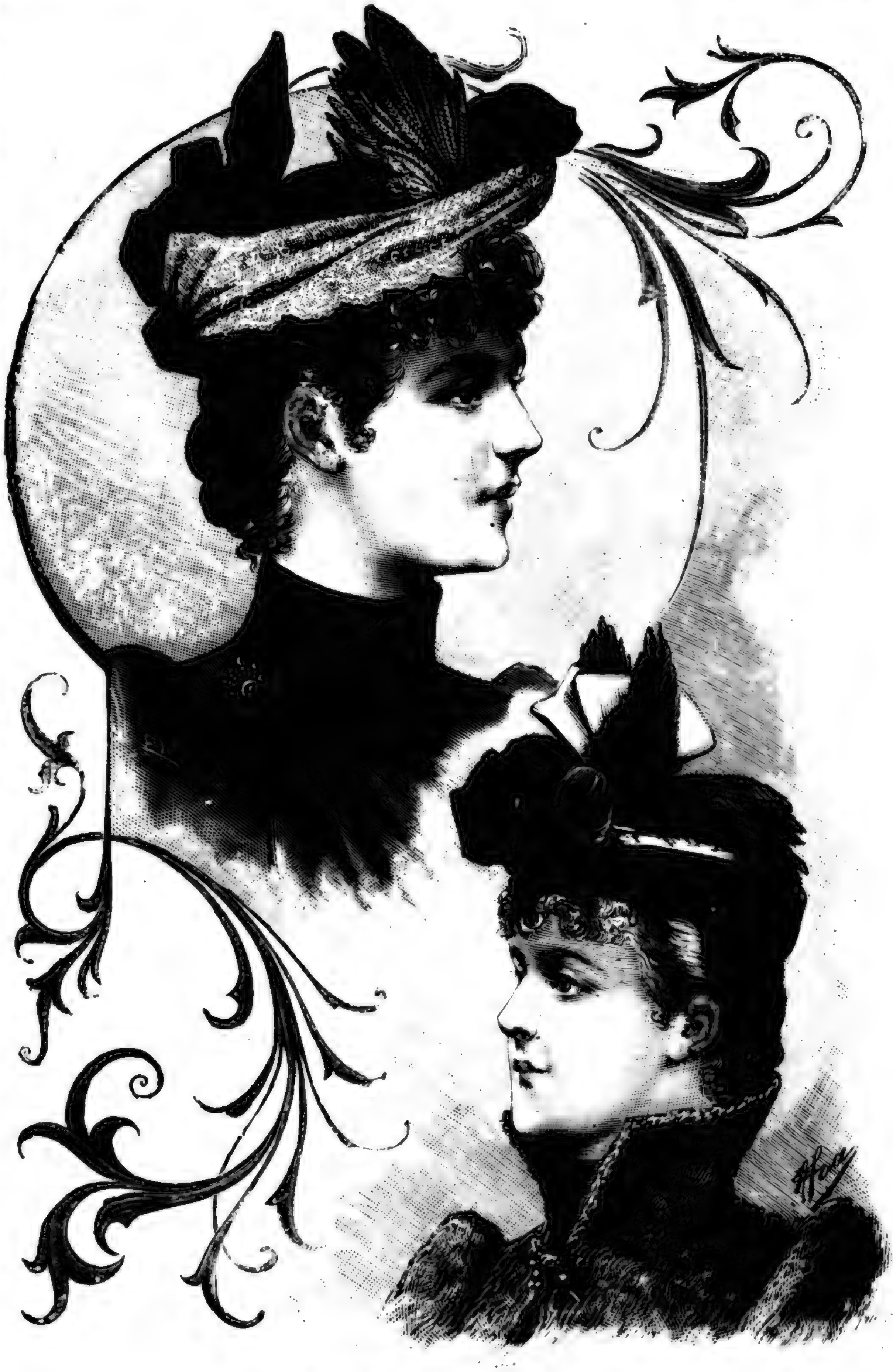
Lady B.—1. Your brocade is beautiful, and it would be a pity to cut it up in the manner you suggest. There is quite enough of it for the princess back with train of a ball dress, of which the crossed princess front could be of plain silk covered with silver embroidered gauze or tulle, and trimmed with lace, ribbon, and flowers. 2. Yes, we can send you a plate of a beautiful dress, made in the style suggested, and the pattern. 3. The most fashionable mixture of colours is mauve and gold or maize colour.

Disappointed. — The skirt is too tight, but you need not throw the dress away on that account, as it can be easily altered. Take off the draped front, cut the foundation up the centre, and let in a narrow panel about 9 or 10 inches wide at the foot, and sloped off to 3 or 4 inches at the top. Cover this with a similar panel of velvet, plush or brocade, in a good shade of copper colour; divide the draped front in half, and remount it on each side of the narrow robing, as a redingote panel draped at the top and bordered with fur. You must ornament the bodice with a plastron and deep cuffs matching the panel.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON NEEDLEWORK.

An Old Subscriber.—The set of sachets could be made of surah or China silk in any pale shade—mauve, yellow, apricot, pink, blue, etc., and edged with frills to match. The lining may be of similar material in white or a contrasting colour, and all the sachets should be perfumed. The Honiton sprays will do nicely to decorate them, they must be very neatly appliquéd on the covers of the sachets. For patterns of silks write to Messrs. Lewis and Co., Holborn Bars, they have these materials in lovely colours at very low prices.

Peacock.—The jewelled embroidery is very novel and handsome, and suitable for mantel borders, piano tops, blotter and album covers, etc. The jewels are coloured glass beads, made like buttons, flat underneath, and rounded and cut in facets at the top, holes are pierced through the beads from side to side, and they are sewn on by means of these. The jewels are used in combination with silk, chenille, and gold, silver, tinsel, and bullion threads. The materials best suited for the work are silk, satin, satin sheeting, brocade, and étamine, but they should be chosen in light colours.



No. 22. The Helene and Paget Toques.

TO INVENTORS.—If you have an idea for a Patent, write to the Patent Editor, Patent Department, 38, Chancery Lane, London, who will supply full particulars and advice free.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

M. M.—1. Yes, Aspinall's Enamels may be mixed to produce special tints or modify the colours, but mixing them with oil colours is not always very successful, the oil colours reduce the glaze of the enamel. 2. The brushes must be cleaned in turpentine; if you put them into hot water, the cement fastening the brush to the handle may be melted. Benzoline may also be used for cleaning brushes.

Friday.—White haricot soup would make a pleasant change in your menu. The beans must be put to soak for at least twelve hours, then put them in a saucepan of cold water to boil, and flavour with an onion stuck with a clove, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a pinch of salt. As soon as the water boils, draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and let it simmer gently until the beans are soft, then strain them into a mortar and pound them. Thin down the purée with a little white stock, press it through a sieve, and add a little more stock, as it should be rather thin. Boil again, but not too fast, and take off the scum as it rises. Before serving add the yolks of two or three eggs beaten up with a little cream, and a piece of butter, but take care that the soup is not allowed to boil up again. You can add carrots, turnips, asparagus, or French beans, cut in small pieces, or green peas that have been cooked apart in white stock, but the purée is nicer without the addition of these vegetables. A good fish stock would answer very well for the soup.

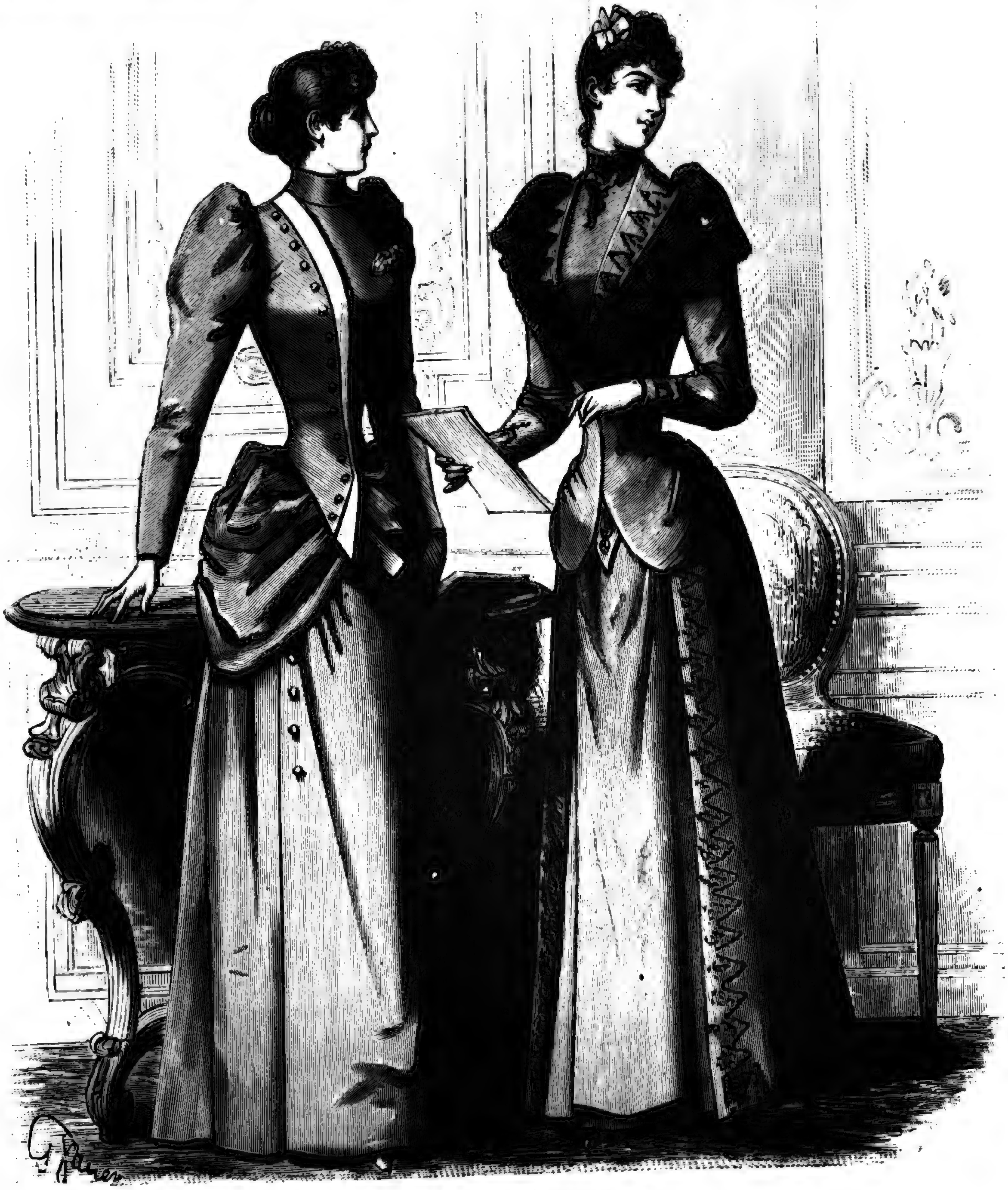
MYRA'S ANSWERS ON ETIQUETTE.

Balsam.—1. Mourning would be worn during six months; crape for the first six weeks or two months. 2. As soon as you leave off crape. 3. Dinners and small evening parties with intimate friends, but not large dances or any public entertainments.

Careful Reader.—Children are occasionally arrayed in evening dress to go to an afternoon performance of a pantomime, but it is very rarely done, and is not in good taste. Let the children wear their ordinary outdoor costumes, and take off their hats and paletots when they have arrived safely in their box.

MISCELLANEA.

Scotia.—Your feather butterflies would make lovely ornaments for lamp-shades; make the shade



No. 23. New Style for Cloth Dresses.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

of a flounce of fine lace over yellow silk, with a narrow frill of lace at the top. Put a band of narrow yellow satin ribbon over the gathers, with festoons of ribbon falling from it about 2 or 3 inches only, and caught up at six regular intervals by rosettes of ribbon; under each rosette fasten a long loop of ribbon falling to the edge of the lace flounce and very lightly secured to it. Then scatter your butterflies over the six spaces between the loops, securing them very lightly to the lace.

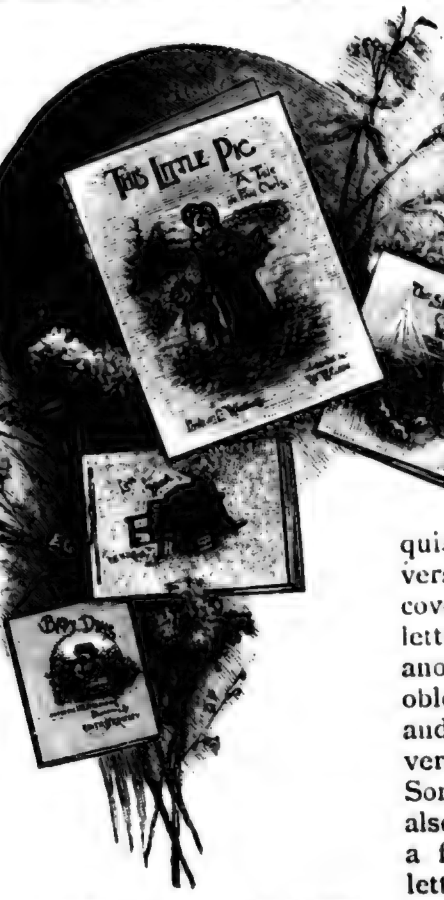
Vanity.—The grape jewellery is the most fashionable for fancy ornaments. We recently gave some illustrations of these trinkets, and there are many other articles equally pretty. For the diamond combs and pins for the hair you should go to the Parisian Diamond Company, 248, Regent Street; for the price you name you can have a very nice ornament for the hair.

North Country.—We are not surprised that you are delighted with Ibsen's Plays. The best and most complete edition in English is that edited by William Archer and published by Walter Scott at 3s. 6d. per volume in cloth, or 6s. 6d. half morocco. There are four volumes ready, and a fifth to follow shortly. The objection so many gentlemen make to Ibsen is perhaps due to his remarkably clear insight into their little failings, his liberal ideas with regard to women, and his total disregard for all the ordinary formulas of conventionality.

Lavender—The cheap and bright-looking Como rugs would make admirable quilts for the boys' beds. They are very warm, as well as bright, and will be much more serviceable than white quilts.

Christmas Cards and Books.

FOREMOST amongst the many charming novelties in Christmas cards issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner, whose artistic productions in this line are so well known, and so highly appreciated by those who still firmly adhere to the good old custom of sending friendly greetings to their friends at this season, are the jewelled cards, of which there is an immense variety, and booklets, and some equally lovely specimens adorned with quaint devices in mother o'pearl. A fascinating jewelled souvenir is a booklet with a few pages of exquisite coloured illustrations and verses, enclosed in a white card cover with jewelled design and lettering. "Flower Thoughts" is another of those dainty booklets in oblong form, with jewelled cover, and lovely painted flowers and verses on the pale green leaves. Some very pretty autograph cards also have jewelled initials and a few words of greeting in gold lettering; in these boxes of autograph cards no two designs are alike, and this applies to the smaller floral cards which are either in the form of a single flower or decorated with flowers. Very fascinating autograph cards in tinted cardboard are embellished with a little mother o'pearl design in one corner, boats, a house, flowers, or a musical instrument with gold lettering.



Christmas Cards from Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner.

Musical instruments are evidently in favour, for some very quaint cards, nearly 10 inches long, are in banjo form, the parchment opening to show a coloured picture of fair musicians and some appropriate words. A folding 'cello is another of these novel designs for music lovers.

Some capital designs of children are by W. Rainey, and amongst the cards specially intended for children are some comical cats by H. H. Couldery—cards in the form of cats and other animals that can be made to stand up, pies that open, lovely little folding cards with embossed birds designed by the late Ernest Wilson and Alice West, besides folding flower and leaf cards in great variety. The landscape cards by these artists and those by Nora Davidson and B. D. Sigmund are very pretty and extremely well re-produced, and manly sports are made fun of in a hunting series by J. C. Dollman, a fishing series by the same artist, and two capital skating designs by G. G. Kilburne. Some angels' heads by H. J. Stock, and the hymn, "Christians Awake," illustrated by B. D. Sigmund, will give pleasure where comic cards fail to please or amuse, but whatever the style of the card sent, there is no reason why it should not be accompanied by one of the pretty and convenient little calendars for 1891 which are printed in various convenient sizes for the purse, the pocket-book, or the writing case.

Christmas would be shorn of some of its best pleasures if it did not bring us one or two of the lovely illustrated volumes that Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner have accustomed us to at this season. This year there are several of these dainty volumes, but the two chief ones are "Some Old Love Songs," by Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh, Herrick, Sir John Suckling, and other masters of the art of song writing, and "A Book of Old Ballads," chiefly by Burns and Thomas Moore. Both books are exquisitely illustrated by the late Alice Havers, the Love Songs in colours, the Ballads in monotint. The graceful drawing of this artist has never been seen to greater perfection than in these two companion books, which are printed and got up in a style worthy of the illustrations.

"The Harvest Fields" is a volume of short poems by various modern authors with illustrations in monotint by Ernest Wilson, and a whole number of smaller books and booklets, all charmingly illustrated, are provided for readers young and old, especially the young ones, who will delight in "Jeremie," "This Little Pig went to Market," "Dame Pussy's School," and "Lady Pussy-Cat's Ball," with words by F. E. Weatherly and illustrations by well-known artists.

A most delightful book for the Christmas holidays is "The Doyle Fairy Book," which contains twenty-nine fairy tales and thirty illustrations by Richard Doyle. The interesting Introduction and Memoir of Doyle will probably be skipped by the youngsters in a hurry to get at the fairy tales, but the elders will read both, and all will enjoy the tales and the clever illustrations. The book is published by Messrs. Dean & Son, of Fleet Street, and forms a large and fascinating collection of fairy tales from all countries.

"School Room Theatricals," by Arthur Waugh, is a small book containing five plays for juvenile companies, written in easy verse, and accompanied by illustrations and full directions as to the dresses, scenery, and other stage requirements. The plays are intended for young people between eleven and seventeen years of age, and are amusing and cleverly written; neither a large stage, nor elaborate scenery, nor costly dresses are needed for the acting of the plays, which are a very great improvement on most juvenile plays. The book is published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited

A book that will be appreciated by boys is "The Illustrated Book of Wonders, Events, and Discoveries," by John Timbs. It is a pity, however, that longer and fuller accounts of the two great wonders of recent times, the Eiffel Tower and the Forth Bridge, have not been given; barely nine pages are devoted to these, the Forth Bridge especially deserved longer treatment. The publishers are Messrs. Dean & Son.

"Please tell me another Tale" is the title of a fascinating collection of short stories for children, told by Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. A. M. Goodhart, Agnes Giberne, and other equally well-known writers of children's literature. There is a most thrilling story about "The Bears of Wundermerk" amongst others, but the whole book is delightful from beginning to end, and is charmingly bound in pale blue and silver; the publishers are Messrs. Skeffington and Sons, 163, Piccadilly.

Another very nice book for children contains a number of short stories by S. Baring Gould. "My Prague Pig" is one of these, and a portrait of the pig is given; the other tales are "Gottlob's Picture," "Wow-Wow," "The Cat's Tree," and several others. The book is well printed and bound, and is also published by Messrs. Skeffington and Son.

Transparencies are one of the leading features in the Christmas and New Year's Cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons; one of these novel cards, with a prettily coloured view of Bray Church, when held up to the light, shows an angel hovering near the church tower; another with a row of merry dancing children, shows them, when held up, carrying paper lanterns in full blaze. Very charming frosted and embossed cards are also a speciality of this firm; some of these have embossed and cut-out flower borders, other designs are a crowd of young urchins with brooms and shovels behind a pierced area railing, or a lighthouse on a storm-beaten rock, but opening in the centre and disclosing tiny views of sky and sea; a very elaborate card consists of a gate with a row of birds perched on the top, and behind this, and distinct from it, a windmill with movable door.

Embossed cards, without frosting, are both numerous and pretty, and are chiefly folding cards with the embossed flowers forming the opening down the centre; there are many varieties of these cards, as of others with landscape subjects, in which a little bridge or a terrace wall can be raised from the picture beneath; very handsome, too, are the tinted cards, with borders of embossed stamped-out flowers and gold lettering; many of these are beautifully finished.

In another series of cards, with charming little landscape subjects, the embossed and stamped out borders and sprays of ivy and bells, or of light, feathery grasses and cereals, are still further embellished with a powdering of gold or silver; and smaller cards, decorated in a similar manner, have charming designs in colours and tinsel, with gold lettering. Amongst these are a few with exquisite little enamelled pictures, set in a frame of gold and tinsel; these enamels are quite new and very artistic.

The autograph cards are very pretty, and include the Gem Greeting Notes, with little brown and gold birds and gilt edges, and the Private Autograph Cards, with gold lettering, and a bunch of embossed and stamped out snowdrops, or other flowers, on one side.

Booklets there are also, one in the form of a swallow; others in more conventional shape, but, like the swallow, charmingly illustrated; the history of "Little Ah Sin" will greatly please the young ones.

Quite a feature amongst Messrs. Raphael Tuck's productions are the Calendars; the Art Gem Calendar, for the wall, is of large size, and consists of twelve sheets, each with a very well executed coloured picture and calendar for the month. Smaller calendars are made in the same way, and provided with ribbons by which they can be suspended, or else they are pinned on to pretty cards with embossed edges, which will last throughout the year, while the separate slips of the calendar can be torn off month by month.

Christmas and New Year's Toys.

If any of my readers like toys half as well as I do, they will not rest contented until they have seen the really magnificent collection of toys at Messrs. Hamley's, 231, High Holborn. Truly, this is a paradise for children, though I can hardly recommend that they should be taken where temptations are so many and so hard to resist, and where the difficulty of persuading them to come away will be so great. Prudent parents will go and make their choice by themselves, and I advise them to go with well filled purses, not because the toys are dear, but because they are so cheap and good that economical resolutions will be so many good resolutions wasted.

There is not a branch of the toy industry in England, France, or Germany that is not represented here, and the humble penny toy that serves to adorn the most unpretending Christmas-tree is no more neglected than the latest and most elaborate of Parisian mechanical figures. A beautiful specimen of these last is a peacock, which, when wound up, struts along, moving its head in dignified fashion from side to side, the tail meanwhile being alternately raised and expanded and closed and lowered. The action of the bird is so perfectly smooth and free from jerks, and the head, body and tail are so beautifully made and covered with real feathers, that the toy is quite a work of art.

Cats, especially small white cats, are always popular, and many pretty new mechanical toys consist of white kittens performing strange feats; one toy is a white kitten reposing on its back on a velvet cushion, playing with a ball with its uplifted fore-feet. Cats playing the piano and singing, cats brushing their whiskers, cats' parties, and cats and kittens doing many other strange things may be had in various sizes. Then there are jumping animals, such as hares and squirrels, and walking and growling bears of most ferocious appearance but well regulated demeanour, musical bears playing drums and cymbals, dancing bears, singing birds, a swan that goes round in a circle flapping its wings, and mechanical fishes which move along equally well on dry ground and in the water; clockwork mice are the smallest and least expensive of these mechanical toys.

Very elaborate and handsome mechanical figures are in various new forms; one is an old woman knitting, while a companion toy, an old man is brushing a boot. In another, a small Japanese figure sits on the large mask swinging a feather; when the feather tickles the nose of the mask, its mouth opens and a frog jumps out. A French clown playing with a ball is another good figure, and is beautifully modelled. Clockwork trains, engines, ships, boats, etc., are made in all sizes and at all prices; several kinds may be had at 1s. or 2s. each, although very elaborate toys are, of course, much more expensive.

Some of the new spring race games are very entertaining, especially one which is a representation of the old game of tilting at the ring; this may be had in a small size at 2s. 6d. Fléchette is one of the new French shooting games, and is played with darts, which are thrown by hand at a straw target. There is an almost unlimited choice of toys of all kinds, from 1s. or 2s. upwards, including soldiers of all nationalities, farmyards, boxes of furniture, shops, theatres, stables, kitchens, dolls' houses, dolls, skittles, boats, etc., etc. Boxes of Christmas-tree ornaments are made up at 5s. 6d. each, and these and a selection of toys at different prices can be sent anywhere into the country.

The better and more expensive kinds of toys are also on hand in great profusion; these include large dolls' houses, mail carts, perambulators, sailing and steam ships, games, large animals, rocking horses, jumeau dolls, dressed and undressed, and all the toys that are sold at low prices in larger sizes and better made.

Messrs. Hamley have also opened, next door to their toy and fancy shop, a special department for the supply of every description of conjuring apparatus and furniture. Here the merest tyro in conjuring, or the finished artist in legerdemain, may fit himself out with all the mysterious appliances he needs; boxes of tricks, with full directions, may be had from 2s. 6d., and there is quite a small library of books devoted to this entrancing science. I do not pretend to understand conjuring, and do not, therefore, attempt to describe the things I saw, but there are some little surprise scarf pins at a very moderate price, that any boy would understand and treasure.

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At least 50 per cent. less than West End or Provincial Prices. Sealskin Jackets and Mantles, Fur-lined Cloaks and Gent's Overcoats, Rugs, Trimmings, and most fashionable shapes in Boas, Capes, Collarettes, Muffs, &c., in Sable, Marten-tail, Sealskin, Bear, Astrachan, Fox, &c.

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WONDERFUL VELVETEEN At 2/- A Yard.

LEWIS'S Wonderful Velveteen is well-known all over the world. It is Fast Pile and Fast Dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will GIVE a NEW DRESS for NOTHING at all, and PAY THE FULL COST for MAKING and TRIMMING. The price of this Beautiful Velveteen, in Black and all the most Beautiful Colors now worn, is 2s. a yard. This quality velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. a Yard.

LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen, and sell it direct to the public, and LADIES SHOULD WRITE for PATTERNS OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY VELVETEEN, and judge for themselves of the wonderful quality. CARRIAGE PAID TO ALL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

DRESS MATERIALS FOR THE Present Season

Ladies should write to LEWIS'S for Patterns of new Dress Materials; they will be astonished at the Value offered.
Please mention "Myra's Journal," and address
LEWIS'S, in Market St., MANCHESTER.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

ROSE.—1. Double the quantity of water. 2. Blushing, as we recently told another querist, is the result of nervousness, and is only to be cured by strong mental effort. The causes of flushing, on the other hand, are physical. Flushing may very easily be treated by Cream of Stephanotis, which contains no grease, but is an exquisite creamy white liquid, a little of which is rubbed into the skin till it disappears in it, leaving no outward show, but rendering the skin white, firm, and cool. There is no more reliable cosmetic as a preventive of that painful redness and flushing to which one is so liable in heated assemblies. You will find full particulars of it in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this journal.

A Polish Lady.—The simplest and one of the best remedies would be frequent bathing in alum and water, or the application of an alum lotion, made by dissolving 1½ drachms of crushed alum in a pint of distilled water. A little rose water may be added to perfume the lotion. Your friend should always protect the face by wearing a veil when out of doors, and she must be as careful as possible in avoiding sudden changes of temperature. A stimulating diet is also objectionable in these cases, and very hot food and beverages always have a bad effect. If the alum proves too drying, a little cold cream may be applied at night. Any chemist will make the alum lotion for you.

Mistletoe.—You cannot do anything that will alter the growth of the hair, as its growing straight or curly depends upon the formation of the tubes or canals below the skin. All you can do is, when it grows again, to apply any simple curling fluid occasionally, and rub the hair round and round with the palm of the hand. Sometimes a second growth of hair is more or less curly than a first, but there is nothing you can do which will affect it either way.

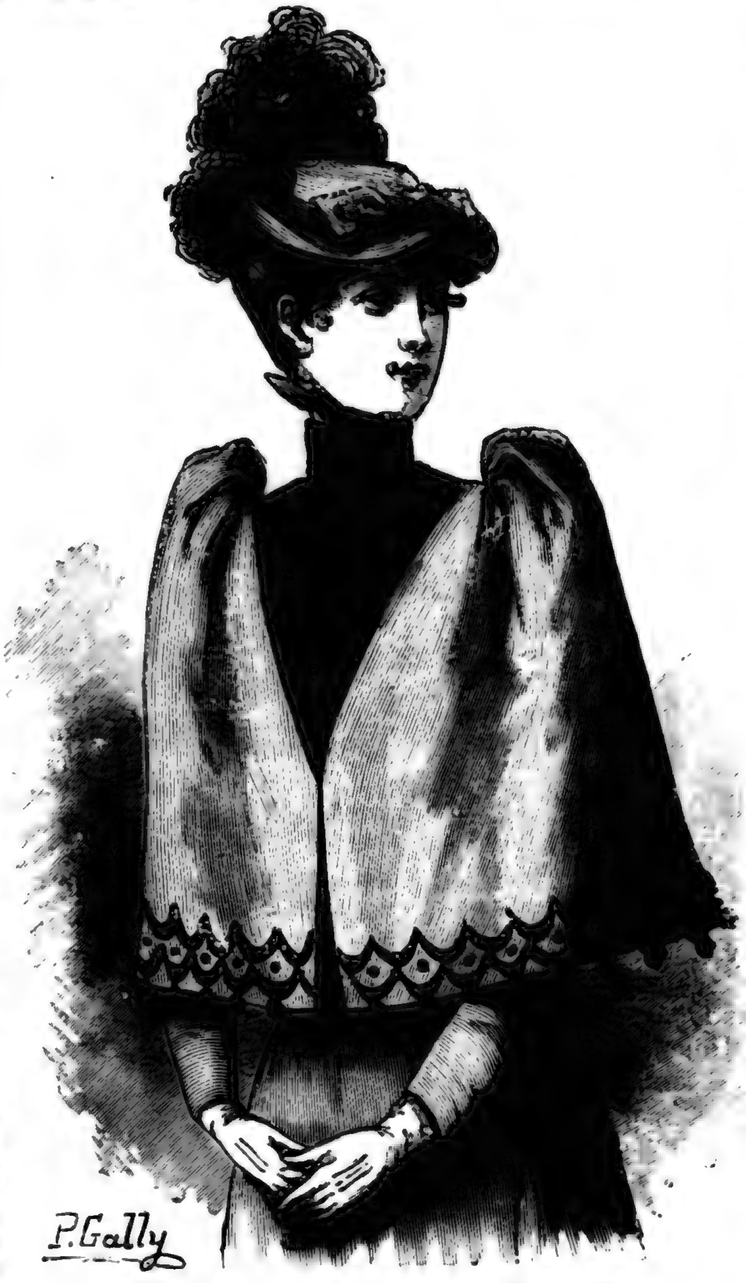
Glinton.—We may repeat for you an answer recently given. The remarkable effect of Jaborandi upon the hair has been placed beyond dispute by a most interesting correspondence on the subject in the *Standard* some time back. The great powers of Jaborandi on the growth and colour of the hair have been known to many for some time past, and we have repeatedly urged its use upon our correspondents. In Mr. Mason's advertisements in this journal will be found a description of the Jaborandi Hair Tonic, to which we have referred them.

Colonist.—Beecham's Pills would be a perfectly safe and very useful medicine to take with you, and would not be affected by the climate. We do not know either of the other medicines named.

Boojer.—1. The scars must be rubbed gently every day with warm olive or almond oil, or, if this does not produce the desired effect, try Gowland's Lotion, which you can obtain of any chemist. 2. We do not know of any such paper in England, and very much doubt whether anything of the kind is published here. 3. Perfectly harmless; either preparation will keep the hair in curl in damp weather up to a certain point, but you must not expect too much. 4. It is always a good deal a question of constitution; try the effect of the *Sourcilium Eau*, of the Parfumerie Exotique, 35, Rue du Quatre, Septembre, Paris. We can send you a bottle post free for 5s. 6d.

Mrs. E. P.—We would hardly suggest this. Cream of Wool Fat and Cucumbers will be better. It is prepared from wool fat, the actual gloss of the hair and skin obtained from long sheep's wool. It has the power of being instantly absorbed by the skin, which ordinary fats and oils have not. It thus leaves no greasiness on the surface; it is, owing to this absorption, invaluable for the removal of wrinkles and crowsfeet, filling out and plumping the skin, and giving it youthful softness. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who sends it post free to any address for 3s. 6d.

Butterfly.—1. Yes, for the Eau de Cologne; it is very unpleasant and should not be used often; but there is nothing in it that will do any harm unless you take it frequently; that, of course, would be a very bad habit. Do not be surprised, however, if the result does not quite answer your expectations. 2. Try the Astringent lotion with friction; it is the best thing you can use. 3. See reply to



No. 24. The Lovelace Pelerine.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Mistletoe; shaving the head would be useless. 4. Write to Mr. Mason and ask him; in all probability he will comply with your request. Please write in compliance with Rule 1 another time.

Beatrice.—See answer to Rose. 2. If the superfluous hairs are not very noticeable, let them alone. If they are a disfigurement, they should, without delay, be removed by a good depilatory. That made by Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, is the best we know, as it always does its work, is quite harmless, and very economical. He will send you a supply free by post on receipt of a Postal Order for 2s.

Mermaid.—The Vinolia preparations would be best in your case, as in all cases of eczema. You should use Vinolia Soap, either the medicated or perfumed, and the Vinolia powder. This is an impalpable powder, very soothing, and likely to allay any irritation; you may use it freely without fear of the consequences.

Mother.—Scolding will do no good whatever, on the contrary, it may do harm. Continue your present precautions, and try the effect of small doses of very dry sherry, not more than half a small wine glass full two or three times a day. If it produces no good effect, see your doctor, there may be some organic derangement which only he can deal with.

Pearl.—An absolute sunny golden hair is very rarely seen naturally in adults; but this desirable tint can be produced by the application of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Peroxide of Hydrogen is not a dye, and is perfectly safe to use; it acts by oxidising the colouring matter of the hair. Be sure that you get a carefully prepared peroxide, as we have known great disappointment to follow the use of an inferior article. We recommend that prepared by Mr. Mason, of Bank Plain, Norwich, as it is always of full strength, and perfectly reliable. He will send a supply post free for 4s. to any address.

Hatty.—1. Evidently the preparation you have been using does not suit your hair, and should have been discontinued at once. We strongly advise you to try Rowland's Macassar Oil; this, if anything will do it, will remedy the bad effects of the other preparation, and promote fresh growth and restore the hair to good condition. Use the oil every day at first, and then two or three times a week. 2. Toilet Lanoline for the wrinkles; you can procure this of any good chemist, and a little of it must be rubbed into the skin every night and morning. Continue firm, gentle rubbing for five minutes each time, always rubbing across the wrinkles, not in the same direction. The Lanoline is an effectual cure on account of its chief ingredient being the natural nutrient oil of the skin. It is sold in convenient tubes. This is Lanoline Cold Cream for the hands. This is sold in glass jars, and keeps the skin white and soft.

E. W.—You must not use pomade if you wish your hair to crimp or curl. Wash out all the pomade, and in future use the Koko for the hair. If you send 4s. 6d. to the Koko-Maricopas Company, 9, Prince Teck Buildings, Earl's Court, you will receive a large bottle by return of post. This will keep your hair soft and glossy, and not interfere with its curling. It is far pleasanter to use than pomade, and is altogether an excellent hair wash. 2. Nothing but warmth will entirely prevent the redness; wear warm underclothing, especially on the arms and at the wrists. See also reply to Hatty. 3. Rub the joint at night with warm olive oil, or, better still, with Pumiline Essence, and wrap it up well in cotton wool; friction and warmth will do more to prevent the stiffness than anything else.

Jackdaw.—Take ten grains of carmine and one ounce of orris root in fine powder. Mix these well together, and then add to the mixture a quarter of a pound of the finest wheat starch in powder. Sift the powder through coarse muslin.

T. T.—A plain sulphuretted lotion is composed of 1 drachm of sulphuret of potassium to 1 pint of distilled water. These are dissolved together, and the lotion will be greatly improved by the addition of a little glycerine. 2. New milk, or butter milk, in which sulphur has been steeped, is a very old-fashioned but excellent skin lotion, and is said to be a good cure for freckles.

Miss D. L.—You omitted the preservative; your walnut juice would, of course, fail to keep if you did not mix spirit with it when it was bottled. Write to Mr. Mason for some of his Extract of Walnut Juice and Nutgalls, which has much more power than the juice alone as a rich brown hair stain, and is equally harmless. See his advertisement for particulars. For all golden, chestnut, and hazel-brown tints of hair this is unrivalled.

Wild Indian.—1. Yes, for the occasional vapour bath, it will be very beneficial. 2. Vinolia Cream, rubbed well into the skin at night, and as a lotion Rowland's Kalydor. 3. An elastic band round the foot will keep the pad in place on the enlarged joint.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES, quickly correct all irregularities, removes all obstructions and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

Description of Our Engravings,

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

No. 1. The Marquise Hat.

Black velvet hat, the brim turned up and bordered with feathers. Plume of black feathers at the back, and bow of pink faille ribbon in front.

No. 2. Garniture for Evening Dress.

Draped bretelles of silk muslin from the shoulder to the waist, bordered with deep lace; on the left a single flounce, on the right side a double flounce, partly covering the bretelle, both sides ending in a full coquillé.

No. 3. Feather Collar.

Medici collar for tea-gown in black or coloured feathers, with long twisted and coquillé jabot of crêpe lisse with embroidered edge.

No. 4. Draped Plastron.

Plastron of soft silk; the under part pleated in at the waist and bordered with narrow lace; over this a draped fichu of the silk trimmed with lace and fastened up on the left shoulder with a bow.

No. 13. The Marion Toilette.

Dinner dress of pale pink crêpe de Chine, embroidered with green spots. Silk foundation skirt and full over skirt of crêpe, trimmed across the front with five rows of green ribbon velvet ending at the sides in bows to match. Short full bodice, gauged at the neck in the form of a rounded yoke. Bretelles of green velvet front and back, with bows on the shoulders and at the waist. Full draped sleeve ending just below the elbow. Quantity of material required—silk 10 yards, crêpe 16 yards.

No. 14. The de Seze Mantle.

Mantle of dark grey *gros de Naples* and black velvet embroidered with jet. Plain redingote back with pleated skirt. The fronts draped in folds and crossed over a plain plastron mounted on the lining, which is fitted with pleats and fastened down the middle. Open redingote panels, pleated towards the front and mounted at the waist, and under panels of embroidered velvet joined on at each side. Corselet of embroidered velvet edged with deep jet fringe. Coat sleeves of *gros de Naples* and pèlerine of embroidered velvet open in front and forming over-sleeves. Feather collar fastened with silk cord. Grey velvet hat trimmed with feathers. Quantity of material required—silk 12 yards, velvet 3½ yards.

No. 15. The Glanville Costume.

Costume of lobelia cloth and velvet trimmed with steel galon. Skirt of grey cloth, open on each side over a panel of velvet trimmed with three rows of braid. The front forms a wide box-pleat, the back is in plain pleats. Pointed bodice of cloth bordered with galon, fastened down the centre in front and ornamented with a band of velvet edged with galon, which forms the top outline of a deep pointed corselet; another row of galon following the same line above the corselet. Collar and sleeves of velvet. Black feather boa. Felt hat trimmed with velvet matching the costume. Quantity of material required—cloth 7 yards, velvet 4½ yards.

No. 16. Promenade Toilettes.

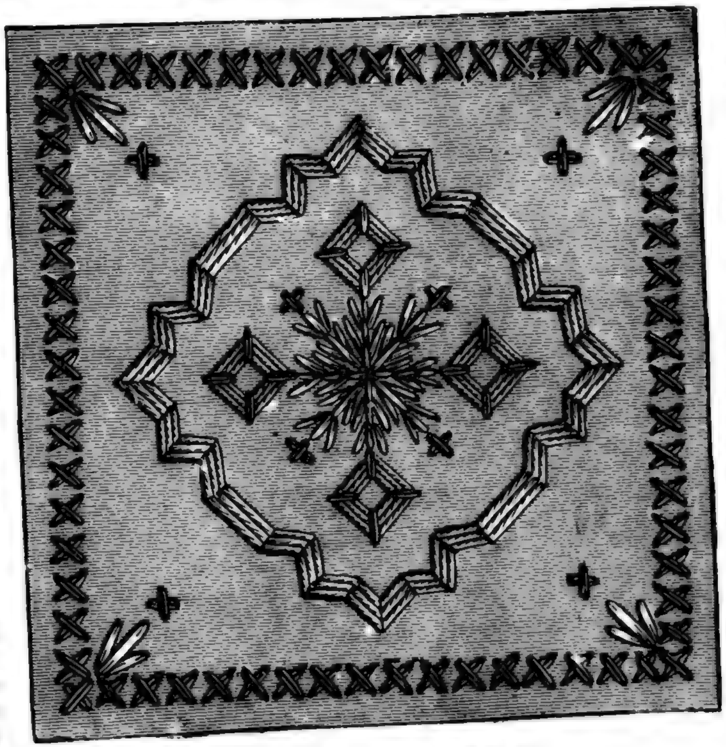
Fig. 1. Costume of dahlia cloth in polonaise shape. The left front crosses over the right front, which is quite flat, and is trimmed with two diagonal bands of black passementerie that meet at the waist on the left under a passementerie motif. The front of the skirt is draped here with a few pleats, and this draping under motifs is repeated at intervals, the back of the skirt being fastened down over the front, at the same points. Rich band of passementerie round the edge of the skirt, and long sleeves entirely covered with passementerie. Princess back with two large pleats covered with passementerie, and collar of passementerie with point in front. Velvet toque, with a double row of jet nail heads on the brim, and trimming of black feathers. Quantity of material required—cloth 8 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of bronze broché poplin. Silk foundation skirt, the front covered by a draped tunic caught up nigh at the back and bordered with a flounce of the same material, mounted on the drapery with a heading; this flounce is of graduated depth, and rises to the waist at the back where it merges in the back breadths. Full bodice forming a slight point in front, draped on each side of a flat plastron of bronze velvet, and fastened on the left side. Velvet band forming a point in front and with crossed tabs at the back. Puffed sleeves with deep cuffs of velvet, and velvet collar. Ball fringe on the fronts, collar, band and sleeves. Bronze velvet hat, trimmed with black feathers. Quantity of material required—poplin 18 yards.

No. 17. Visiting and Reception Dresses.

Fig. 1. Tablier of plain beige cloth slightly draped, and redingote panels of beige cloth embroidered with moss green silk and chenille. Redingote of moss green velvet, the fronts forming a short bodice, the back in fluted pleats below the waist. The bodice opens over a plastron of plain cloth with straight collar. Medici collar of velvet with long ends lining the double collar and revers of plain and embroidered cloth. Sleeves of velvet with double parements of cloth. Velvet toque trimmed with feathers. Quantity of material required—velvet 4 yards, cloth 3 yards.

Fig. 2. Redingote of silver grey cloth, the back of the corsage open over a fan pleated plastron of white peau de soie; in front a draped tablier of peau de soie and plastron to match, embroidered with steel. Waistcoat of grey crêpe de Chine, draped and open in a V, the rounded ends trimmed with fringe and the draperies held by a steel buckle in front. Draped sleeves of grey cloth; tight under-sleeves, and collar of white peau de soie embroidered with steel. Quantity of material required—cloth 5 yards, peau de soie 6 yards.



No. 25. Centre of d'Oylty.

No. 18. Fashionable Dinner Toilettes.

Fig. 1. Dress of white bengaline and crêpe de Chine. Draped front of crêpe, and draped redingote panels of bengaline embroidered with silver; long train of bengaline, without breast pleats and cut in bretelle fashion over a pleated under-bodice of crêpe. Added basques of bengaline embroidered with silver and edged with white feather. Draped band and short draped sleeves of crêpe; collar with double points of bengaline edged with feather. Silver filigree ornament holding the drapery of the corsage. Quantity of materials required—bengaline 20 yards.

Fig. 2. Tea-gown of azalea faille with black broché velvet spots; the fronts open and draped a little towards the back on the hips, and a few flat pleats between the fronts and the long train. Full draped front of maize coloured surah and long under-sleeves of the same, with short draped sleeves of the spotted silk. Pleated collar of maize crêpe lisse and coquillé pleatings of the same, down the fronts, and pleatings on the short sleeves. Quantity of material required—faille 18 yards.

Fig. 3. Skirt of pale pink faille trimmed at the edge with a white lace flounce headed by valence draperies of pink crêpe, festooned with knotted ends of pink ribbon. Open bodice of green bengaline, draped from the shoulders and ending in rounded panier draperies; the back of the corsage and train of green bengaline, and short sleeves of the same trimmed with silver galon. Long waistcoat points and upward point on the chest of silver embroidery; front of bodice composed of alternate draperies of pink crêpe and dark green velvet; draped under-sleeves of crêpe; pink bows on the shoulders and down the front. Quantity of material required—faille 6 yards, bengaline 10 yards.

No. 19. Evening Dresses for Young Ladies.

Fig. 1. Plain full skirt of spotted white gauze, the spots in silver. Corselet of white faille laced at the back and trimmed round the top with three rows of silver cord, meeting at the top point and falling in festoons under the arms. Draped under-bodice of spotted gauze, caught up on the shoulders by puffs of the gauze. Narrow sash of silver broché ribbon, the long ends loosely knotted in front. Quantity of material required—gauze 16 yards.

Fig. 2. Toilette of turquoise blue faille, the skirt plain in front and slightly trained at the back; three bands of gold passementerie down the front of the skirt. Pointed corsage, cut half low and trimmed with three bands of passementerie. Deep Richelieu collar of point lace, drawn up at the shoulders to fall in epaulets over the short puffed sleeves gathered into a band. Quantity of material required—faille 15 yards.

Fig. 3. Skirt of eau de Nil faille. Draped over-skirt of crêpe de Chine in the same colour, embroidered with silk at the edge, and caught up at the waist on the left side. Corsage of crêpe open in front and draped from the shoulders; the left side fastens over to the right and forms a panier drapery edged with lace; on the right a short basque edged with lace, and sash bow where the fastening ends. Medici collar of lace and small bow on the chest. Short draped sleeves trimmed with lace. Quantity of material required—silk 10 yards, crêpe 1 robe.

No. 20. The Paquita Opera Cloak.

Small cloak of pale heliotrope sicilienne, lined with pale green silk and embroidered with gold and silk and chenille, in shades of heliotrope and green. High Medici collar. The sleeves and collar are entirely covered with embroidery. Quantity of material required—sicilienne 2½ yards.

No. 21. The Olga Morning Dress, and Natalie Tea-Gown.

Fig. 1. Princess dress of heliotrope vigogne trimmed with beaver. The back in plain princess shape; the left front covers the front entirely, the right front crosses it in a diagonal line, and is fastened and draped on the left hip by a silver clasp. Plain wide sleeve open at the inner seam and trimmed with fur. Quantity of material required—vigogne 7 yards.

Fig. 2. Tea-gown of vieux rose surah, the skirt edged with tucks and a pleated flounce. Wide coquillé of lace down the front and simulated hood of lace and cream ribbon at the back. Sleeves composed of an epaulet of surah and lace flounce; bows on the shoulders and at the neck. Sash of cream crêpe de Chine, folded twice round the waist and tied in a large bow on the left, the ends trimmed with lace and drawn in with ribbon. Quantity of material required—surah 15 yards.

No. 22. The Helene and Paget Toques.

Fig. 1. Beige felt toque, the brim draped with white lace; bows of brown velvet in front and at the back, and a fancy wing in front.

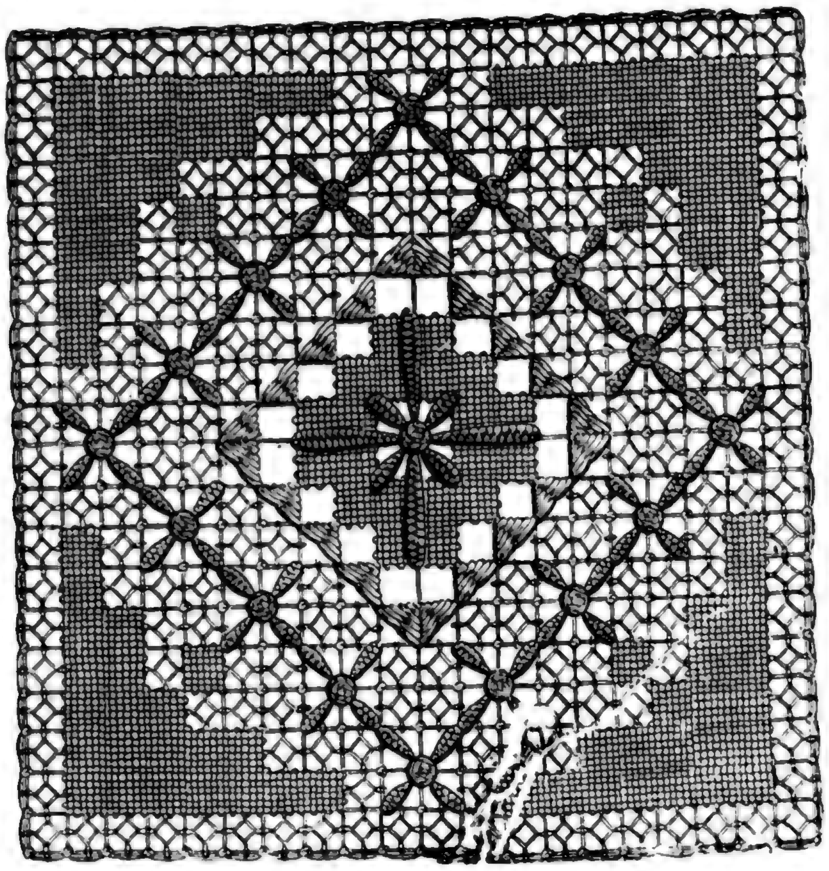
Fig. 2. Toque of beaver coloured velvet, the brim fluted in front. Bow of blue satin ribbon and velvet in front, and beige wings folded back on the crown and standing up on each side of the bow.

No. 23. New Styles for Cloth Dresses.

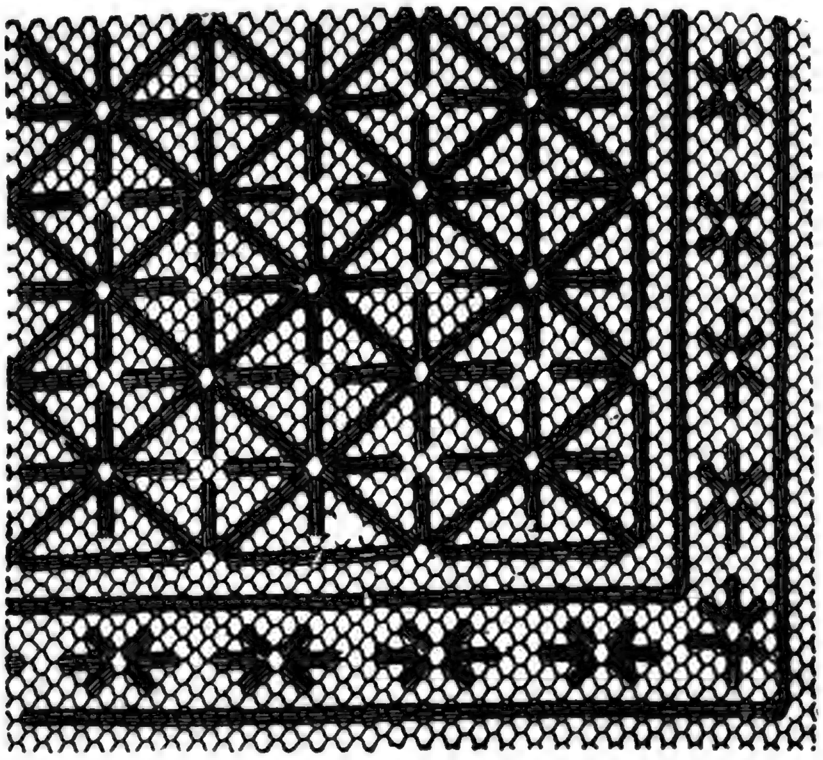
Fig. 1. Dress of mouse grey cloth; plain skirt, the front breadth buttoned down with silver buttons on each side at the top; full rounded paniers, the panier on the left side draped over the edge of the corsage, the right side of the bodice ending in a pointed basque and buttoned down over a strip of white cloth, representing a waistcoat. Breast pocket on the left side. Plain sleeve puffed a little at the shoulder; high collar. Quantity of material required—cloth 8 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of cobalt blue cloth; the skirt open in front in redingote panels embroidered with jet

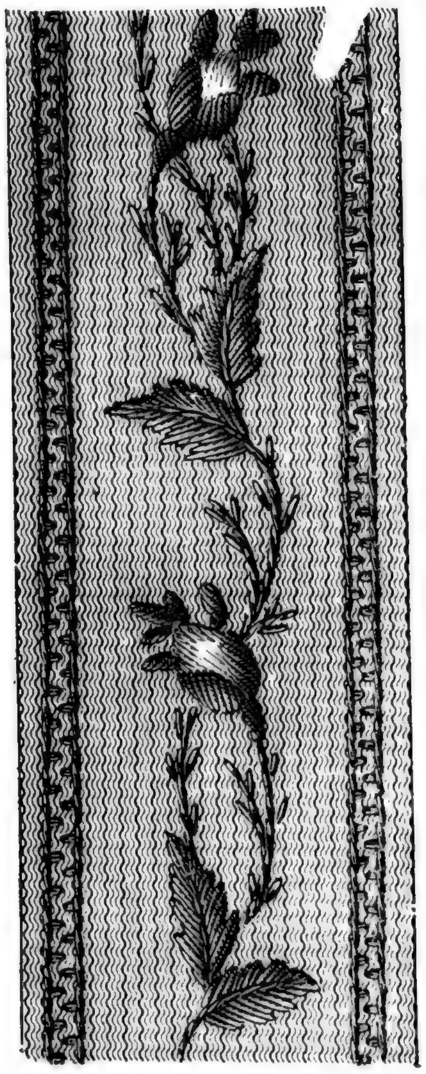
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



No. 26. Square in Guipure d'Art.



No. 27. Design in Darned Net.



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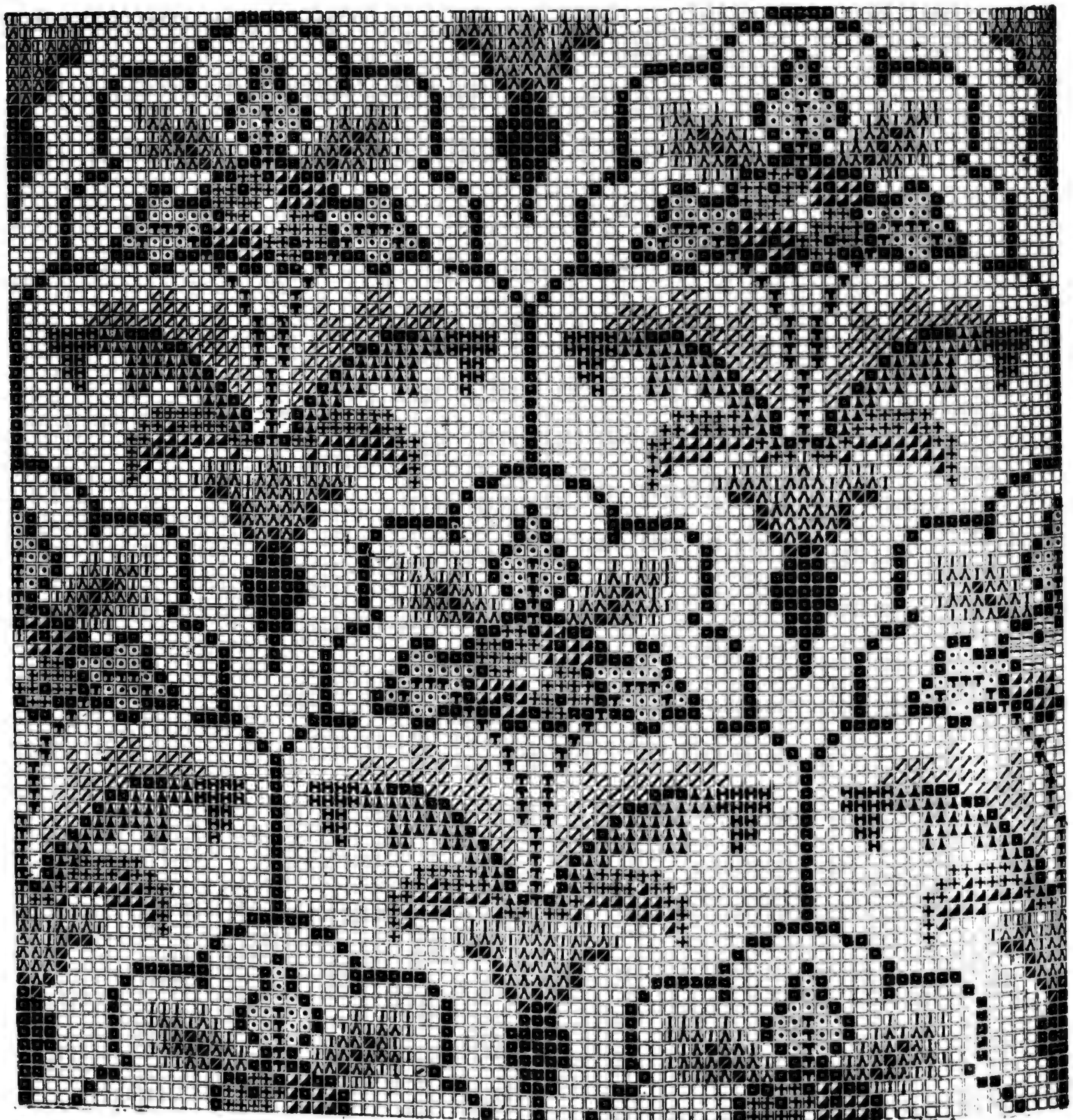
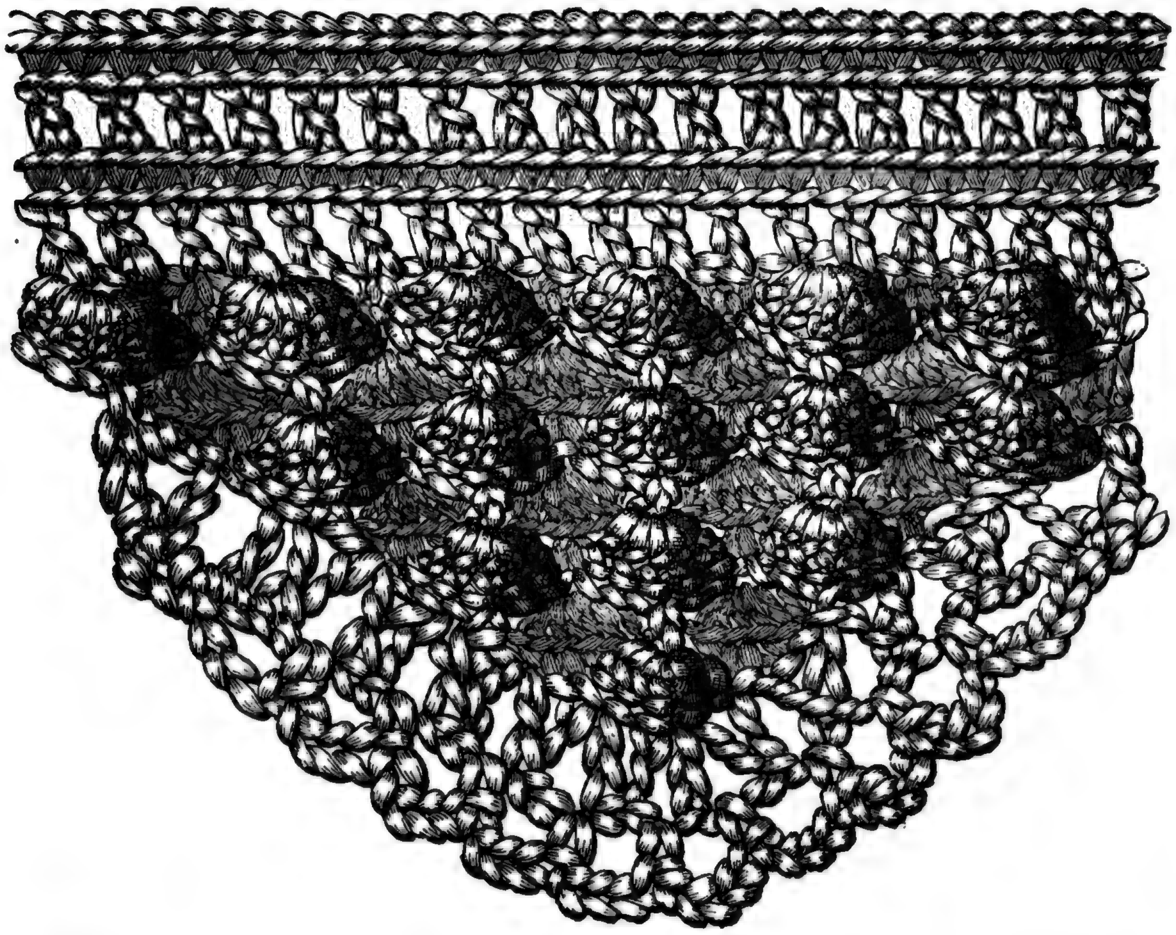


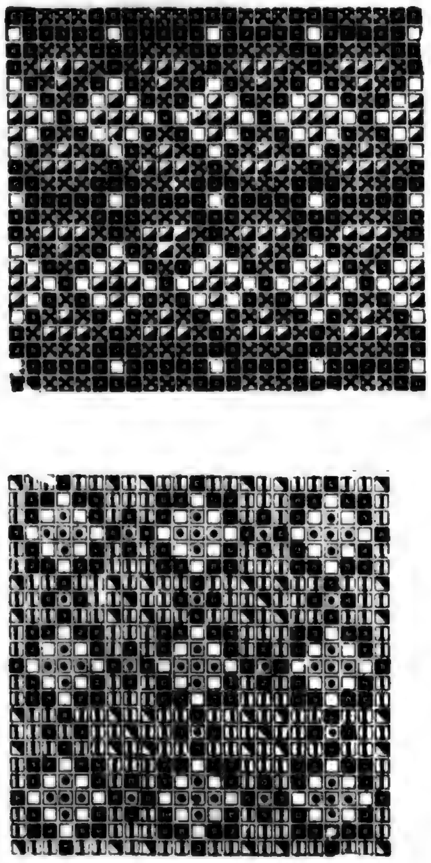
No. 29. Design in Tapestry Work.

We beg to recommend Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co.,

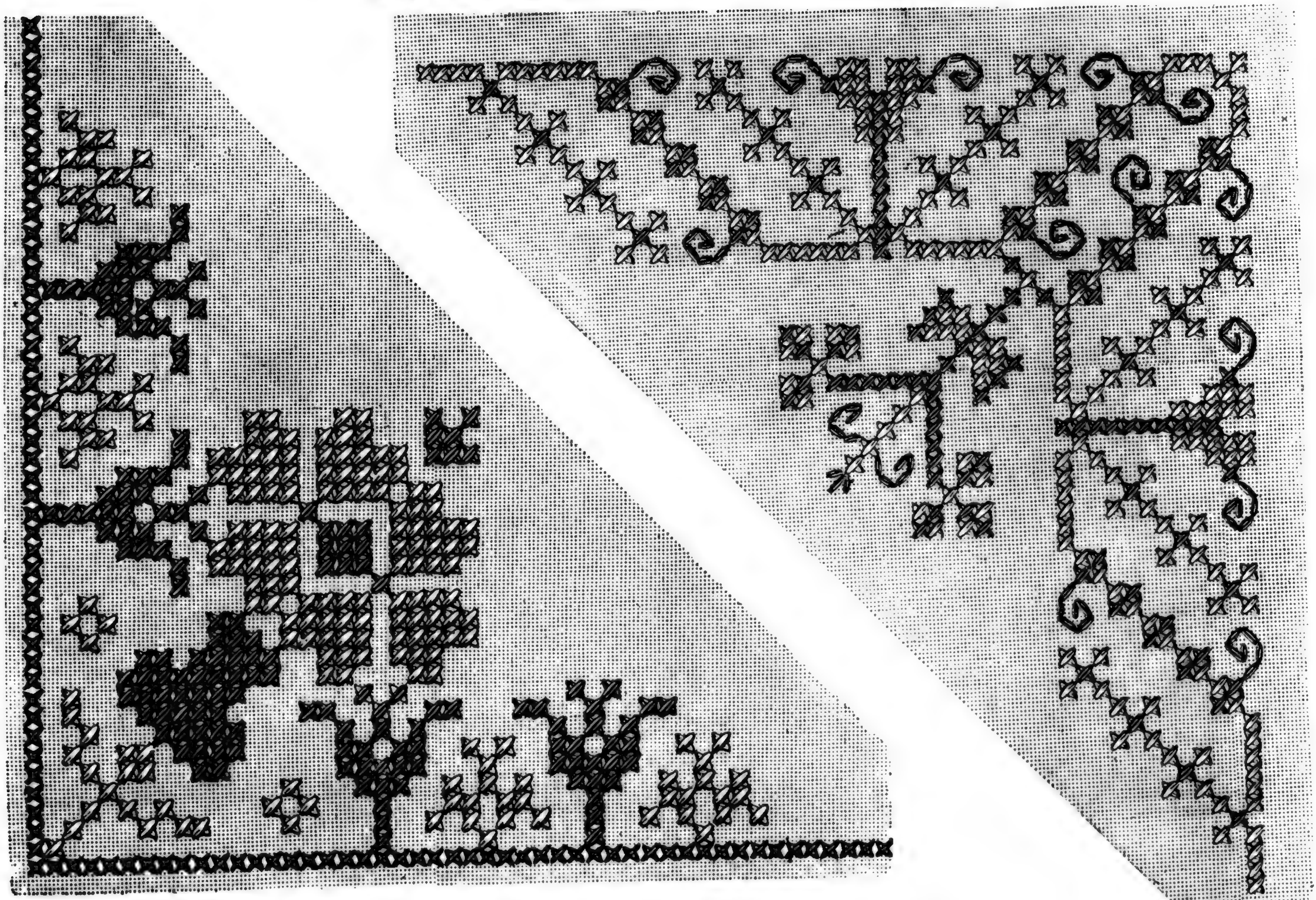
NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK.



No. 30. Crochet Edging.



Nos. 31 and 32. Grounding Patterns in Tapestry Work.



Nos. 33 and 34. Designs for Corners of Table-cloths in Cross-stitch.

kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery and Maltese Thread.

beads, over a tablier forming a wide box pleat and caught up and draped a little at the top. Corsage with long basques, forming rounded paniers draped at the back, the fronts opening over a plastron embroidered with jet at the neck and on the sharp waistcoat point. Embroidered revers framing the opening and edged with a graduated flounce of black lace with velvet applications; at the back the lace forms a kind of rounded pèlerine below the turned down collar. Sleeve draped at the elbow and embroidered at the wrist; embroidered collar. Quantity of material required—cloth 8 yards.

No. 24. The Lovelace Pelerine.

Pèlerine of beige cloth with a double scallop worked with bronze silk at the edge, and a row of drops to match. The pèlerine is mounted on a pointed yoke and straight collar of bronze velvet embroidered with rows of scallops, and gathered and raised at the shoulders. Beige felt hat trimmed with bronze velvet and black feathers. Quantity of material required—cloth 1 yard.

No. 25. Square for Centre of D'Oyley.

The pattern is worked with washing silks in long-stitch and cross-stitch on fine linen, the d'oyley is bordered with lace or with a border in drawn work and fringe.

No. 26. Square in Guipure D'Art.

The square is suitable for the top of a pincushion, and is worked in linen-stitch and darning-stitch on a point d'esprit ground. The pincushion is made of pink or blue pongee silk with puffs of silk at the corners, between the corners of the guipure square.

No. 27. Design in Darned Net.

The design is suitable for curtains and window blinds, the pattern being darned with white flax thread. It may also be used for evening dresses, in which case black net and coloured silk, or gold or silver thread, should be employed.

No. 28. Band in Embroidery.

The band is suitable for working with silks on gentlemen's braces made of corded or watered ribbon. Natural colours in rather pale shades should be selected for the work.

No. 29. Design in Tapestry Work.

This bold and handsome design may be used for rugs, ottoman covers, sofa cushions, and other purposes; the colours in the sequence of the key-blocks are, gold coloured silk (this is used for the black squares), dark blue, medium blue, light blue, dark rose, light rose, dark réséda, light réséda, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, and black, or any suitable dark shade for the white squares forming the ground.

No. 30. Crochet Edging Suitable for the Borders of Bed Spreads.

The chain is made the whole length required; on it work: 1st row, double crochet. 2nd row, 1 treble, 1 chain. 3rd row, double crochet. 4th row, 1 treble, 1 chain. 5th row, 6 treble in the same stitch, miss 2, 1 double, miss 2, repeat 6 times. 6th row, turn and repeat the 5th row, working the 6 treble in the double of last row. These two rows are repeated 3 times, each front row having two shells less, until at the top there is but one. This forms one scallop. When the length of scallops are finished, make an edge of 2 treble, 1 chain, round each 2nd row: 1 double in chain, 3 chain.

Nos. 31 and 32. Grounding Patterns in Tapestry Work.

These patterns may be used for foot-stools and other purposes; four colours are required for the top pattern and five for the lower one.

Nos. 33 and 34. Designs for Corners of Table Cloths in Cross-Stitch.

The designs are worked on linen table cloths with red and blue ingrain cotton, and are also suitable for quilts and other purposes.

No. 39. Taper Holders for Christmas Trees.

The taper holders consist of a socket and saucer, to which wires are attached to secure the holder to a branch of the tree.

No. 40. Ladies' Belts.

Fig. 1. Leather belt in two pieces laced together with fine leather thongs, and fastened with double straps and buckles.

Fig. 2. Swiss belt in fine soft leather, laced in front and passed through a slide and buckle at the side.

Fig. 3. Flexible metal belt made in silver, steel, and gold, with an ornamental clasp and plaques.

No. 40. Pencil, Penholder, etc., for Writing Table.

The illustration shows a group of useful implements for the writing table, with twisted silver handles.

No. 42. The Ramsay Jacket.

Double breasted jacket of beige diagonal cloth with half long basques open at the back, and a seam down the centre of the front. The jacket is fastened at the neck with two buttons and at the waist by a buttoned tab. Plain high collar. Double sleeve, the upper one buttoned to the elbow. Trimming of three rows of narrow braid. Cloth toque trimmed with velvet. Quantity of material required—cloth 2½ yards.

Nos. 43 and 44. Chapeaux and Mantles: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

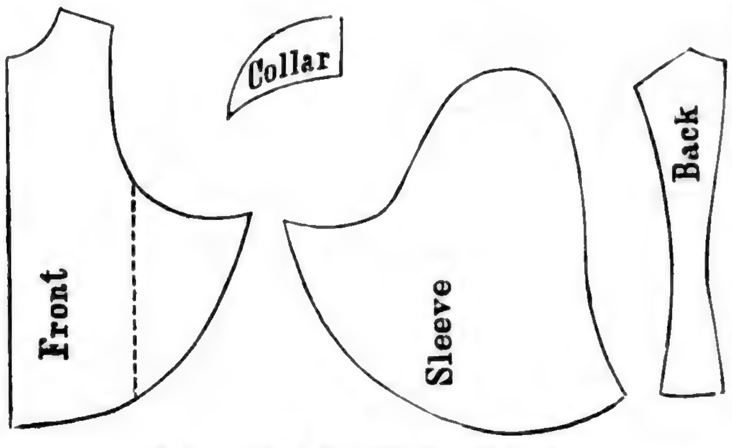
No. 43. Fig. 1. Capote of turquoise blue velvet, trimmed with a band and aigrette of black feathers, and bow and strings of black velvet. Price £1 15s. 6d.

Fig. 2. Black velvet hat with a wreath and plume of small black feather tips; bows of purple velvet. Price £1 18s. 6d.

Fig. 3. Capote of wood brown velvet, with band of curled feathers and plume and aigrette in front; black velvet strings. Price £1 17s. 6d.

No. 44. Fig. 1. Cloth visite with beaver lining, ornamented with embroidery and bordered with fur. Price £2 1s. 6d.

Fig. 2. Circular cloak with pleats, drawn in at the back, made of woollen with quilted satin lining, fur collar, and embroidery on the fronts and shoulders. Price £2 1s. 6d.



No. 35. The Paquita Opera Cloak.

Diagram of the Cut-out Paper Pattern *given with this number.*

Fig. 3. Tailor-made jacket, in black diagonal cloth, bordered with mohair braid. Price 17s.

Fig. 4. Mantelet in black silk material, lined with silk, embroidery in front and on the sleeves and back, and marabout trimming. Price £3 3s.

No. 45. Morning and Dressing Gowns: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

Fig. 1. Dressing-gown in Pyrenean lambswool, with cord fastenings at the neck and waist. Price £1 15s. 6d.

Fig. 2. Dressing-gown of printed flannel with velvet collar and cuffs. Price 15s. 6d.

Fig. 3. Morning dress of woollen with pinked out flounce and scarf, and embroidered collar and sleeves. Price £1 14s.

Fig. 4. Dressing-gown of striped molleton with fringed sash. Price £1 5s.

Fig. 5. Indoor dress of silk plush in all colours, with blouse front of surah. Trimming of metal galon. Price £2 15s. 6d.

Fig. 6. Dressing-gown of Scotch tartan with cord fastenings at the neck and waist. Pric. £1 6s. 6d.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern is that of the Paquita Opera Cloak illustrated at No. 20, and consists of four pieces, the front, sleeve, back, and collar. The front and sleeve are joined by a curved seam following the bend of the arm, the front being folded at the dotted line to form the under part of the sleeve. The back is joined to the sleeve in the usual way, and is fitted by a curved seam down the centre. Medici collar Quantity of material required—2½ yds., 22 inches wide.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SECOND CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

The pattern is that of a lady's vest, and is the first of the series of trousseau patterns. The vest is made of flannel, of cellular cloth, of Jaeger fabric, or other material, and is shaped by a curved seam under the arms. The material is folded at the shoulder to avoid a seam, and the front of the neck is cut a little lower than the back. The front opens about 6 inches down, and is fastened with small buttons. The vest is high, but may easily be cut low if preferred. The short sleeve is large and easy round the armhole, to ensure comfort and good wear. Quantity required — 1 yard 15 inches, 30 inches wide.

DESCRIPTION of the SUPPLEMENT SHEET of BALL TOILETTES, Sketched at Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Regent Street.

Fig. 1. Tulle dress, with crystal spots and small sprays of Parma violets, the edge of the skirt draped in front with a bow. Silk panel at the side ornamented with ribbon and flowers. Draped corsage and short puffed sleeves.

Fig. 2. Dinner dress; the skirt of rich brocade, ornamented with draped panels of satin, ending at the side under the satin train. Bodice of brocade, and with Figaro fronts of satin and revers of brocade. Satin sleeves.

Fig. 3. Dinner dress; tablier of yellow embroidered lisse; pleated side panels, and small paniers of yellow bengaline; train of bengaline mounted with a double box-pleat. Corselet of bengaline, with draperies and short sleeves of embroidered lisse. Bows of yellow satin ribbon.

Fig. 4. Ball dress of white tulle, with garniture of chrysanthemums. Opera cloak of cloth in various shades, with black fur collar and lining of squirrel.

Fig. 5. Young lady's ball dress in tulle, with pattern and fringed border in chenille, to match. Evening wrap of plush, lined with quilted silk in a contrasting colour; yoke to correspond, trimmed with white Angora fur.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

Fig. 1. Tailor-made costume of tweed or home-spun; the skirt plain and tucked above the hem; the bands on the bodice, and the pockets on the skirt, are trimmed with buttons.

Fig. 2. Cloth jacket for a young lady, ornamented with a narrow edging of beaver.

Fig. 3. Walking costume in dark blue cloth, trimmed with black astrakan fur. The waistcoat is of silk, or other soft material in a lighter shade, prettily draped. A long silk girdle completes the costume.

Fig. 4. Stylish costume in dark green amazon cloth; one half of the bodice and the panel on one side of the skirt, are in a lighter shade richly braided.

Fig. 5. Cloth jacket, handsomely braided and trimmed with astrakan fur.

Fig. 6. Walking costume of brown cloth, with a band of beaver fur at the foot of the skirt and collar to correspond. The under-bodice is of velvet, opening over a white or cream coloured vest.

ADDRESS:
Madame MYRA, 40, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To prevent any possibility of mistake by Ladies inexperienced in the use of Paper Patterns,

Every Part of the Pattern is Stamped.

MYRA'S RELIABLE PAPER PATTERNS.

:o:

FLAT PATTERNS (Stock Size 24 in. Waist and 36 in. Bust) of any Costumes, Mantles, Lingerie, Underclothing, or Draperies, illustrated in Myra's Journal and The Lady's Magazine ... ... 6d.
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MADE-UP MODELS OF LADIES' DRESSES, TEA GOWNS, Etc.—	These are cut to measure or not, as required	
Untrimmed		2/6
Trimmed		5/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF LONG MANTLES—		
Untrimmed		2/3
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Untrimmed		1/9
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MADE-UP MODELS OF DRESSING-GOWNS—		
Untrimmed		2/3
Trimmed		4/6

N.B.—In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the Dress, &c., MADAME MYRA encloses with each Made-up Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by.

These can be cut equally from illustrations appearing in MYRA's Publications or elsewhere, and are especially recommended as doing away with the difficulties sometimes met with by inexperienced hands in using stock-size Patterns.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

......Size of Waist.
......Bust under Arms.
......Size round Shoulders.
......Size across Chest.
......Size across Back.
......Length of Back.
......Length of Neck to Waist.
......Length under Arm.
......Length of Shoulder.
......Length of Arm, Shoulder to Elbow.
......Elbow to Wrist.
......Length inside Arm.
......Size of Neck.
......Size round Hips.

With a view to simplifying the difficulties of Cutting-Out, no Turnings are allowed for in MYRA'S PAPER PATTERNS, in order that ladies may use their own discretion in allowing for the Turning according to the Material on which they are working. For instance, Serges and Soft Woollens require double the Turnings necessary for Silks, Velvets, &c. As a great assistance in tracing the Patterns on the Lining, we recommend the use of our Tracing Wheels.

HOW TO USE THE TRACING WHEEL.

Place the Paper Pattern on the lining, and then run the Wheel along the edge of the Pattern you wish to transfer. The teeth of the Wheel prick through into the lining and form a perfect tracing. Turnings must be allowed for according to the character of the material beyond the tracing; Silks, Velvets, Cottons and Firm Cloths requiring about half an inch; and Serges, Woollens, and loosely woven materials, about an inch.

In consequence of MADAME MYRA's large correspondence she is obliged to request **Payment in Advance** for all Patterns ordered.

SALES AND EXCHANGES.

[*The charge for inserting Advertisements in this column is* SIXPENCE PER LINE OF EIGHT WORDS. *Copy should be accompanied with remittance in stamps or P.O.O.*]

Gentlemen's Knitted Socks, from 1s. 6d. a pair; Stockings, from 4s. B. S., Heydon House, Royston, Cambridge.

Black Net Ball Skirt, Moiré Sash, white flowers, 12s. 6d.—Handsome Crimson Broché Opera Mantle, trimmed brown fur, £1.—No. 555.

Beautiful Handwork Embroidery Strips, 1¼ yards, 2d.; wider, 4d. and 6d. Approval free. Miss Frost, Wincanton, Bath.

Good opening for lady as sleeping partner on projected advertising medium; active participation if of literary, musical, or commercial experience. Circulating 100,000. Care of Athol Ross & Co., Publishers, 30, Langdon Road, London, N.

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Addresses of Dressmakers who go out by the day or month:—

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Ladies who will go out by the day to make or mend Children's clothing:—

Mrs. Edward Trodd, 84, Walton Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

Ladies who undertake all kinds of fancy work crochet, knitting, &c.:—

Miss Brooks, 74, High Street, Ramsgate.

MARCUS WARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT artistic merit in the designs, and a high degree of perfection in printing are the chief characteristics of the Christmas and New Year's Cards and Booklets brought out by Messrs. Marcus Ward this season. The exquisite taste of the Floral Cards, on white or tinted and gilt ground, and the delicacy with which these and the equally pleasing Landscape Cards are coloured and printed, leave nothing to be desired; it would be impossible to find a more refined medium for conveying one's good wishes than these cards. The words, too, are well chosen, and express neither too much nor too little; some pretty tinted cards of Japanese vellum, printed in red and black, have verses from Keble or F. B. Havergal, with a little embossed design of a flower and star or flower and cross in colour and gold or silver in one corner.

A series of small square cards have charming little designs of Cupids and insects, drawn and coloured with great delicacy; some luggage labels with monkeys are very funny, and there are any number of cards with pretty subjects of animals and children. The Tambourine and Fan Cards are remarkably pretty, and the young ones will never tire of the folding plum pudding and cake cards, that open in the middle to show the wonders that are inside, nor of the cracker cards, which are quite new and very delightful cards. Extremely clever and original are the sets of four-fold cards representing front and back views of four sailors, four soldiers, four policemen, and four sandwich men. All the figures, though joined at the arms to fold, are perfectly distinct and stamped out; the faces of each four are different, but all characteristic, and the demure propriety of the front view is in queer contrast with the festive appearance of the back view of the same figures. All these amusing cards show the same perfection of finish as those of a more sentimental character, and however funny the subjects may be, they never approach vulgarity.

The books and booklets offer still more scope to the artist, and many of these are quite gems of colour printing and illuminated gold and coloured text. The booklets are many of them quite small, but large enough for a complete poem interleaved with apropriate illustrations; these in some of the books are in colours, in others in monotint; some good examples of these are "Good Tidings," with illustrations by Kate Sturgeon, "The Fairy Ship," illustrated by E. Caldwell, and two booklets in bell shape, entitled "Christmas Bells," and "New Year Bells." "Auld Lang Syne" is charmingly set, and and the old nursery rhyme, "This Little Pig," is also illustrated in most dainty fashion by E. Caldwell on a book cut round the edge in the shape of a hand.

Larger illustrated books include "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, with monotint illustrations by Frank Bindley, charmingly bound in blue and gold, and Keble's "Star of the East," with exquisite illuminated borders and coloured illustrations from well-known pictures, bound in white vellum, with red and gold lettering on the cover. The illustrations in monotint by C. M. Padday to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are not all equally good; nevertheless, the book is one that is well worth having, and will prove a handsome and acceptable present at any time, and to any one who can appreciate high-class work such as that to which Messrs. Marcus Ward have accustomed us.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons, Great Marlborough Street, send us some of their new publications for the present season, amongst them being "Golconda," another of the danceable waltzes which have served to popularize the name of Popplewell Royle. "All the Year Round," a capital set of lancers, by Edward Solomon, introducing such favourite airs as Gondoliers' Waltz, Love's Dreamland, An Autumn Story, Toreador Waltz, Old China Polka, and The Boys of England; "Tit for Tat," a bright schottische, founded on Henry Pontet's song of that name, by Otto Roeder; Number Four, of the "Children's Album," for piano and violin, by Joseph L. Roeckel; Number Five, of the same series, containing National Dances, arranged for the piano by the late Michael Watson; "The Admiral's Broom," a rattling nautical song, by Frederick Bevan, with words by Frederic G. Weatherly; "In the Years that are Gone," a charming ballad, by J. L. Roeckel (words F. G. Weatherly). Three songs, "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Ferryman John" (a particularly pretty composition), and "Via Dolorosa," a grand sacred song, by Paul Rodney; "Mine in My Dreams," a ballad of the intensely sentimental order, by Lovett King and Clifton Bingham; "Breton Slumber—Song" one of the neatest things J. L. Roeckel has written; "Bella Napoli," a tuneful barcarolle, by F. Boscovitz, on Clifton Bingham's words; "If Love were only for a Day," a very ordinary song, by Arthur Hervey, the words being by William Toynbee; and in "Love-Star," "Little Huntsmen," and "Ferryman John," a trio of the charming waltzes we have learned to expect from so able a composer as Otto Roeder, the last being on Paul Rodney's song of that name.

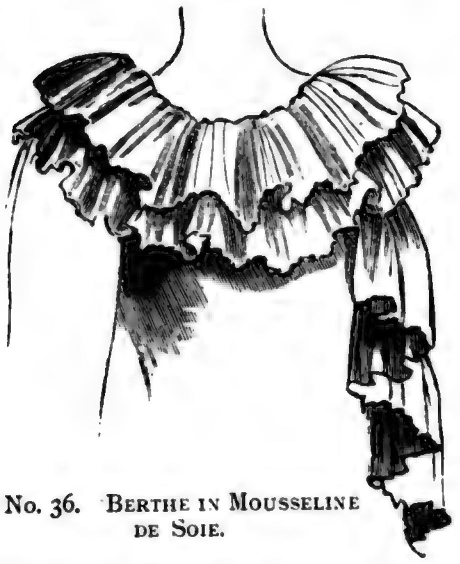
A very pretty valse is "The Surge," written by Andrew Longmuir, published by Messrs. Methven, Simpson & Co., Edinburgh, the refrain being particularly catching.

From Mr. Charles Woolhouse, 81, Regent Street, we have received "L'Adieu," a well written romance for violin, or violoncello and pianoforte, by J. Rubini; two pieces for the pianoforte, Nocturne and Capriccio, by Sydney Shaw, which display undoubted signs of musical talent; "Prayer," a lyrical legend, by Jno. E. D'Aulby, with an ad libitum part for the organ, both words and music being worthy the highest praise; "Lullaby," by Alex. S. Beaumont, a most effective trio for pianoforte, violin and viola (or violoncello); three pieces, Romance, Idylle, and Barcarolle, for violoncello and pianoforte, by W. Noel Johnson, all being much above the average; Books 3 and 4 of Melodic Studies for the Pianoforte, by I. A. de Orellana, these being really excellent studies which we can strongly recommend; "A Reconciliation," a quaint little song, written and composed by Gerard F. Cobb; and "Lurline" and "Gondoliera," two pieces for the pianoforte, by Gustav Ernest, each bearing the stamp of an artist's touch; A Tarantella, by I. A. de Orellana, is a brilliant morceau de salon, demanding, however, some skill and good playing. From the same firm comes also a waltz, by Robini, entitled "The Royal Duchess," dedicated to Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife.

Our Lesson in Dressmaking: No. 55.

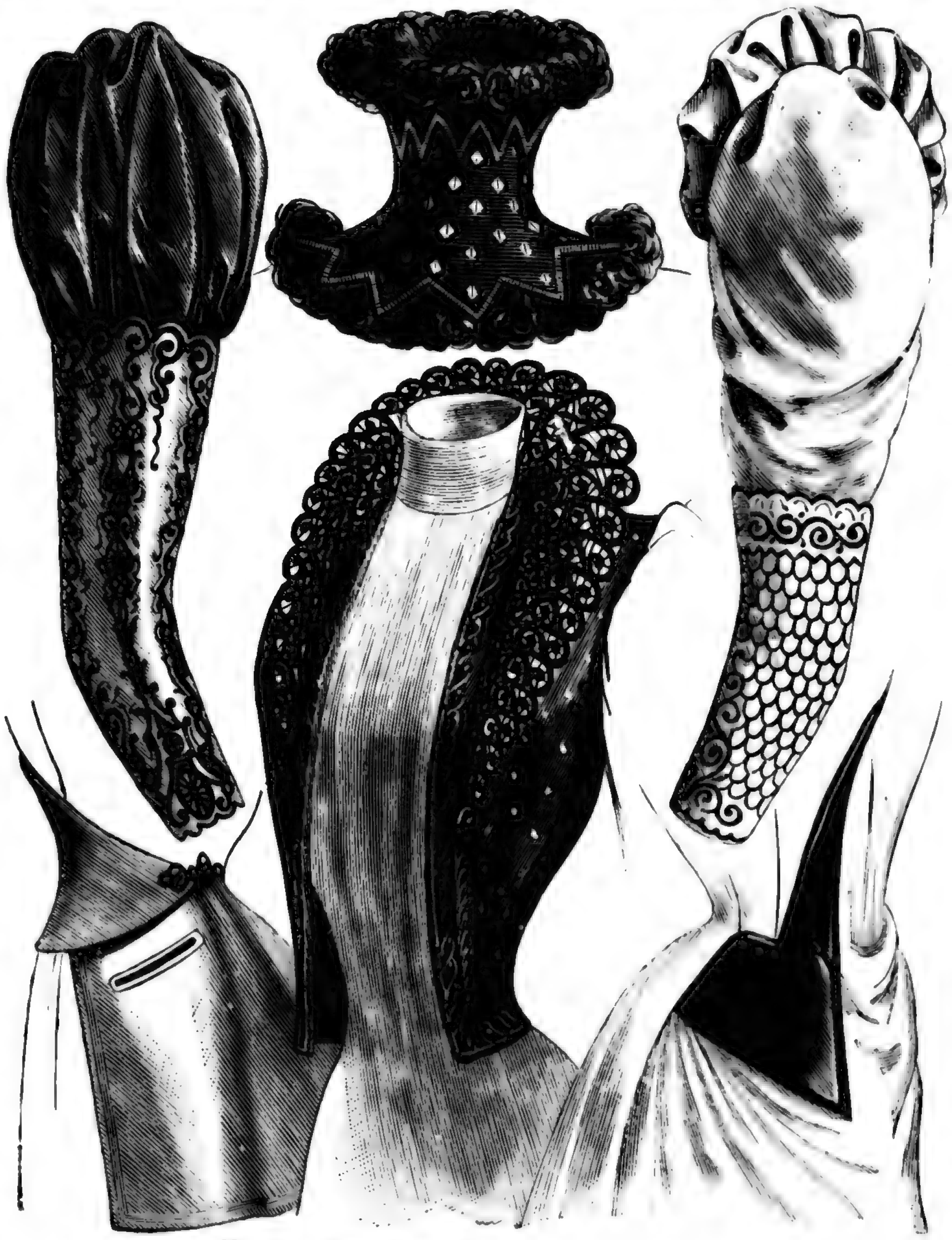
BODICES AND SLEEVES.

Low bodices, this season, are either made in corselet form over an under-bodice of soft material draped from the shoulders, or else they are simply tight-fitting and pointed, and finished off round the shoulders with a drapery or falling berthe. Crêpe lisse, mousseline de soie, fine silk gauze, and tulle are the materials generally used for these purposes; there is nothing very novel in the draperies, but the berthe illustrated at No. 36 is new and elegant, and a very pretty finish to a dress, when the figure is of slender proportions that can bear the rather fussy double frill, with the coquillés falling on the left side near the arm. The berthe and coquillé are made of mousseline de soie in the same colour as the dress, or in white on white or very light colours.



No. 36. Berthe in Mousseline de Soie.

The illustration, No. 37, comprises various useful novelties in basques, sleeves, and other details of the dress. Fig. 1 is a sleeve of which the lower part, of embroidered woollen, is tight, and covers the gathers of the silk puff at the shoulder. Fig. 2 is a high collar of embroidered velvet, the top cut in points and spreading out a little to give freedom to the throat, the lower part forming a small yoke, also cut in points, and resting on a band of feather trimming; at the top the points rest on a band of plain velvet, with a border of feathers round the upper edge. Another good model of a sleeve is shown at fig. 3; this is of silk, draped on the lining, and with a gathered puff forming an epaulet at the top. The lower part is tight and covered with embroidered silk.

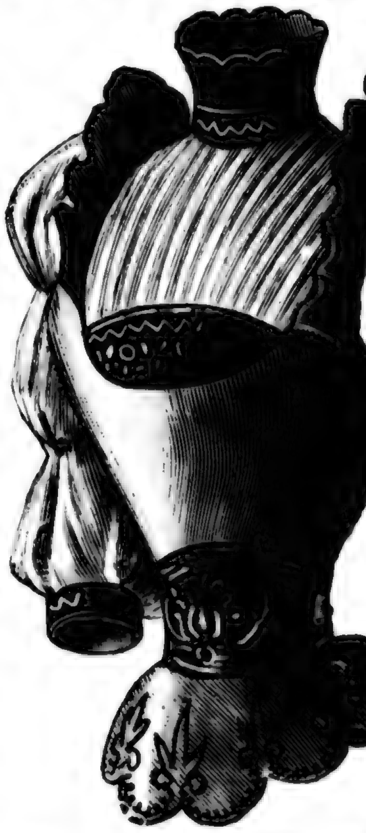


No. 37. New Basques, Collar, and Sleeves.

The figaro jacket, in the centre, is made of steel or gold embroidered cloth, and bordered with a narrow band of passementerie to match. The jacket is continued round the back, covering the corsage underneath to the waist. The collar is of open passementerie, bent over a little at the back, and ending in points on the fronts of the jacket.

The basque, fig. 4, is a great novelty, and is worn with cloth dresses. It is a deep separate basque, made of the dress material and added on at the waist; the two sides are alike, and are open in front, and have pockets a little below the waist. Crossing the front of the figure is a Swiss belt, which may be of the dress material, or of velvet, and is secured on each side with a fancy clasp. Added waistcoats providing a basque are also fashionable, and are made in the style of fig. 6; they are made of velvet, and added on under the edge of a short open jacket bodice, the velvet basque being secured at the waist by two or three small buttons.

The corsage for a young lady, No. 38, is made of white cloth and white bengaline, and is intended for a theatre or dinner dress. The corselet is of white cloth, cut very low front and back, and finished off with a basque cut in rounded scallops and embroidered with gold; the pleated chemisette and the puffed sleeves are of bengaline. The collar, waist, and sleeve bands, and the little piece of an under-bodice, showing above the corselet, are of gold embroidered velvet, the puffed epaulets over the shoulders are of plain velvet. The lining is fastened down the the centre, but the corselet is fastened invisibly under one arm. This bodice is pretty with the velvet ornaments in any colour that is becoming to the wearer, or in white, with gold and turquoise embroidery.



No. 38. Corselet for Young Lady's Dress.

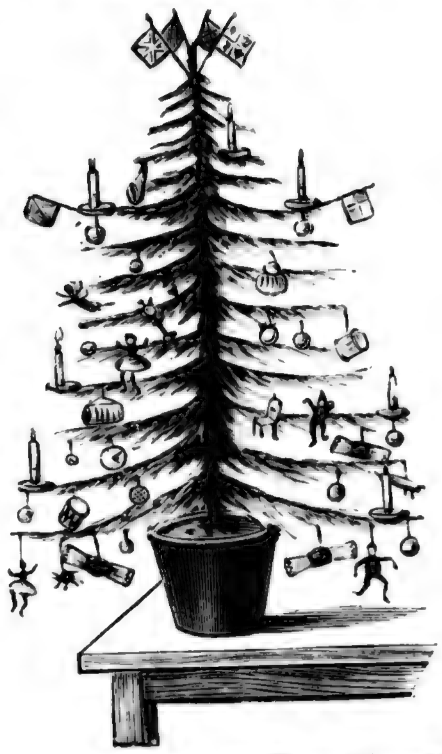
A great many skirts are now made with a single gathered flounce at the edge, from ten to twelve inches deep, and mounted with a gathered heading. The style is adopted for soft woollens, silks, and brochés, and the flounces are cut the straight way of the material.

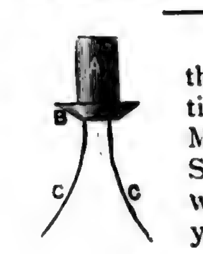
For ball and evening dresses, made of still lighter materials, the flounce increases in depth to twenty inches, and is bordered with lace sewn on flat. Paniers are decidedly gaining in favour for evening dresses, and many toilettes are made with the corsage draped on each side of a long pointed plastron from the shoulder to the waist, and then ending in rounded paniers that merge at the back in the train.

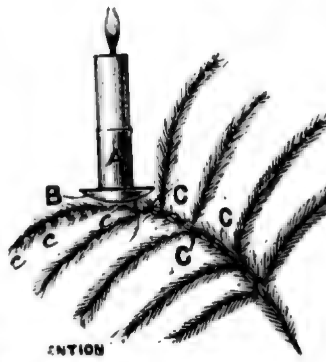
Corselets made of gold passementerie, encrusted with gems, are amongst the latest novelties for ball dresses, and the edge of the skirt is trimmed with a band to match across the front only.

Notes on News.

THE only prize-taker in the Needlework Competition this month is Miss Thompson, of Dufftown, to whom the first prize is awarded for a beautifully worked twin cushion from the design given in the October number. The marguerites are embroidered in natural colours on a dark green satin ground, the butterfly, in shades of red, forms a striking contrast to the quiet tones of the satin and flowers; we do not remember ever to have received a better specimen of work, and regret that none of the other competitions sent can in any way compare with it.



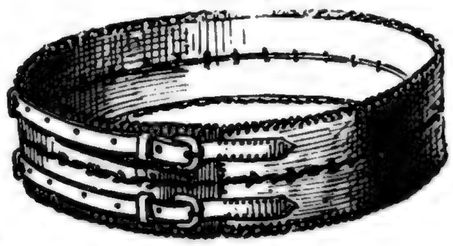


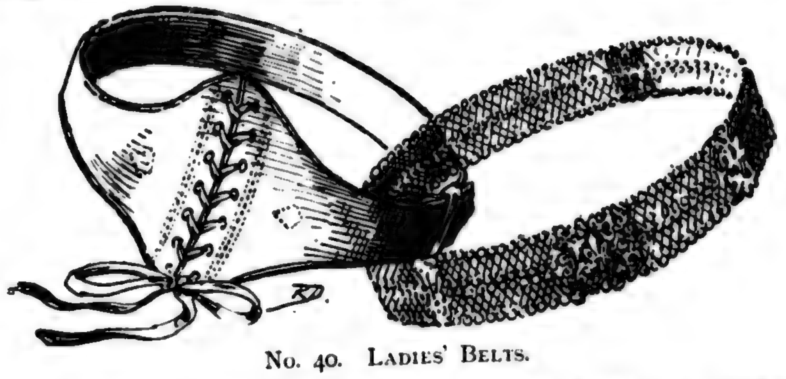


No. 39. Taper Holders for Christmas Trees.

The prize for the best translation is awarded to Master Herbert Shaw, of Brighton, who is only nine years old; the translation by Miss Elsie Mac Swinney, is perhaps better in one or two respects, but she is three years older than Master Shaw, and her spelling is defective. Considering the difference in age, her work should be decidedly better than that of the prize-winner, who is, if anything, over-careful and conscientious, giving both the literal and figurative renderings of certain passages. This we do not require, all we want is correct, easy, flowing English; the translation is very good for so young a child, quite one of our youngest competitors.

The clever contrivance for fastening tapers on to Christmas trees, illustrated at No. 39, is the invention of Mr R. Thomas, of Bryn Offa, Holywell, North Wales, and will be particularly acceptable and useful at this season. Every one knows the havoc that can be created on a Christmas tree by badly secured tapers; they lean over in all directions, dropping grease on everything that happens to be below them, and setting fire to the branches that their slanting position brings them in contact with. With these new taper holders both these annoyances may be averted; the holder or socket is supplied with a little saucer, B, which catches any falling wax from the burning tapers, and the wires, C. C., attached to it on each side serve to secure the holder firmly and in an upright position on the branch, one wire being twisted round it in one direction to the tip of the branch, the other towards the main trunk of the tree.



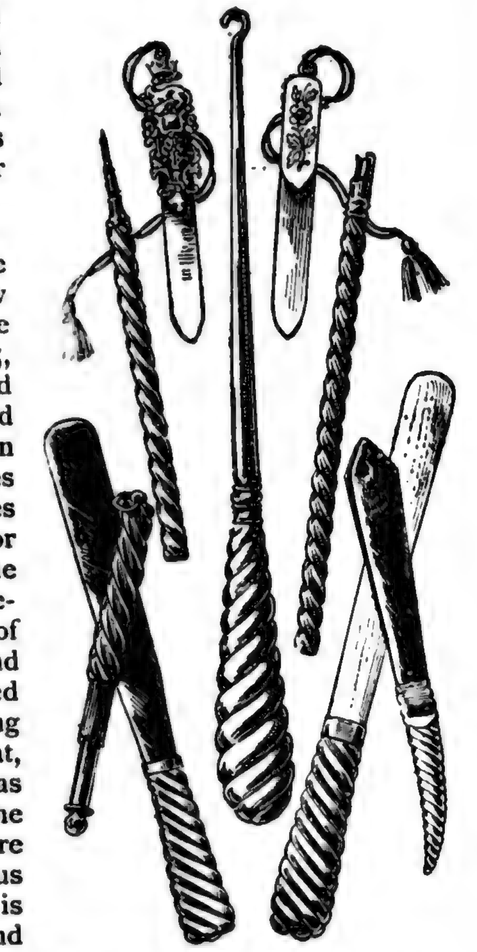


No. 40. Ladies' Belts.

Fresh honours have fallen to the lot of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, the proprietors of the well-known Sunlight Soap. At the Edinburgh International Exhibition, held during the past year, a gold medal was awarded to them, and a Diploma of Honour, also obtained last year at the Ottawa Exhibition, bears still further testimony to the excellence of the soap.

A palpable error crept into our description of the "Finger" New Testament, the companion book to the "Finger" Prayer Book, brought out last season by the Oxford University Press Warehouse. The number of Pages should have been given as five hundred and fifty-two. These two little companion volumes are marvels of printing and binding, and even those who find it quite beyond their power to read such small type will still treasure the books as specimens of fine and yet clear printing.

Ladies who like to centralize their shopping will find the new General Service Co-operative Stores, recently opened at 365, Oxford Street, close to New Bond Street, extremely convenient and very well stocked. The situation is an admirable one, the premises are well laid out, and the Stores are open to all, without ticket or introduction of any kind. The General Service Stores have departments for fresh provisions of all kinds, groceries, wines and spirits, and everything connected with the furnishing and fitting of houses: all provisions, meat, poultry, fish, vegetable, etc., as well as other goods, are of the best quality, and all goods are delivered free within a radius of 100 miles. A restaurant is attached, and ladies will find every necessary appointment for their comfort and convenience during a long morning's shopping.



No. 41. Pencil, Pen-Holder, etc., for Writing Table.

We have received from the Lanura Company some pretty little figures in coloured cardboard, dollies in fact, with changes of costume illustrating the different articles of clothing, dresses, etc., which may be appropriately made of these invaluable flannels and dress materials. Children will take delight in the little figures, and mammas will glean many useful ideas from the little costumes that slip over their heads.

Manufacturers of jet ornaments have found it necessary to protect their interests by adopting a distinctive trade mark for all jet goods made of the best English jet, which is far finer and more valuable than foreign jet. This mark will be a guarantee to jewellers selling the ornaments, as well as to the public who purchase them, that they are in truth made of the best English jet. Mr. I. Langdale, of the Standard Jet Works, at Whitby, is the great mover in this scheme, and has registered a trade mark which, with a guarantee that the jet of which the ornaments are made is procured from the Whitby Mines, will be found printed on the cards on which the articles are mounted. Purchasers of jet ornaments who wish to assure themselves that they are really buying trinkets made of the best hard English jet, must see to it that this trade mark, together with the words, No. A 1 Quality, are printed on the card, as only jet of the best quality is marked in this way.

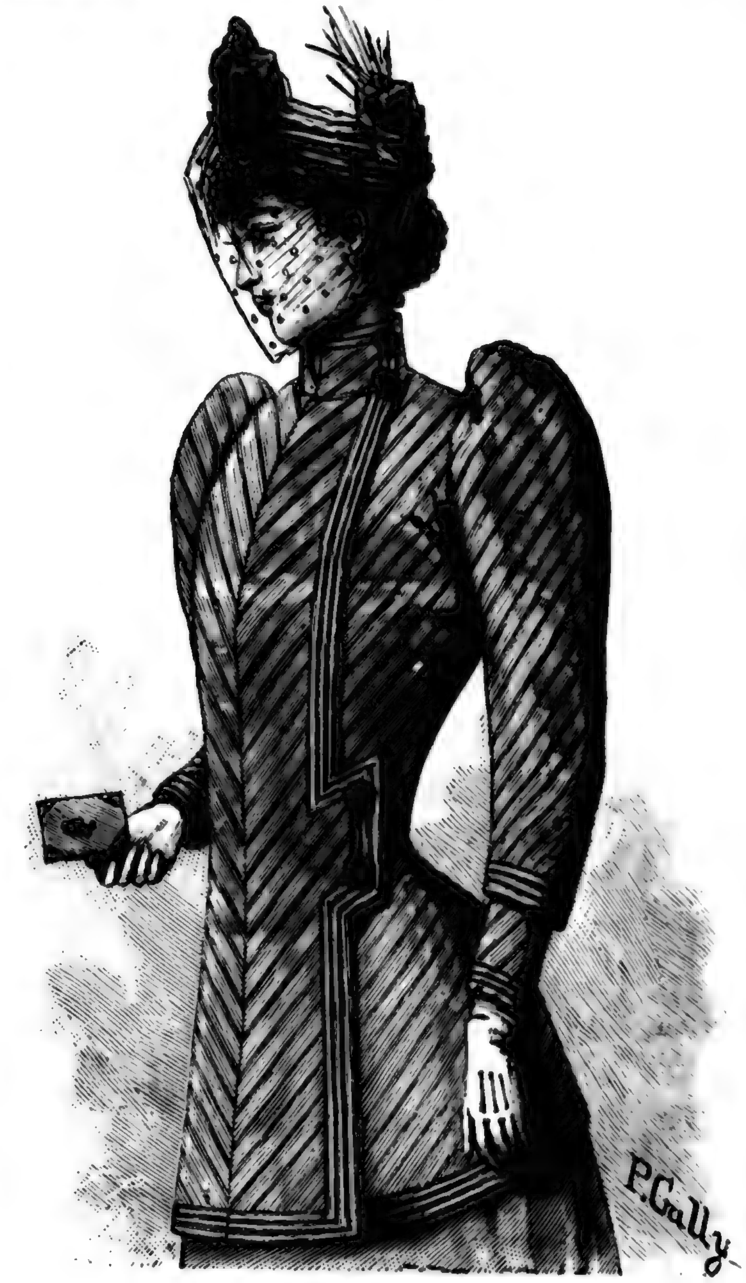
Current Fashions in London.

JANUARY is a month devoted to gaieties: balls and dances, private theatricals and musical parties follow each other quickly, and pretty and becoming evening dresses take precedence in our thoughts of all others.

To see evening toilettes in full perfection, that is, in a happy blending of taste and fashionable styles, we must turn our steps in the direction of Messrs. Dickins and Jones, in Regent Street, for elegant and becoming dresses abound here, and the only difficulty is to make a choice where so many tempting models are exhibited on all sides.

Yellow, in every possible shade, from the palest corn to the deepest tint of marigold is the colour *par excellence* of the season; it predominates in all materials, from the richest silk to airy tulle, but as it is not everyone who can wear this colour, many of the prettiest toilettes are repeated in white, cream and turquoise, and other light colours, losing none of their beauty by the change of tint. This is especially the case with regard to the dresses in soie de Chine, tulle, and the other light fabrics generally adopted by young ladies, these models being made in a variety of colours, and in white with delicate ornaments of coloured flowers, in small detached sprays scattered over the front of the dress, and borders to correspond. For instance, one of these toilettes is composed of white tulle with tiny bunches of violets, and another lovely white toilette is composed of a satin skirt covered with tulle; the edge is bordered with a thick ruche, and the tulle tablier is ornamented with fine pendants in iridescent beads and gold, and bordered with fringe to correspond, forming a series of scallops. The delicacy of this bead and gold ornamentation is a delight to the eye; the back of the skirt is plain, the deep hem being run with white floss silk in several rows, and one side is decorated with straps and bows of white satin ribbon.

A magnificent dress is of marigold yellow silk and satin pekin, veiled with white tulle spangled with little bars of gold. The manner in which the skirt of this dress is cut gives it a touch of originality, and causes it to set in a very becoming manner. The front is straight, but the back is on the full bias, the stripes being carried in continuous lines across the entire width. The trimming consists of festoons of yellow silk poppies, edging the skirt in front and simulating paniers.



No. 42. THE RAMS-AY JACKET.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Two more yellow toilettes are also novel and stylish; one has a skirt of buttercup satin, veiled with tulle to match, the front part being embroidered with light fern-like fronds worked in green silk, with the thick parts in yellow crape. This dress is also made in black, worked with pink silk. A maize coloured satin is veiled with dewdrop tulle, and ornamented in front with sprays and a border of lovely mauve orchids and fern fronds. All these dresses have thick ruches or some similar ornament at the edge of the skirt, over which the plain back breadths, with deep hem run with silk, fall in easy folds.

Tulle dresses, spotted and fringed with chenille, are very light and pretty ball toilettes for young ladies, and are made in yellow, white, cream, turquoise, etc.; and plain soie de Chine, the same material striped with lace, and silk-striped gauzes, in white and colours, are also fashionable materials, and made up in many charming styles.

For matrons' dresses bengaline is much employed, a very ladylike dress, is in this material, in a beautiful shade of silver-grey. The very slightly-draped skirt is bordered with a graduated flounce, widening towards the back, and pinked out at the edge; the square train is thickly padded and mounted with a small pinked out double coquillé below the waist.

Amongst the opera cloaks, which are quite a speciality of this house, some exceptionally elegant models are in ivory white broché velvet, trimmed with white Thibet fur. These mantles are in visite shape, with long mantilla ends edged with gold fringe, or else they have bretelles of jewelled gold passementerie over the shoulders, and reaching to the waist front and back. Short mantles in pèlerine shape are also made in silk and gold broché, trimmed with Thibet fur, and in very rich white or coloured gros royal; one of these last, made in ivory white gros royal has the square pèlerine fronts embroidered with white silk cord and gold, and the under fronts, which are like a semi-fitting pointed corsage, closely pleated and drawn in at the waist by an embroidered band.

Short opera cloaks of a more usefu description, but still very stylish and ladylike, are made of cloth, cashmere, and plush, in the form of circular pèlerines mounted with a gathered heading on a plain yoke, and drawn in at the waist; these are trimmed with the ever-popular Thibet fur so suitable to the purpose, and forming such a becoming frame to the head. Another kind of short circular cloak, which is made of cloth in light and in dark shades, for evening or carriage wear, is lined throughout with fur, and finished off with a black fur collar, which may be worn either standing up or turned down, and is closely fastened at the throat by a buttoned strap. This is a most convenient and stylish little mantle, and a companion to it is a long full circular cloak of cloth, pleated round the neck, and at the waist behind under a strap. It is warmly lined with satin and some warmth-giving material between the cloth and satin, and is finished off with a practicable hood; ladies living in the town or country would find this a delightful cloak, and they can have it made in any colour at four guineas. There is no fear of a misfit, as such simple measurements are needed; the cloak is made in any combination of colours, but is charming in electric blue with ivory satin lining.

Specially intended for young ladies' wear, are some pretty little opera cloaks in white and cream cashmere, trimmed with white fur, and costing only one guinea, and cloaks similar to these as to shape and material, but lined with satin and embroidered with silk cord and gold, cost but 35s.

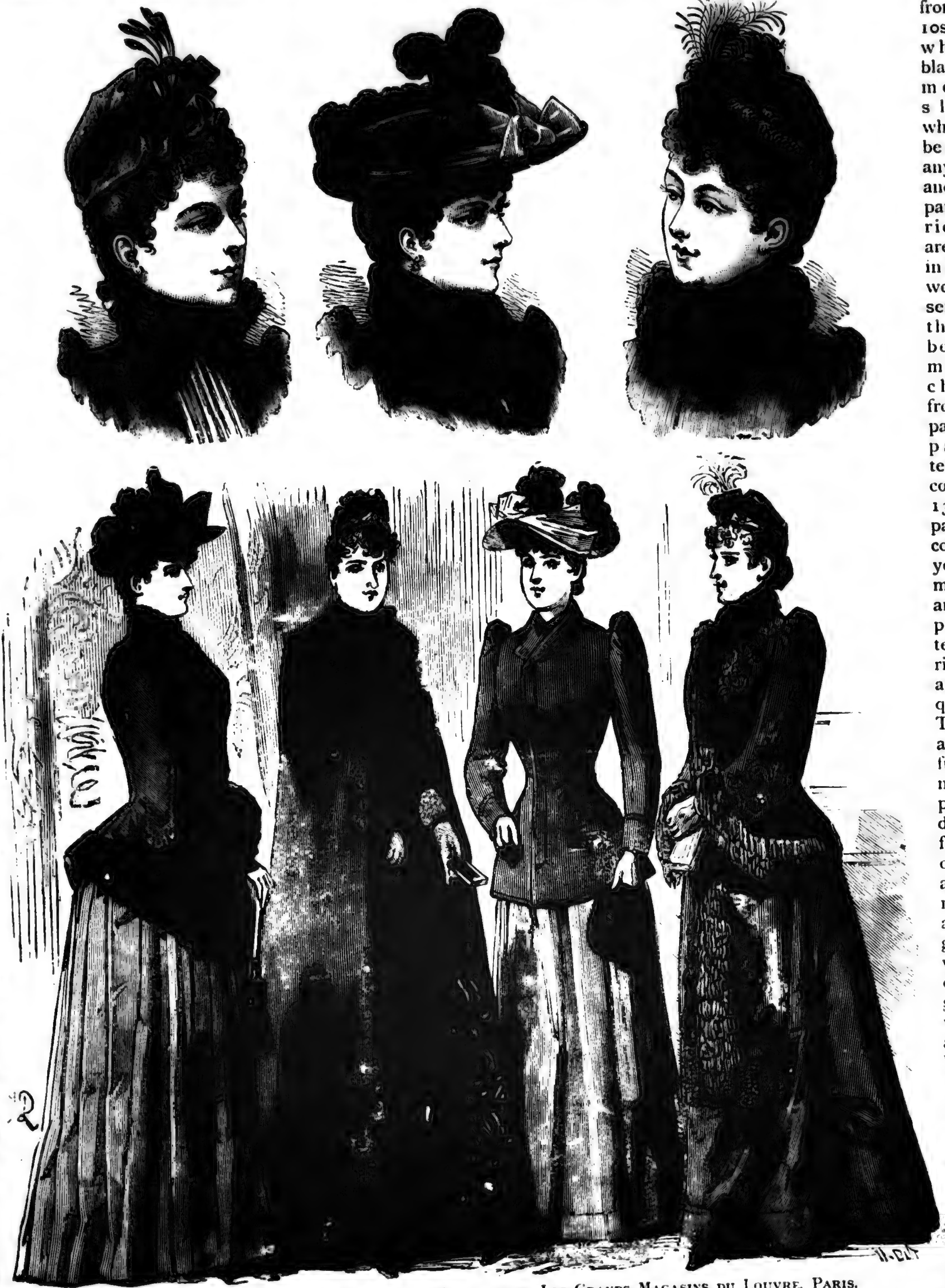
Long cloth mantles are also made with coachman's capes, pinked out at the edge, and with ornaments in jewelled gold passementerie; many of these are extremely handsome, and there is infinite variety in their shapes.

MYRA.

Novelties at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

SLEEVES differing from the remainder of the dress are still so fashionable that the majority of the new costumes at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre are made in this way, and even jerseys and blouse bodices follow the prevailing mode. Some of the cloth costumes with sleeves in rich appliqué embroidery, and a plastron or waistcoat to match, are remarkably handsome; others have the draped front of the skirt and the sleeves braided in elaborate designs, while dresses made of silk embroidered fabrics have a band of embroidery down one side of the skirt, and the sleeves and collar made entirely of the embroidered material.

Jerseys in all shapes and colours may be had with sleeves of the plain jersey material, trimmed a little at the wrist with braiding to match the ornamentation on the fronts, or with the sleeves braided throughout. Quite as fashionable as these are the jerseys that are turned back in buttoned revers over a velvet plastron and which have velvet sleeves to correspond with the plastron.



Nos. 43 and 44. Chapeaux and Mantles: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

So universal is this fashion of sleeves differing from the dress, that at the Comptoir de Passementerie ready-made sleeves of different kinds may be purchased, which only need to be sewn into the dress. For instance, black astrakan cloth sleeves may be had in three qualities at from 5s. to 10s. per pair, while the black passementerie sleeves, which may be applied on any material and have a particularly rich effect, are made both in silk and in woollen passementerie, these last being very much the cheapest, from 8s. per pair, the silk passementerie sleeves costing from 13s. 6d. per pair. Medici collars and yokes are also made in silk and in wool passementerie in very rich patterns and in fine quality. These collars are very useful, as they may be employed for dresses, or for pèlerines or mantles, and they are made with a net work ground, and with knotted or spider web ground in wool, silk, and also in black silk embroidery and jet; these last, costing 14s. 6d., are a capital finish to black evening dresses, being a little open at the neck and very stylish and becoming; they are also made in plain passementerie.

The plain circular cloaks in vigogne, with warm quilted satin lining and deep fur collar, make admirable evening wraps for ladies who have to take a long drive, or a railway journey before they reach the scene of the evenings' entertainment. Elegant opera cloaks in costly materials and light colours are charming for the wealthy who drive only in their own carriages, but when it comes to railway platforms and trains, to hansoms and "growlers," something a little less dainty and less easily soiled is more appreciated. Such a cloak as that illustrated at fig. 2 of No. 43 then becomes exceedingly useful, and it has the further advantage of being remarkably cheap, in plain vigogne, without embroidery but with quilted silk lining and fur collar, only 23s., or with the addition of fur down the fronts, £1 8s.; with quilted satin lining the price rises to £1 17s. 6d.

In some of the Louvre double-fronted cloth mantles the sleeves are mounted round a richly embroidered yoke and very much raised at the shoulder. The mantle itself is also embroidered down the front on each side, the sleeves being set so far back that the whole of the embroidery is visible. The deep turned down collar is also embroidered. These very useful and stylish looking vêtements are made in black and in coloured cloth at £3 7s. and at £4 2s. 6d., and the same model is made in black cheviot and astrakan at £1 10s., a very cheap and practical cloak.

Richer and more costly mantles in the same shape are made in black ottoman silk and in matelassé, with the yoke covered with passementerie, or with appliqué embroidery fringed at the edge, and with trimming to match down the long sleeves; the collar of these mantles is high and rolled and bordered with feather trimming.

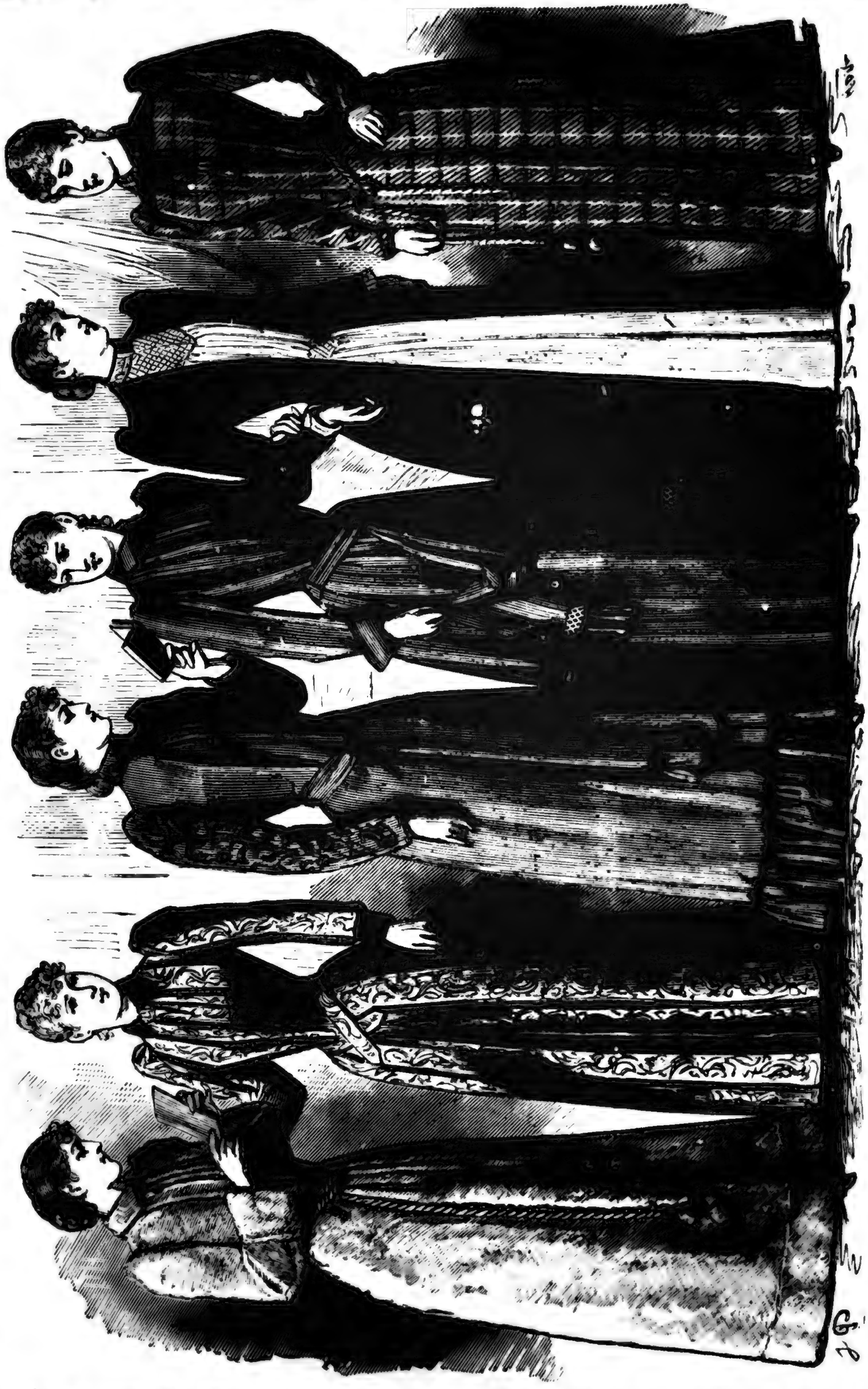
For ordinary wear, mantles of fancy black cloth with a yoke and collar of astrakan and a band of astrakan down the fronts are in great demand, being remarkably convenient in shape and inexpensive, and some new models in redingote shape, with a deep cape mounted on a yoke of astrakan and bordered with a kind of flat piping of astrakan, are also very much liked.

Mantles in visite shape are chiefly made of black velours du Nord, the deep piled plush velvet that forms such a rich back-ground for the magnificent embroideries on the sleeves, back, fronts, and long mantelet ends. Deep, full chenille fringes ornament the edges of these lovely vêtements, of which the shapes are reproduced in silken fabrics enriched with embroidery and marabout trimming at far more moderate prices.

Velvet capotes are the rule this season; a charming model with the brim covered with folds of velvet has a band of chenille and gold embroidery round the crown, and bows of ribbon and two small birds in contrasting colours forming the trimming in front.

A very stylish capote of turquoise blue velvet has the brim fluted in front, a band of finely curled black feathers separating the crown from the brim, and bows of black velvet and one of the fashionable black fancy aigrettes in front.

Black and coloured velvet capotes in the most stylish shapes, trimmed with gold galon, or feathers, with the crown covered with fine jet, or with silk passementerie, are made at all prices from 12s. 6d. upwards, this being the price of a pretty little capote with the crown of jet, the brim of black velvet and a trimming consisting of two bows of velvet, one black, the other in some brighter colour, in front. Capotes of embroidered cloth with velvet brim and trimming of bows of satin ribbon are ladylike and useful for daily wear.



No. 45 Morning and Dressing Gowns — Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

In nearly all cases the capotes are made in all the fashionable colours, and the prices quoted include the full cost of carriage, if ordered through Myra's Journal.

Myra.

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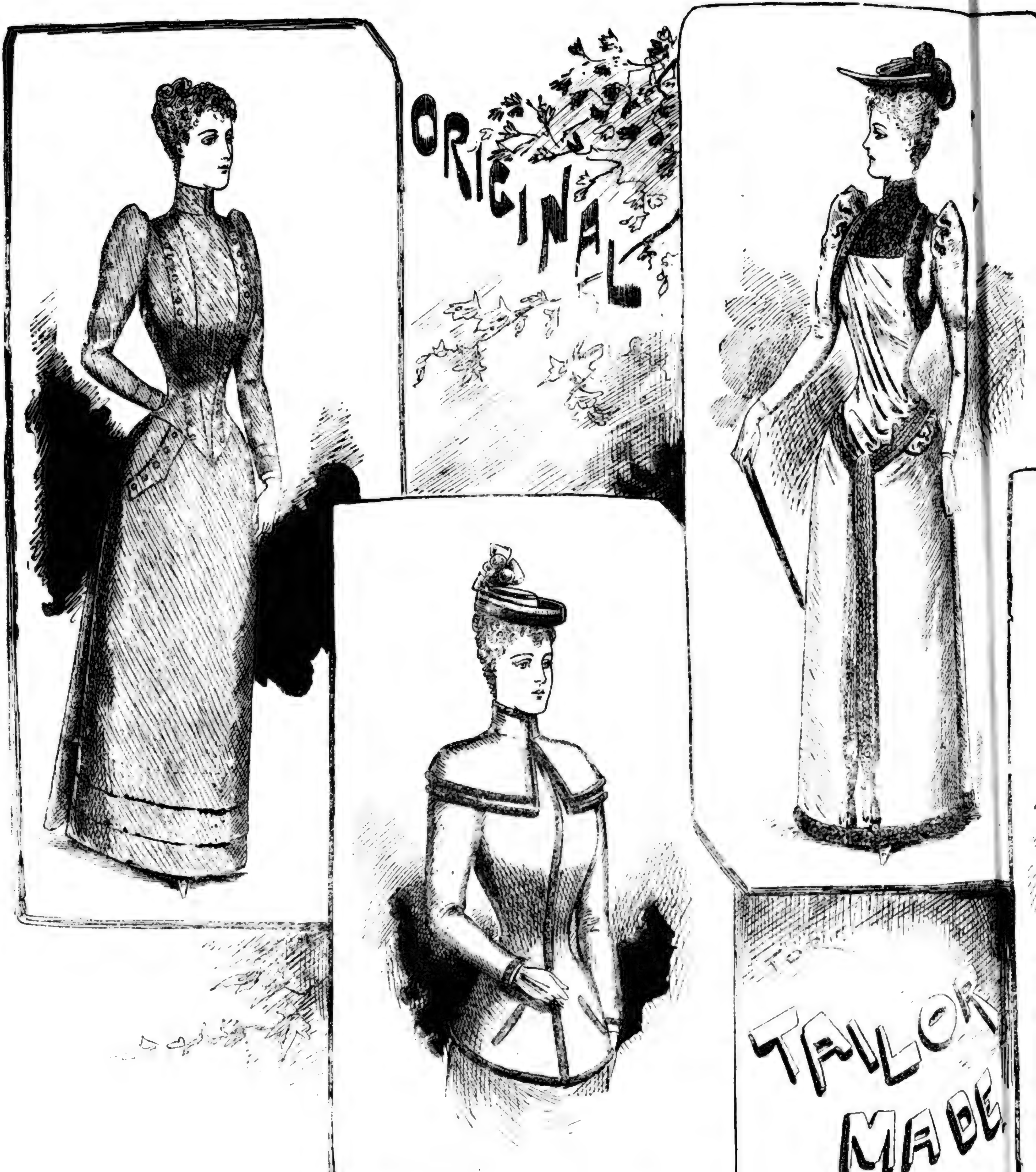
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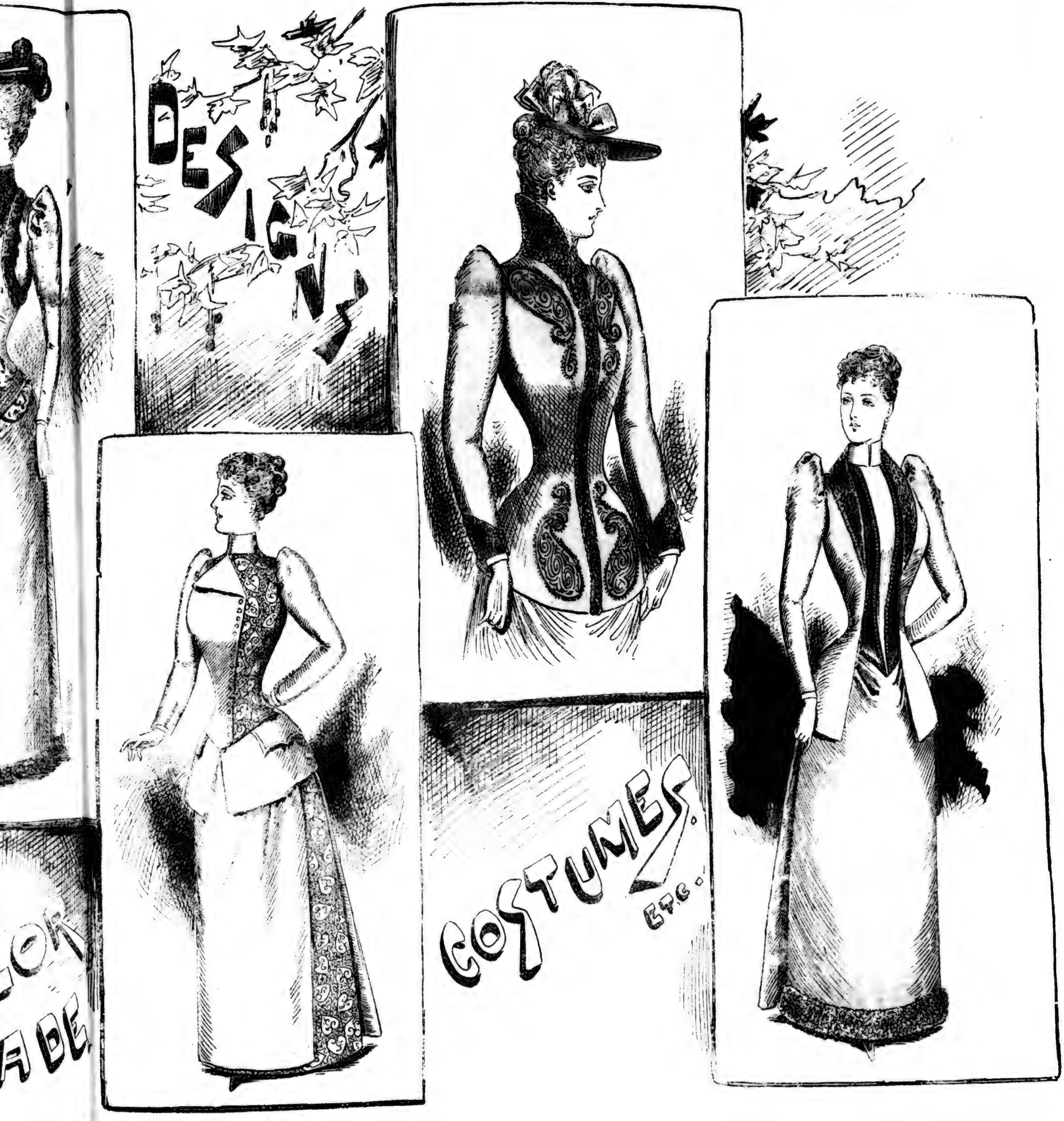
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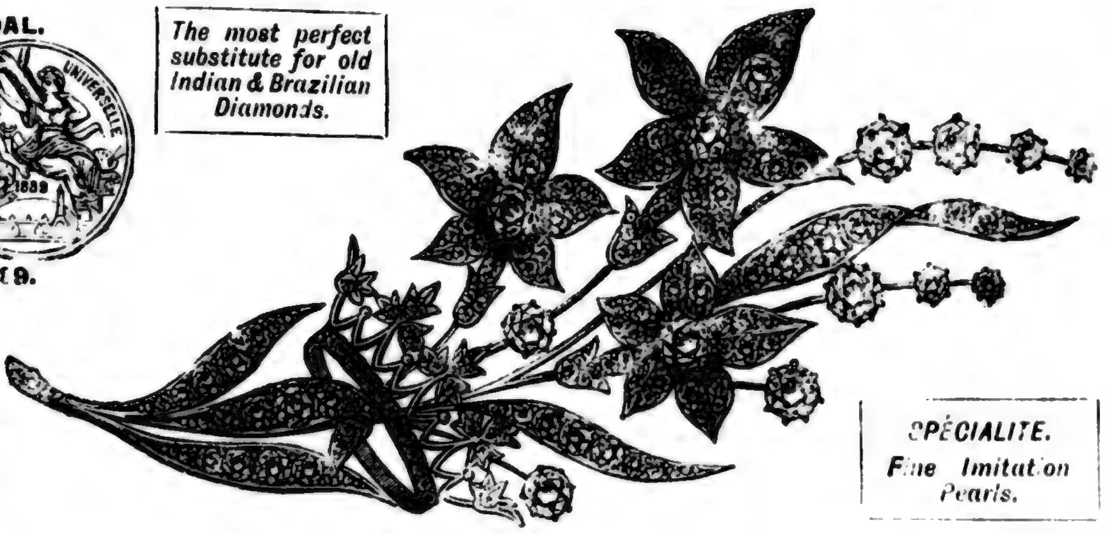

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH FOR 12s.

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THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" (Regd.)

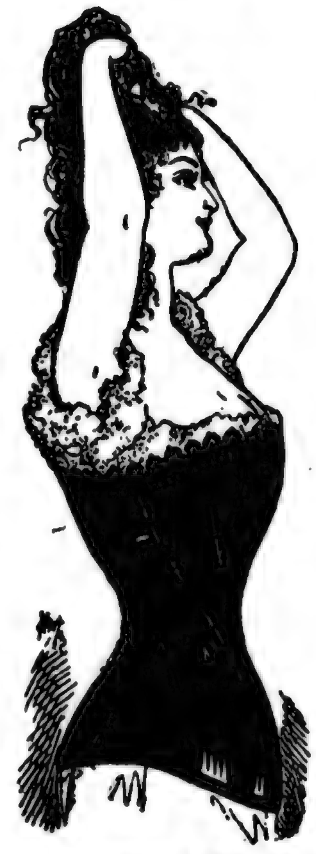
Can be procured only of DICKINS & JONES, 232, Regent Street

The "Spécialité Corset" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect; each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustrations will show.

Ladies preferring a long, graceful waist, will find Models 1 and 2 a perfect and most comfortable shape. For medium long waist, Model 3 will be found becoming, graceful, and comfortable.

The "Spécialité Corset" is made of best materials, and fitted throughout with REAL WHALEBONE (Busks and side Steels excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "Spécialité Corset" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

The "Specialite Corset" is our own exclusive property, and cannot be procured elsewhere.



[Reg. No. 10,438.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (Regd.)

TYPE 1.—Long waist, in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete; in Black Satin, **27/6**; in Cardinal Satin, **27/6**; in White Satin, **27/6**.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the numerous Spontaneous and Unsolicited Testimonials which are received daily bearing on the excellence of the "SPECIALITE CORSETS" (Regd.)

"2, Oakley-villas, Cirencester, July 12, 1890.
"Mrs. Lindsell would be obliged if Messrs. Dickins and Jones would send by return a pair of their "Specialite Corsets" (Type 2), in White Coutille. She has much pleasure in saying that she finds them the most comfortable corset she has ever worn.

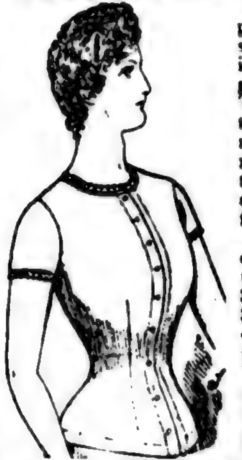
"Oak Grove, Basingstoke, Hants, July 17, 1890.
"Mrs. Heathcote will feel obliged by Messrs. Dickins and Jones sending her a strong silk lace, such as they put in their "Specialite Corsets," which Mrs. Heathcote has worn for the last few months, and has found them most comfortable and satisfactory, and is indeed very much pleased with them."

"8, Hyde Park Mansions, Sept. 19, 1890.
"Miss L. R. Humfrey will thank Messrs. Dickins and Jones to send her two more of the 'Princess' Slip Bodices. She also wishes to add her praise of the 'Specialite Corsets'; she has worn a pair a year and a half, and they are perfect and uninjured; the long bodices keep them so beautifully clean, and their fit is perfection."

The "PRINCESS" SLIP BODICE

(REGD.)

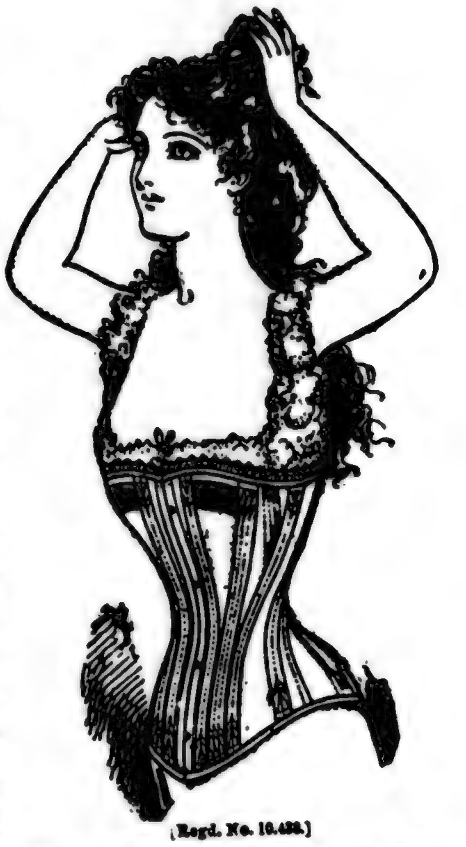
(Can only be obtained of Dickins and Jones.)



For a dress to fit perfectly, to a well-shaped Corset, what is so necessary as a good fitting Bodice? The Bodice, as illustration, meets this requirement, as being made of woven material, and therefore elastic, it fits the figure like a glove.

Prices in superior quality White Cotton material, 20in. waist, **3/-**; 22in., **3/3**; 24in. **3/6**; 26in, **3/9**; 28in., **4/-**; 30in., **4/3**. Also in fine Cashmere Wool. In cream, pink, sky, and natural wool, 20in., **5/6**; 22in., **6/3**; 24in., **7/-**; 26in, **7/9**; 28in., **8/6**; 30in., **9/3**; with high necks and short sleeves; and high necks and no sleeves; can also be had with high necks and long sleeves. In Silk, Cream, Pink, Sky, and Cardinal, trimmed fine real Torchon Lace, 20in., **11/-**; 22in., **12/6**; 24in., **14/-**; 26in., **15/6**; 28in., **17/-**; 30in., **18/6**.

Sample Bodices sent on approval.



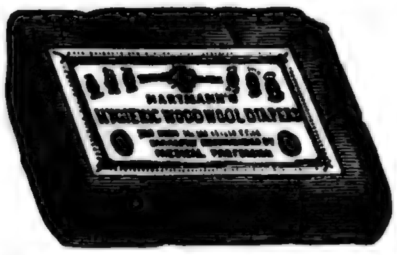
[Regd. No. 10,438.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (Regd.)

TYPE 2.—Long Waist, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete.

TYPE 3.—Medium long waist, in White Coutille, with Real Whalebone, **16/6** complete; in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete.

DICKINS & JONES, 232 to 236, Regent Street, London.



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Children's Bordered	1/3	PER DOZ.
Ladies'	2/4½	
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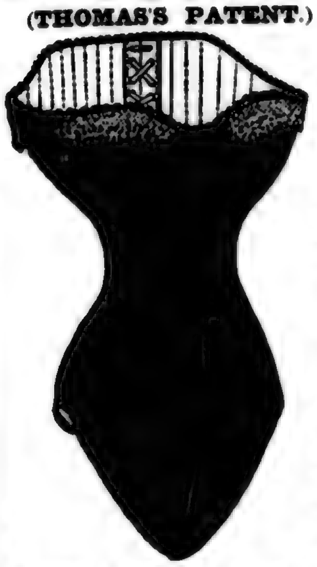
(THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

The Corsets are made in Black, White, Cardinal and Grey.

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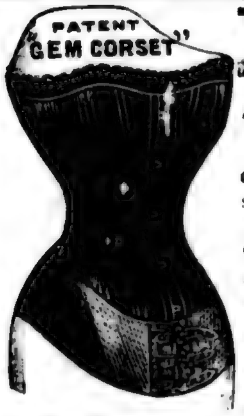

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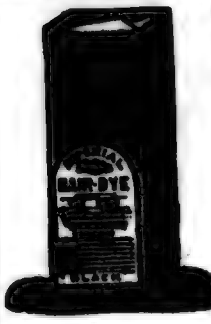

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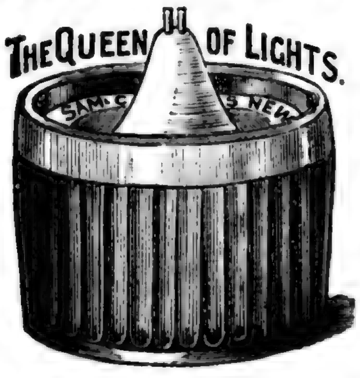
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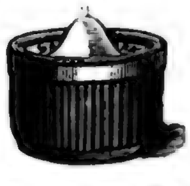

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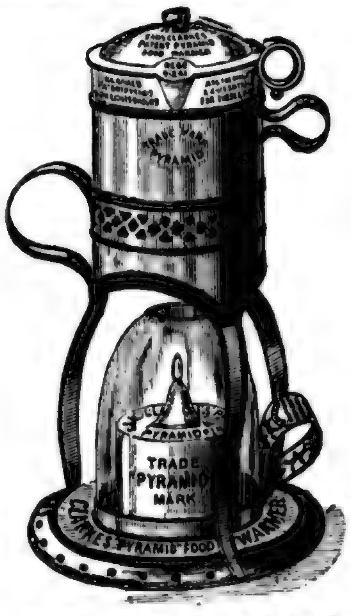

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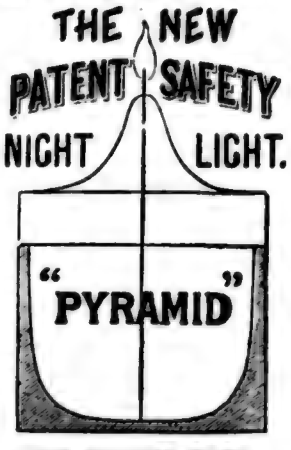

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"For my own part, I am in the habit of recommending Mr. Mason's Stephanotis Face Powder, because I trust him, and know that he is moderate in his charges and honest in quality."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

HENNA HAIR DYE (IN ONE SOLUTION).—An entirely vegetable preparation, obviating the use of lead or any metallic dyes. It is guaranteed to be entirely harmless to hair or health. It is most simple in application, and in every way superior to the old-fashioned metallic dyes in two solutions. 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

"Of all the brown dyes I have tried, I like best Mason's Henna Dye. It is entirely vegetable and harmless."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

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SULPHUR SOAP (FOR THE HAIR).—The natural color of the hair is due to an organic pigment, into the composition of which sulphur and iron largely enter. It is believed that in many cases grey hair is due solely to a deficiency in this natural secretion of sulphur. In such cases the sulphur may be applied to the hair glands by occasionally washing the hair and scalp with the above soap. It is most particularly recommended that in cases of incipient greyness this should be tried before artificial color restorers are resorted to. It is also the best soap for cleansing the hair before applying any dye or color restorer, as it greatly quickens and enhances their action. It is also of great service for washing the skin in many cases of eruption and skin diseases. 1s. 3d.

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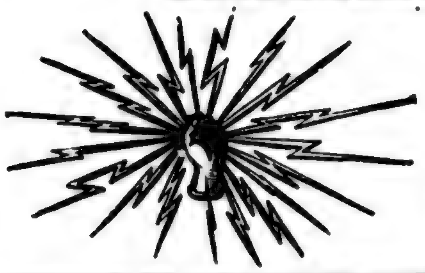

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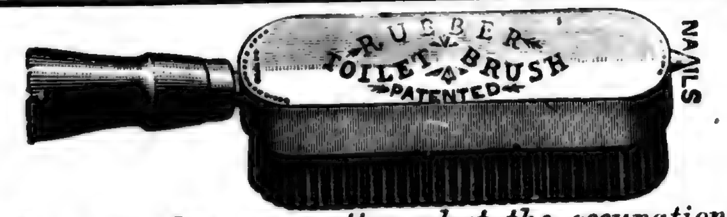

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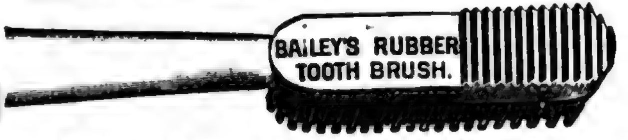
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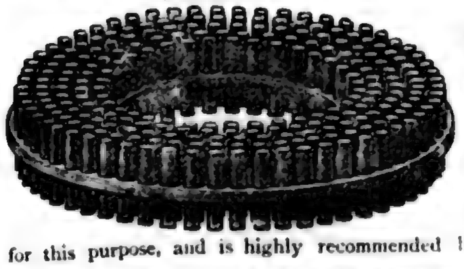

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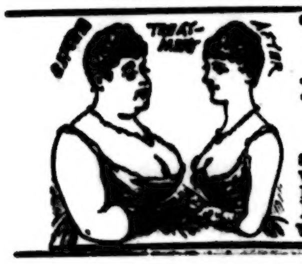

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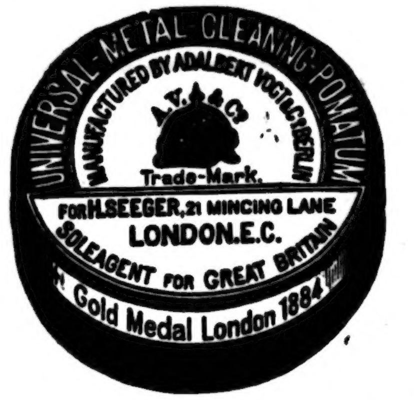
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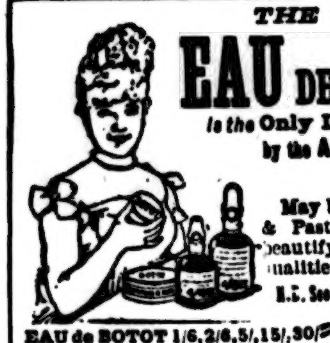

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THE BROWN OWL. L. T. MEADE.
GRUMBLES. L. B. WALFORD.
THE "ATALANTA" LETTER-BAG AND HONOUR LIST, PRIZE AWARDS, &c.

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The Lady's Magazine

Containing, in addition to the Magnificent Engravings and Colored Plates given with the Ordinary Edition, **Four additional Hand-Colored Aquarelles** Making a total of **EIGHT COLORED PLATES EVERY MONTH** (each 14 by 11-in.) **in Four Months of the year 5 additional Plates, making a total of 9, will be given**—Representing the Newest Designs of the First Artists in the Capital of Fashion, with special reference to the Latest Styles in Evening and Reception Dresses. Each of these Plates is in itself a veritable Work of Art, showing to what a marvellous pitch of excellence the exact reproduction in Colored Plates of the most delicate tones and textures produced on the looms of France and England has been carried in the hands of the Parisian Colorist.

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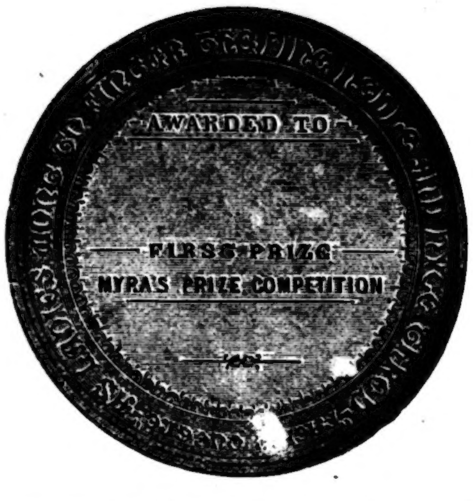
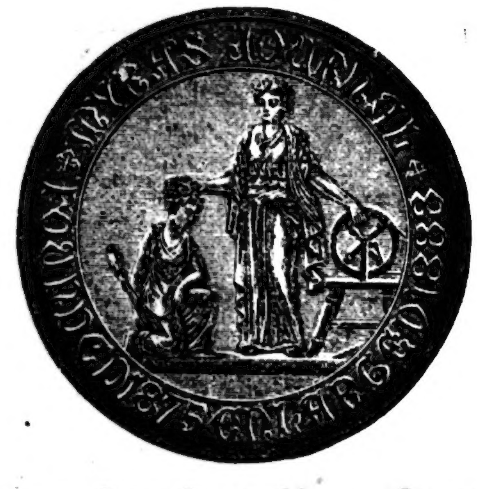
MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

TO OUR READERS.



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Reverse).



Facsimile of Solid Silver Medal (Obverse).

The success which has attended the inauguration, more than two years ago, of our Monthly Prize Competition for the best worked Specimens of Art Needlework has induced us to still further develop the idea, and at the suggestion of some of our readers, we have had a special die cut for a Magnificent Solid Silver Medal—of which fac-simile engraving is given herewith, to be given as an optional First Prize. Prize Winners will thus be able to secure, instead of a mere small sum of money, an artistic reward of considerable intrinsic value in itself, and a lasting and honorable record of their success for future years.

Each Medal will be enclosed in a handsome leather case lined with velvet, and we will engrave each month the winner's name and initials. The Second Prize will be 15/-, and the Third Prize a Bronze Medal of the same size and design as above, or a Money Prize of 10/-. We trust that this new departure will be fruitful of much satisfaction to our readers, and a still further inducement for all skilled in needle craft to compete for the new Prizes offered by **Myra.**

The following are the details of our January Prize Competitions:—

(1.) Three Prizes will be given for the best specimens of the embroidered design for a Coffee-Pot Cosy, the full-sized design for working which is given with this number.

Competitors are at liberty to select any material and colours they like, and to vary the stitches; but no prize will be awarded for work executed in outline only, and the design must be faithfully copied.

First Prize—Silver Medal, or Thirty Shillings.
Second Prize—Fifteen Shillings.
Third Prize—Bronze Medal, or Ten Shillings.

No subject sent for Competition can be returned unless accompanied by a directed and sufficiently stamped envelope or label.

To protect Competitors, and to ensure that Subscribers only shall take part in the Prize Competitions, we append a Coupon.

MYRA' JOURNAL,
January 1891.

which must be sent with every subject for Competition.

No subjects for Competition will be allowed unless accompanied by a Coupon.

All subjects for the Needlework Competition must be sent in by March, 1st, 1891; and the result and names of the successful competitors will be announced in the following number.

Competition for the best specimen of Embroidered Twin Cushion, given in "Myra's Journal," October, 1890.

FIRST PRIZE—SILVER MEDAL.—Miss THOMPSON, Rose Cottage, Dufftown, Banffshire.

CHILDREN'S PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Prize for the best translation of Part III. of the French story, "Le Petit Jacques aux Eaux," is awarded to Master Herbert Shaw, Glenville House, Clarence Street, Brighton.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN

In Permanent Blue, Black, and every conceivable Shade, for
AUTUMN AND WINTER WEAR.

Myras' Journal says:—"The 'Louis' Velveteen has in the highest degree the depth and closeness of pile that renders it equal in appearance to Genoa velvet, for which it is the very best substitute."

NOTE WELL!—Each yard of genuine "Louis" Velveteen bears the Name (spelled L-O-U-I-S, and in no other way), and is stamped with a guarantee of wear

LADIES SHOULD REJECT ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP
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GUARANTEED PURE AND TO CONTAIN NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS.

Purchasers see that you get a SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPER with each Tablet.

SUNLIGHT Soap MONTHLY COMPETITION

For Young Folks only.

Competitors not to be over 17 years of age last birthday.

PRIZES value over £600—60 Silver Keyless Lever Watches, value £4 4s. each. 100 Silver Keyless Watches, value 30s. each. 8 Tricycles and 8 Safety Bicycles.

The first of these Monthly Competitions commenced on August 31st last, and will be continued until further notice. There is no element of chance in these Competitions, the winning of a prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the wrappers.

⁂ Send full Name and Address on Post card for Rules to LEVER BROS., Ld., Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead.

Full List of Winners will be forwarded after the 15th of the month to anyone sending their full address and ½d, to cover postage.

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FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

Very nourishing and palatable.
Does not curdle in the Stomach.
Invaluable also during the period of Weaning.
Sample Tin containing enough Food for a fair trial will be sent Post Free on application to H. NESTLE, 9, Snow Hill, E.C.

46 Prize Medals.

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Bedrooms from 4 fr. per day.

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Hair-Dressing Saloon, Café, Billiard Rooms, Lifts.

Carriages and Private Omnibuses attached to both Establishments.

The Lady Dec. 11th, says: "The North of England Manufacturing Company, Leeds, are sending out patterns of some remarkably cheap materials for winter wear that are certain to be in general request. The value is undoubted, the colorings dark and good, and the substance just what is required for cold weather. First comes the "Katrine" ulster and mantle length for 6s. 6d., in neat patterns of several shades; next, the diagonal "Katrine" Dress Length for 7/6, and the popular "Katrine" dress, 10s. 6d., in self-colors of great variety. The fancy "Katrine" dress at 10s. 6d., is rather lighter in tone, with checks and stripes; and the superfine "Katrine" dress at 15/6 is fit for any purpose, being an admirable smooth-surfaced cloth in good colorings. All these lengths are sent carriage paid, and are really of surprising cheapness.

Large Box of 500 Patterns sent Free on application.

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The Queen says: "These Fabrics are really wonderful; they are the Most Fashionable, and present a Thoroughly Lady-like appearance.

FULL DRESS LENGTH.

Other Qualities: Dress Lengths, from 8/- to 17/6; Mantle Cloths from 1/6 to 6/6 yard.

30 to 40 per Cent. Cheaper than can be bought at a Retail Shop.

WEAR GUARANTEED. All Orders are sent carriage paid. The patterns comprise plain habit cloths in 30 or 40 of the newest and most fashionable colours (see what *The Queen* says), homespuns, serges, in every conceivable shade; checks and stripes in endless variety. Ladies, write at once for patterns, and mention this paper, to

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